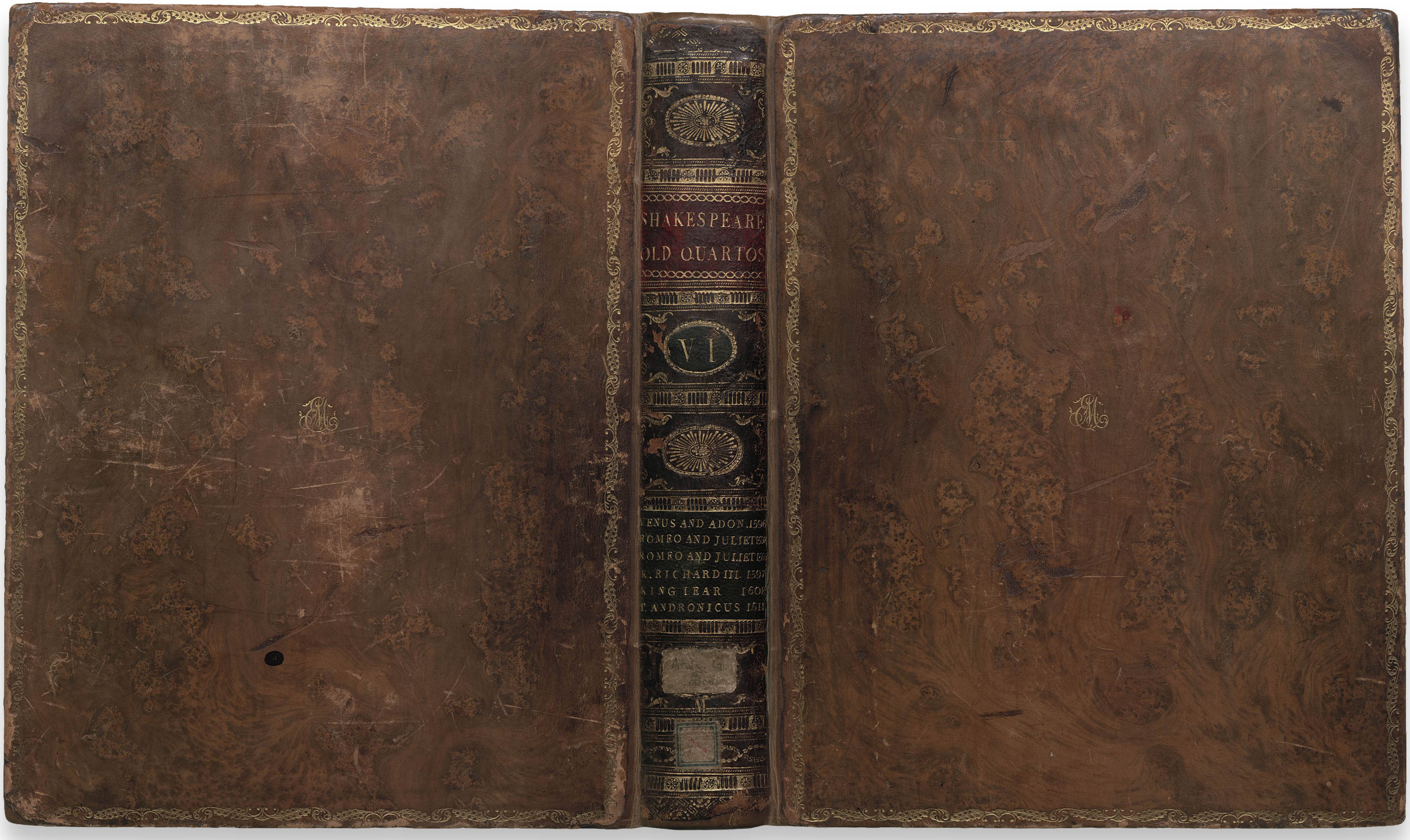
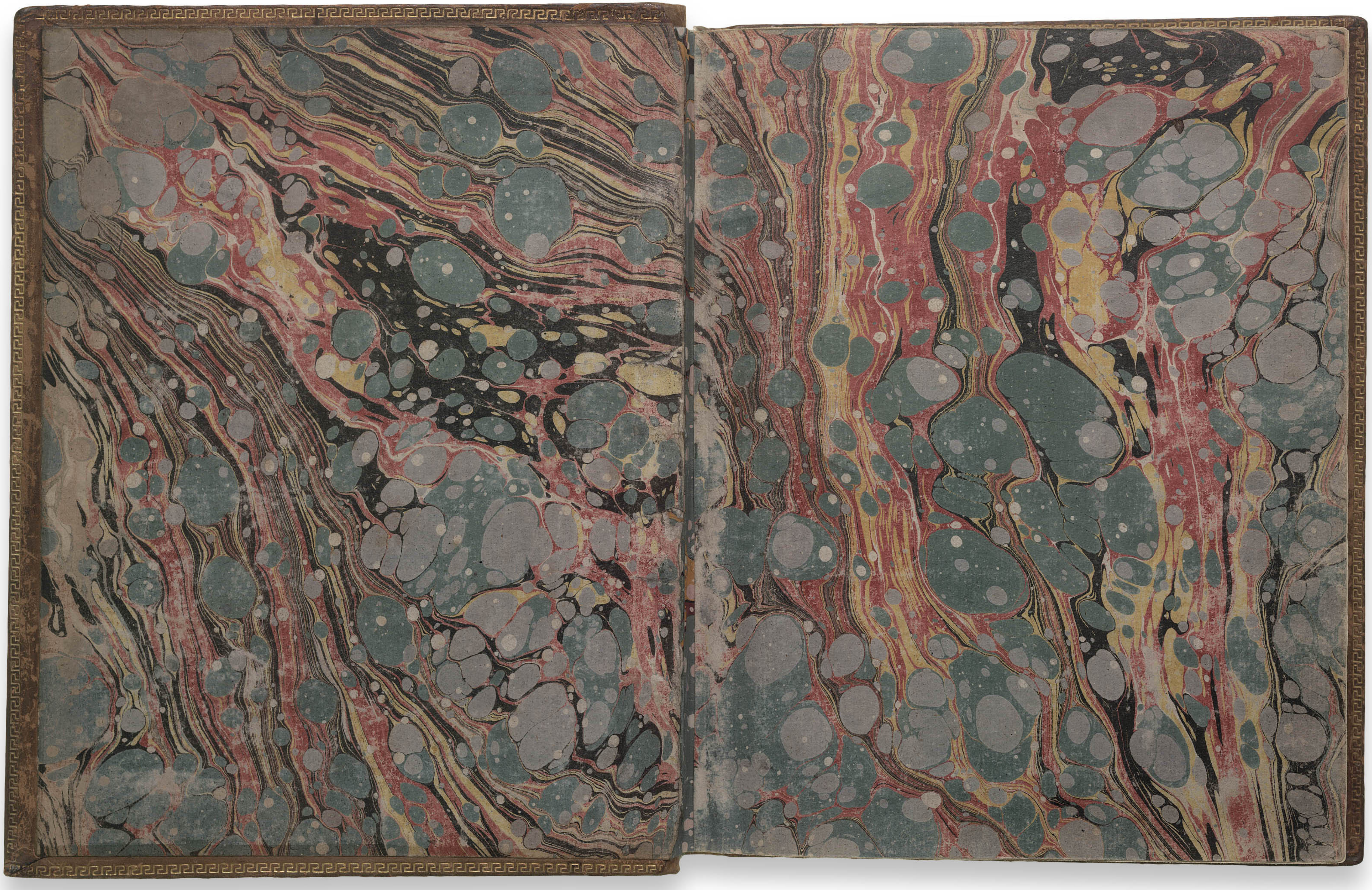
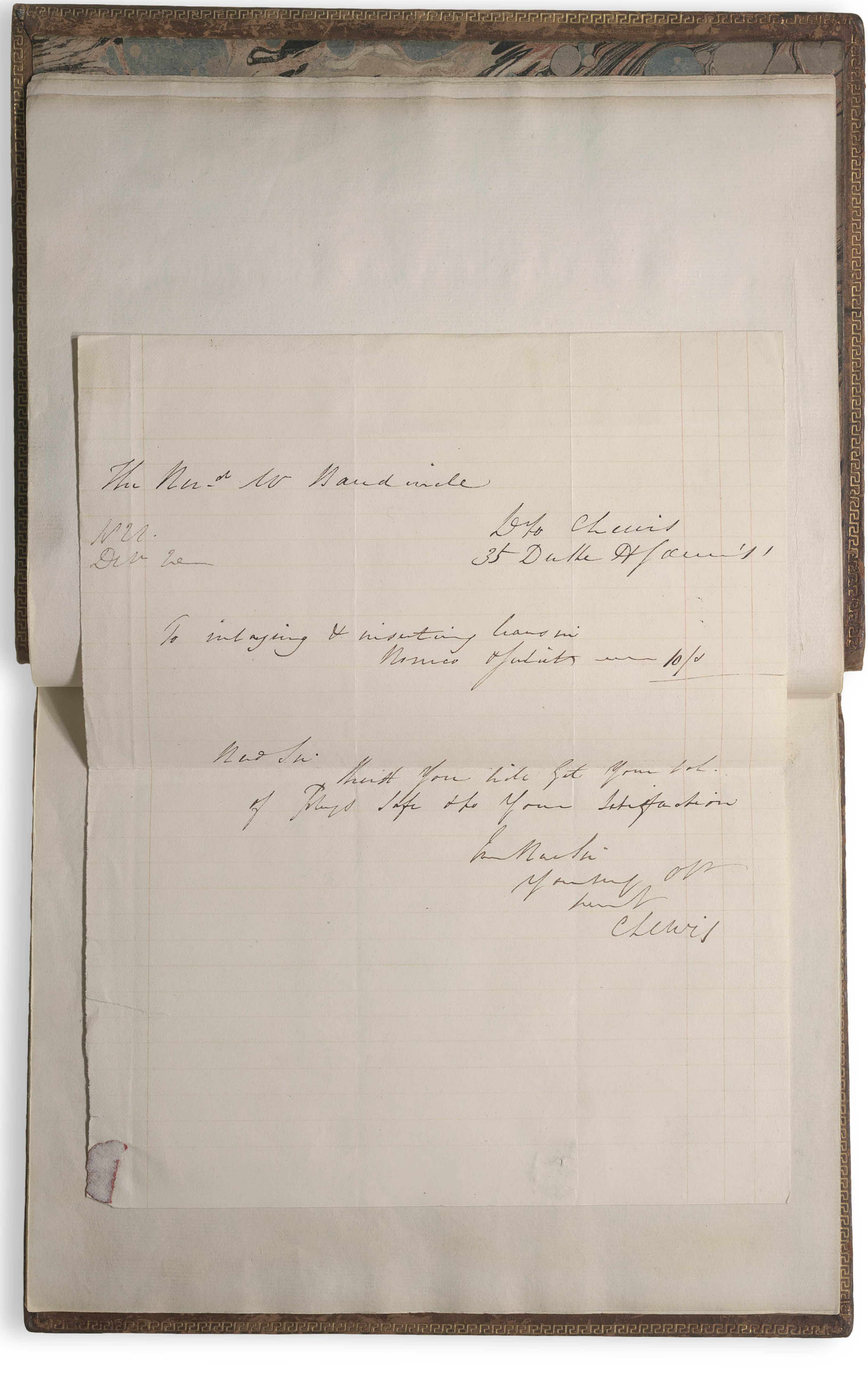

SHAKESPEARE
OLD QUARTOS
VI
VENUS AND ADON. 1596
ROMEO AND JULIET 1597
ROMEO AND JULIET 159
K. RICHARD III. 1597
KING LEAR 1608
T. ANDRONICUS 1611
M



Malone 37
(kept as Arch. G. d. 44)



The Revd Dr Bandinel

N 21.
Dec 2 —

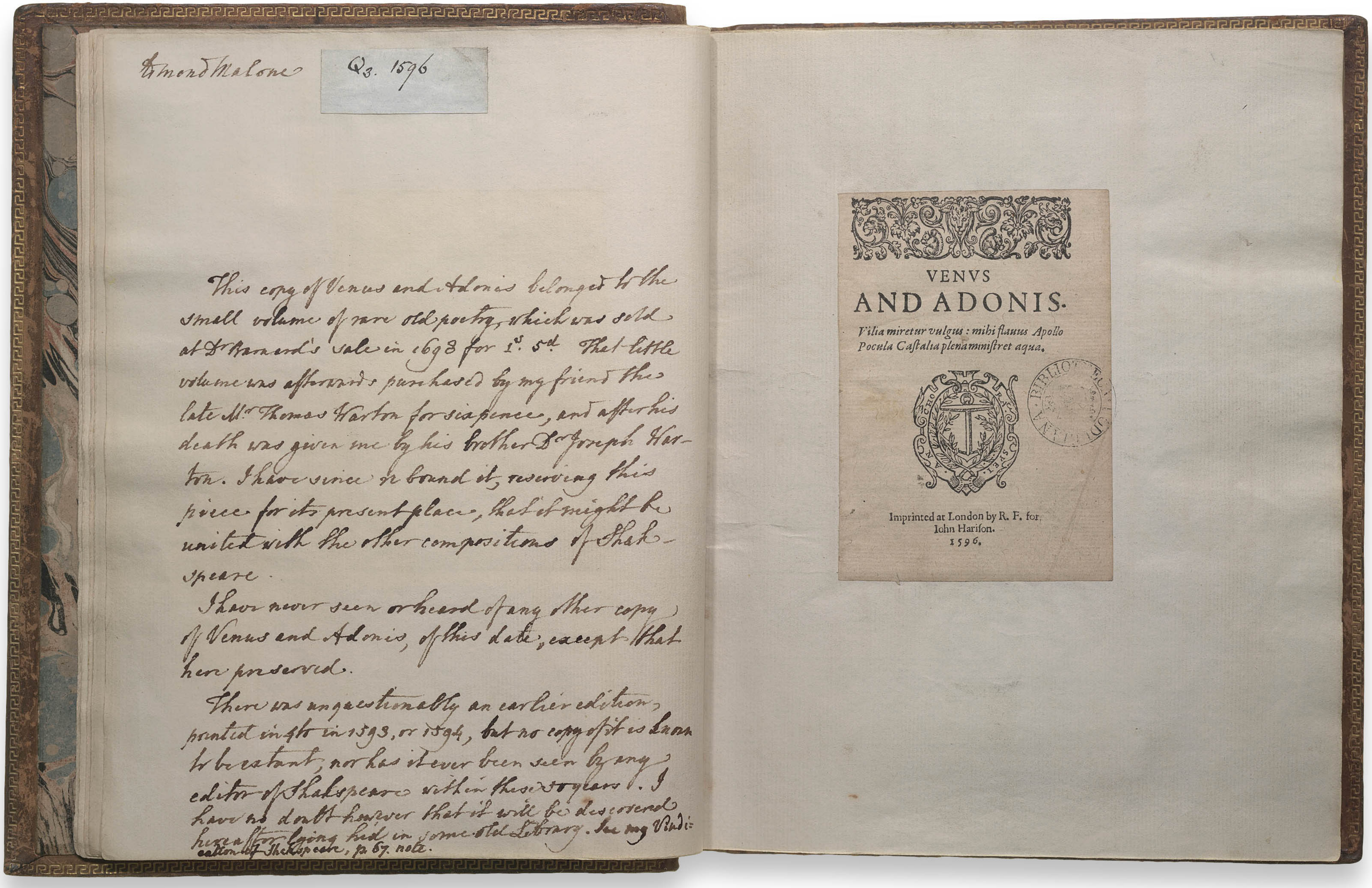
Dr to C Lewis
35 Duke St St James's

To inlaying & inserting leaves in
Romeo & Juliet — 10/-

Revd Sir
I trust You will get Your vol.
of Plays safe & to Your Satisfaction

I remain
Your obt
Servt
C Lewis

To the
Revd Mr Bandinel



Edmond Malone

Q3. 1596

This copy of Venus and Adonis belonged to the small volume of rare old poetry, which was sold at Dr Bernard's sale in 1698 for 1s. 5d. That little volume was afterwards purchased by my friend the late Mr Thomas Warton for sixpence, and after his death was given me by his brother Dr Joseph Warton. I have since re bound it, reserving this piece for its present place, that it might be united with the other compositions of Shakspeare.

I have never seen or heard of any other copy of Venus and Adonis, of this date, except that here preserved.

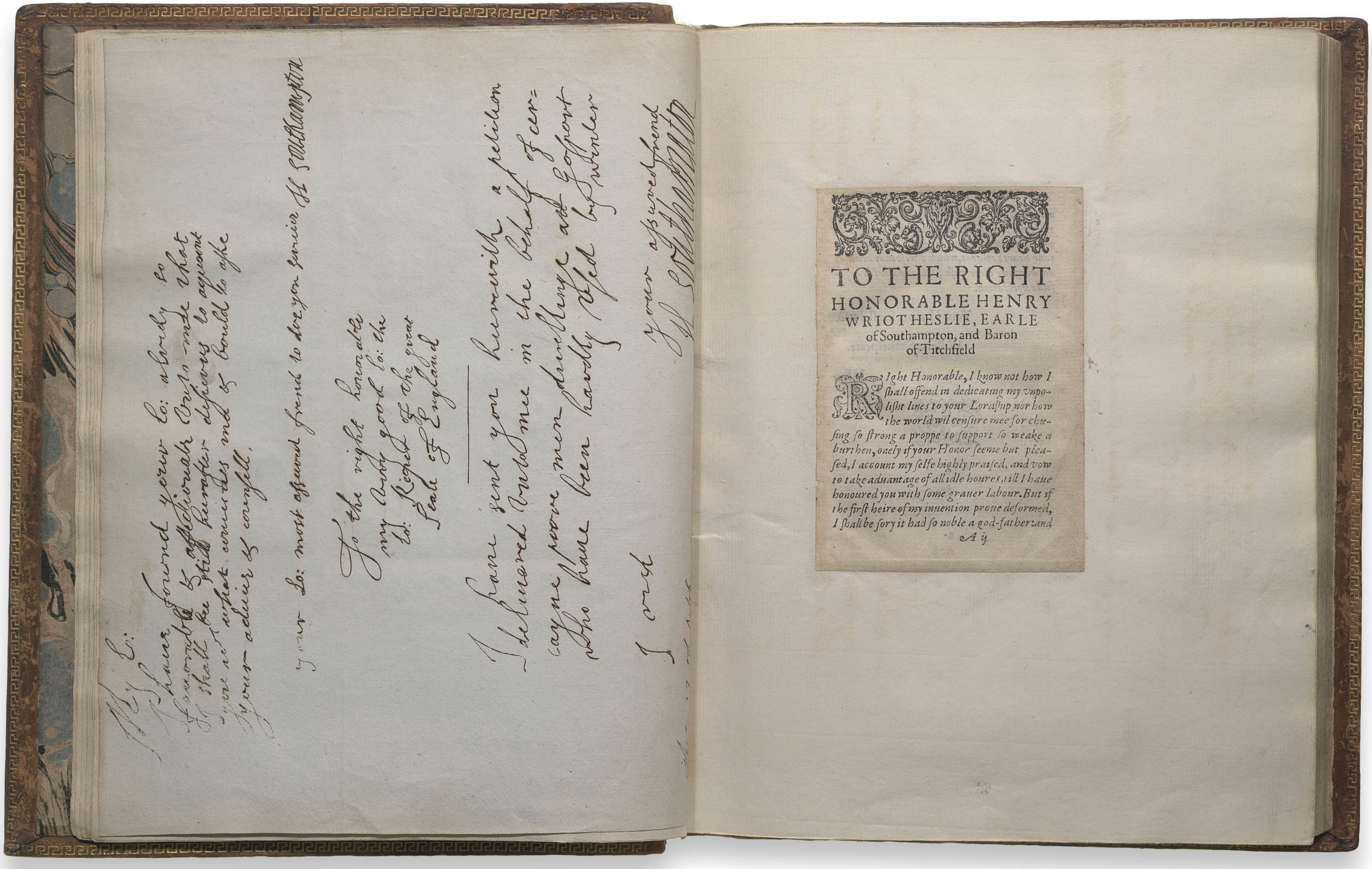
There was unquestionably an earlier edition, printed in 4to in 1593, or 1594, but no copy of it is known to be extant, nor has it ever been seen by any editor of Shakspeare within these 80 years. I have no doubt however that it will be discovered hereafter lying hid in some old Library. See my Vindication of Shakspeare, p. 67. note.

VENVS
AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

Imprinted at London by R. F. for
Iohn Hariſon.
1596.

BIBLIOT BO DLEIANA



My Lo:

I haue found your lo: alredy so
fauorable & affectionate vnto mee that
I shall bee still hereafter desirous to aquaint
yow w^t what concernes mee & bould to aske
your aduice & counsell.

your Lo: most assured frend to doe you seruice H Southampton

To the right honorable
my very good lo: the
lo: Keeper of the great
Seale of England

I haue sent you herewith a petition
delivered vnto mee in the behalf of cer=
tayne poore men dwellinge att Gosport
who haue been hardly vsed by winter

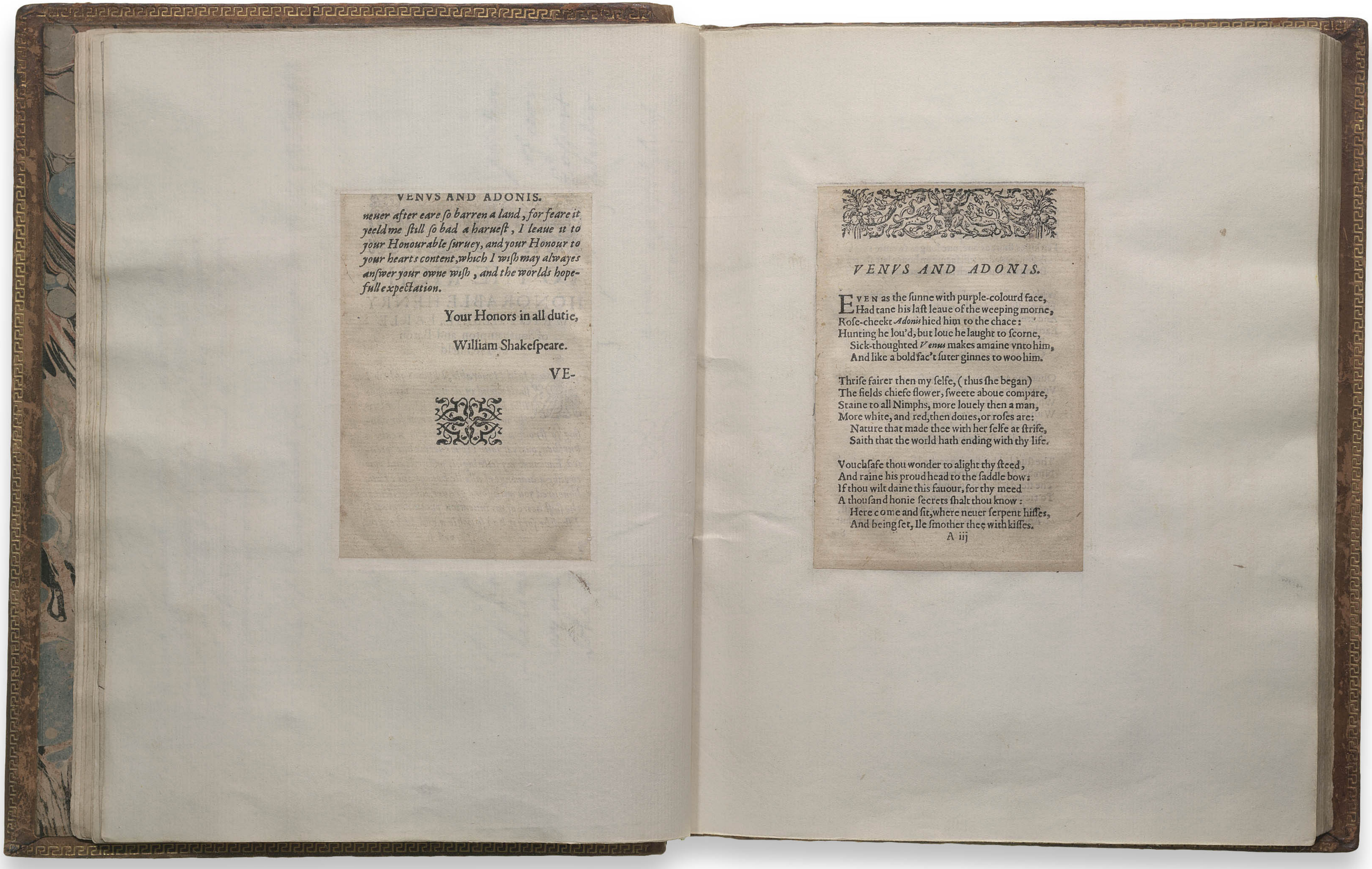
I rest

your assured frend
H Southampton

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield

Right Honorable, I know not how I ſhall offend in dedicating my vnpoliſht lines to your Lordſhip nor how the world wil cenſure mee for chuſing ſo ſtrong a proppe to ſupport ſo weake a burthen, onely if your Honor ſeeme but pleaſed, I account my ſelfe highly praiſed, and vow to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with ſome grauer labour. But if the firſt heire of my inuention proue deformed, I ſhall be ſory it had ſo noble a god-father: and

A ij



neuer after eare ſo barren a land, for feare it yeeld me ſtill ſo bad a harueſt, I leaue it to your Honourable ſuruey, and your Honour to your hearts content, which I wiſh may alwayes anſwer your owne wiſh, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakeſpeare.

VE-

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſunne with purple-colourd face,
Had tane his laſt leaue of the weeping morne,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to ſcorne,
  Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
  And like a bold fac't ſuter ginnes to woo him.

Thriſe fairer then my ſelfe, (thus ſhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, ſweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doues, or roſes are:
  Nature that made thee with her ſelfe at ſtrife,
  Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder to alight thy ſteed,
And raine his proud head to the ſaddle bow:
If thou wilt daine this fauour, for thy meed
A thouſand honie ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
  Here come and ſit, where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
  And being ſet, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd ſacietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red,and pale,with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as ane, one long as twentie:
  A ſommers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
  Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this ſhe ceazeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her paſſion,calles it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue,to do a goddeſſe good:
  Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
  Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie courſers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who bluſht,and powted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
  She red and hot,as coles of glowing fire,
  He red for ſhame,but froſtie in deſire.

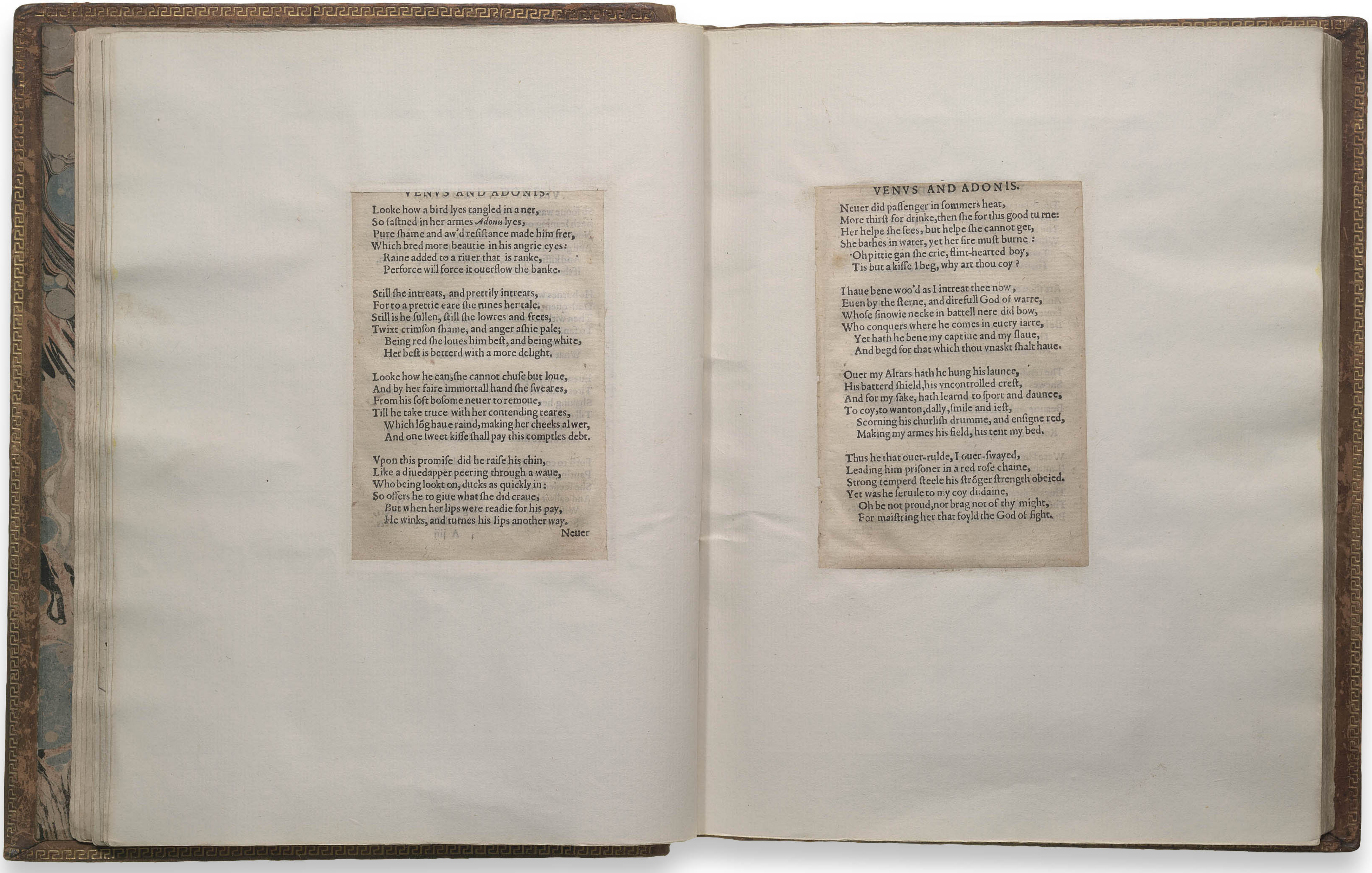
The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens,(ô how quicke is loue!)
The ſteed is ſtalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue:
  Backward ſhe puſht him,as ſhe would be thruſt,
  And gouernd him in ſtrength,though not in luſt.

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek;now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
  And kiſſing ſpeaks,with luſtful language broken,
  If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burnes with baſhfull ſhame,ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie ſighes,and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
  He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
  What followes more,ſhe murthers with a kiſſe

Euen as an emptie Eagle ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feather, fleſh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft,or prey be gone:
  Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow,his cheeke,his chin,
  And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forſt to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lyes, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteame,as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moiſture, aire of grace,
  Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
  So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.



Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So faſtned in her armes *Adonis* lyes,
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
  Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
  Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still ſhe intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare ſhe tunes her tale.
Still is he ſullen, ſtill ſhe lowres and frets,
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
  Being red ſhe loues him beſt, and being white,
  Her beſt is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand ſhe ſweares,
From his ſoft boſome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
  Which lõg haue raind, making her cheeks al wet,
  And one ſweet kiſſe ſhall pay this comptles debt.

Vpon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what ſhe did craue,
  But when her lips were readie for his pay,
  He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

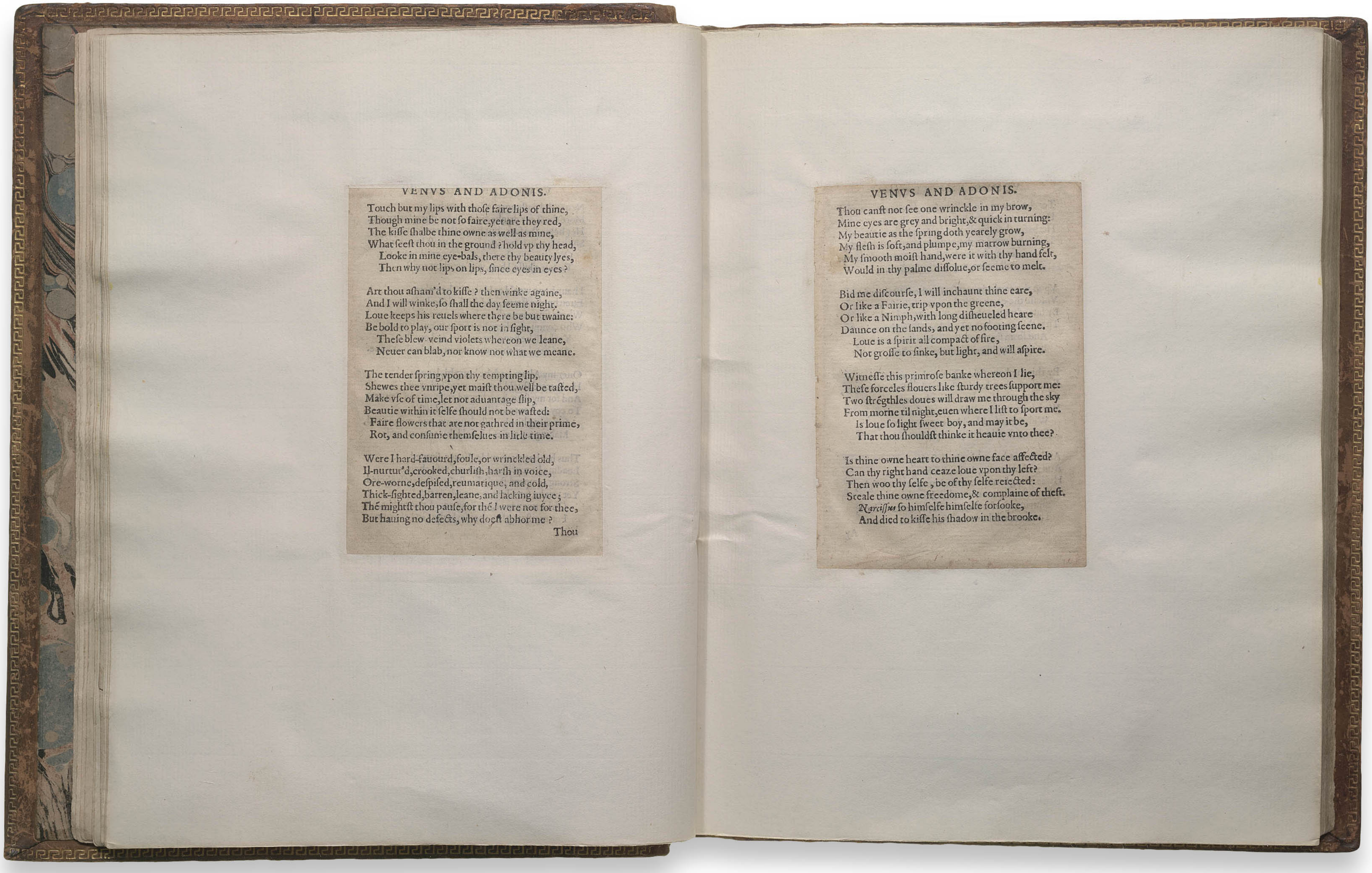
Neuer

Neuer did paſſenger in ſommers heat,
More thirſt for drinke, then ſhe for this good turne:
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire muſt burne:
  Oh pittie gan ſhe crie, flint-hearted boy,
  Tis but a kiſſe I beg, why art thou coy?

I haue bene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the ſterne, and direfull God of warre,
Whoſe ſinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre,
  Yet hath he bene my captiue and my ſlaue,
  And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His batterd ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake, hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
  Scorning his churliſh drumme, and enſigne red,
  Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rulde, I ouer-ſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine,
Strong temperd ſteele his ſtrõger ſtrength obeied.
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine,
  Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For maiſtring her that foyld the God of fight.



Touch but my lips with thoſe faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not ſo faire,yet are they red,
The kiſſe ſhalbe thine owne as well as mine,
What ſeeſt thou in the ground ? hold vp thy head,
  Looke in mine eye-bals, there thy beauty lyes,
  Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes in eyes ?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſſe ? then winke againe,
And I will winke,ſo ſhall the day ſeeme night.
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight,
  Theſe blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
  Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender ſpring,vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe,yet maiſt thou well be taſted,
Make vſe of time,let not aduantage ſlip,
Beautie within it ſelfe ſhould not be waſted:
  Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
  Rot, and conſume themſelues in litle time.

Were I hard-fauourd,foule,or wrinckled old,
Il-nurtur'd,crooked,churliſh,harſh in voice,
Ore-worne,deſpiſed,reumatique, and cold,
Thick-ſighted,barren,leane,and lacking iuyce;
Thē mightſt thou pauſe,for thē I were not for thee,
But hauing no defects, why doeſt abhor me ?

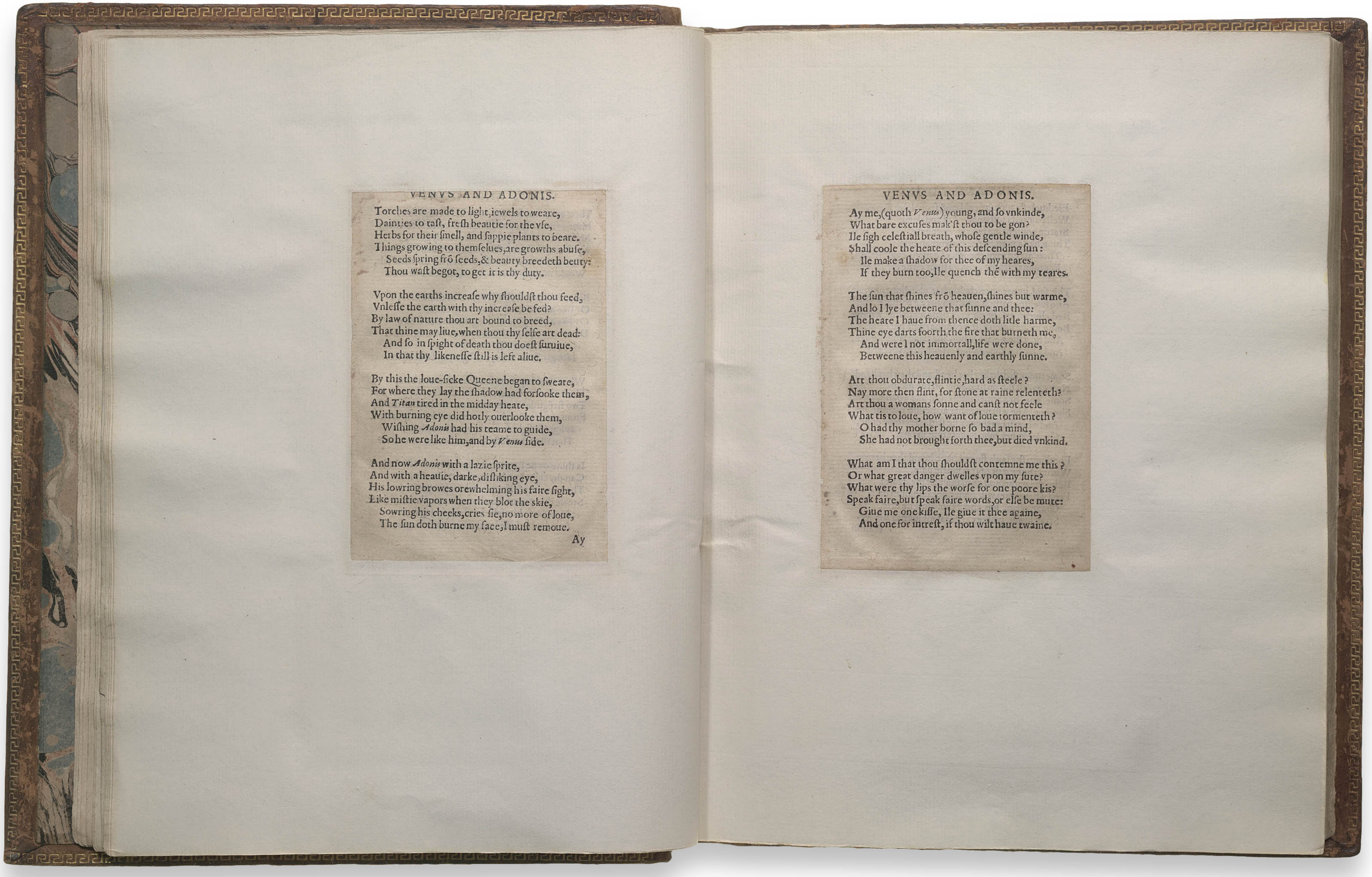
Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright,& quick in turning:
My beautie as the ſpring doth yearely grow,
My fleſh is ſoft,and plumpe,my marrow burning,
  My ſmooth moiſt hand,were it with thy hand felt,
  Would in thy palme diſſolue,or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nimph,with long diſheueled heare
Daunce on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
  Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
  Not groſſe to ſinke, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this primroſe banke whereon I lie,
Theſe forceles flouers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrēgthles doues will draw me through the sky
From morne til night,euen where I liſt to ſport me.
  Is loue ſo light ſweet boy, and may it be,
  That thou ſhouldſt thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelfe , be of thy ſelfe reiected:
Steale thine owne freedome,& complaine of theft.
  Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
  And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.



Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſt, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappie plants to beare.
Things growing to themſelues, are growths abuſe,
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beuty:
Thou waſt begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doeſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweate,
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke them,
And *Titan* tired in the midday heate,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

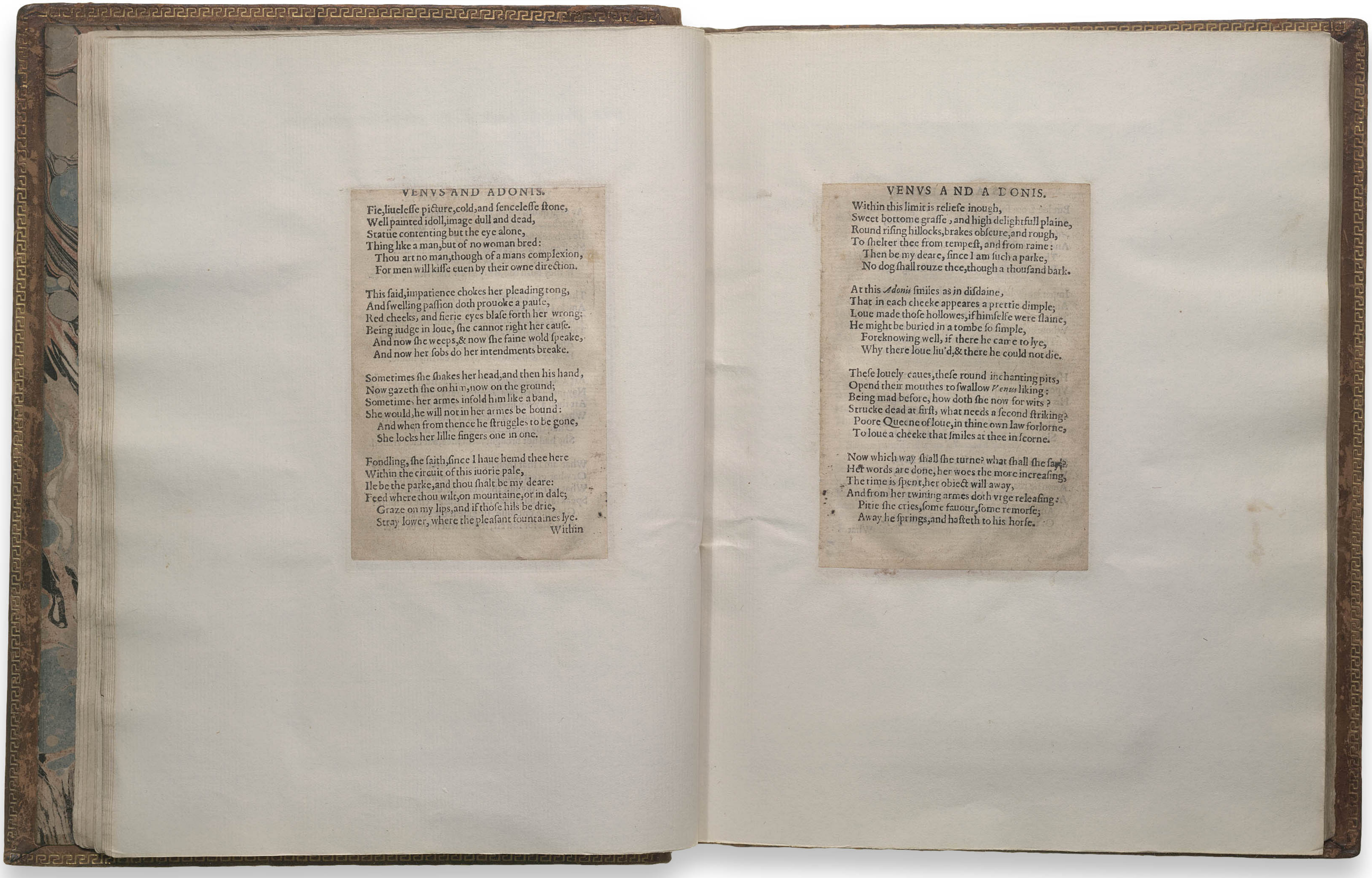
And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſprite,
And with a heauie, darke, diſliking eye,
His lowring browes orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapors when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face, I muſt remoue.

Ay me, (quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkinde,
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
Ile ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde,
Shall coole the heate of this deſcending ſun:
Ile make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too, Ile quench thē with my teares.

The ſun that ſhines frō heauen, ſhines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that ſunne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts foorth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly ſunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth?
Art thou a womans ſonne and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

What am I that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwelles vpon my ſute?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poore kis?
Speak faire, but ſpeak faire words, or elſe be mute:
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for intreſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.



Fie,liueleſſe picture,cold,and ſenceleſſe ſtone,
Well painted idoll,image dull and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man,but of no woman bred:
  Thou art no man,though of a mans complexion,
  For men will kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid,impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaſe forth her wrong:
Being iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
  And now ſhe weeps,& now ſhe faine wold ſpeake,
  And now her ſobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head,and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him,now on the ground;
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would,he will not in her armes be bound:
  And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
  She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith,ſince I haue hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this iuorie pale,
Ile be the parke,and thou ſhalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt,on mountaine,or in dale;
  Graze on my lips,and if thoſe hils be drie,
  Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lye.

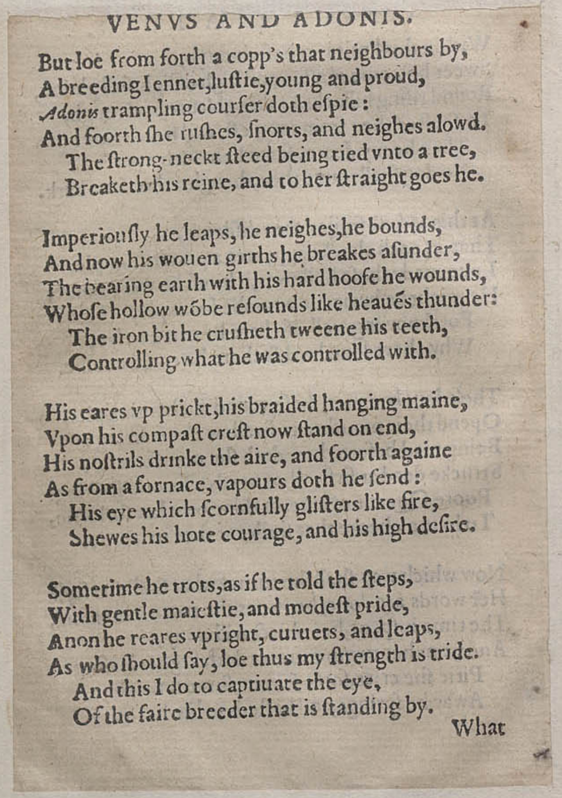
Within

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottome graſſe , and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillocks,brakes obſcure,and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt, and from raine:
  Then be my deare, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
  No dog ſhall rouze thee,though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles as in diſdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Loue made thoſe hollowes,if himſelfe were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple,
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lye,
  Why there loue liu'd,& there he could not die.

Theſe louely caues,theſe round inchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strucke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
  Poore Queene of loue,in thine own law forlorne,
  To loue a cheeke that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing,
The time is ſpent,her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releaſing:
  Pitie ſhe cries,ſome fauour,ſome remorſe;
  Away he ſprings,and haſteth to his horſe.



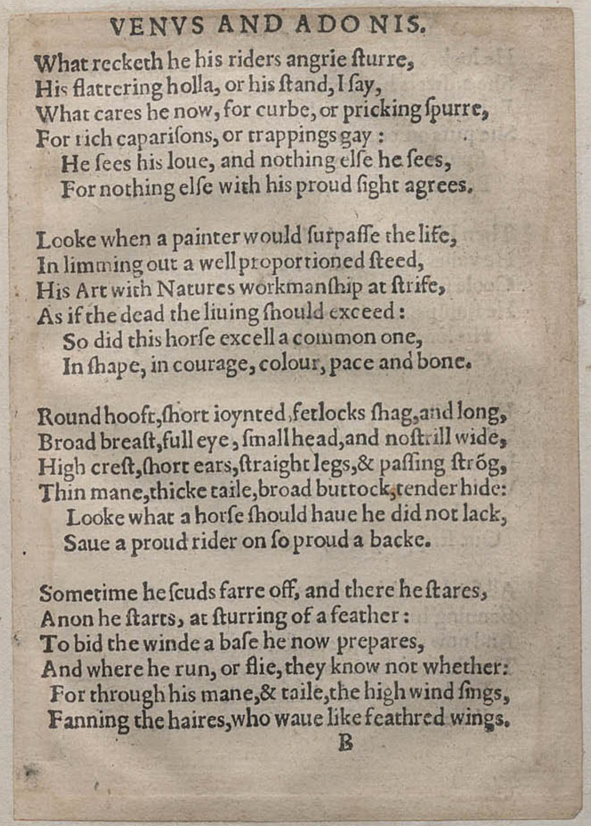
But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, luſtie, young and proud,
Adonis trampling courſer doth eſpie:
And foorth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighes alowd.
   The ſtrong-neckt ſteed being tied vnto a tree,
   Breaketh his reine, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighes, he bounds,
And now his wouen girths he breakes aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whoſe hollow wõbe reſounds like heauẽs thunder:
   The iron bit he cruſheth tweene his teeth,
   Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging maine,
Vpon his compaſt creſt now ſtand on end,
His noſtrils drinke the aire, and foorth againe
As from a fornace, vapours doth he ſend:
   His eye which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
   Shewes his hote courage, and his high deſire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle maieſtie, and modeſt pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets, and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, loe thus my ſtrength is tride.
   And this I do to captiuate the eye,
   Of the faire breeder that is ſtanding by.

What

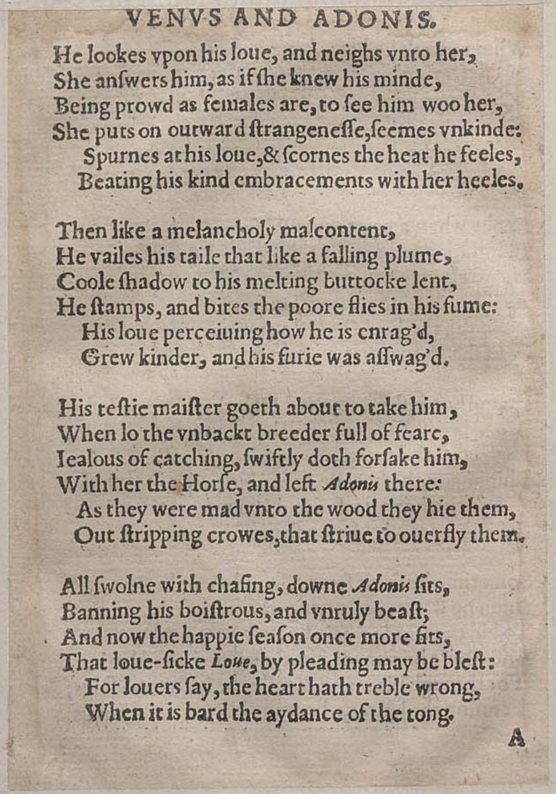


What recketh he his riders angrie ſturre,
His flattering holla, or his ſtand, I ſay,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking ſpurre,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay:
   He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees,
   For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
   So did this horſe excell a common one,
   In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
   Looke what a horſe ſhould haue he did not lack,
   Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts, at ſturring of a feather:
To bid the winde a baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether:
   For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
   Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

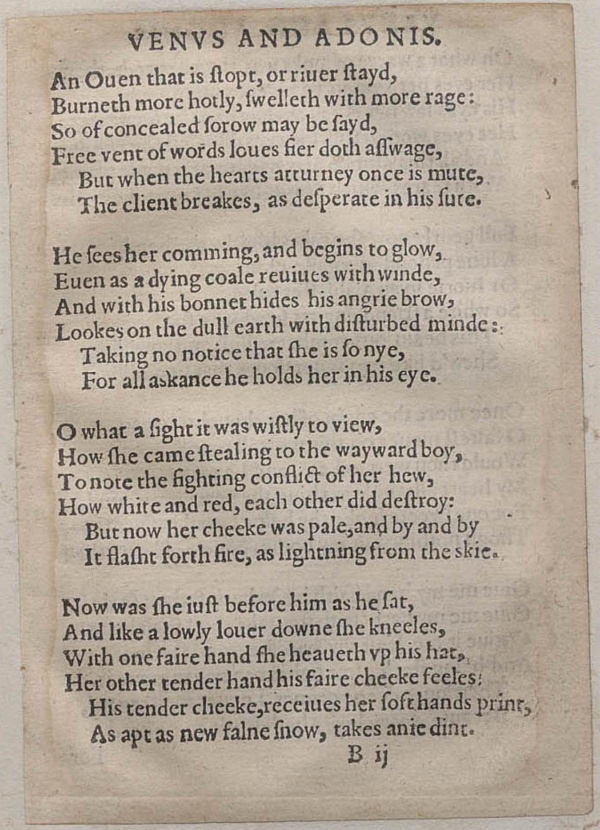


He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnro her,
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his minde,
Being prowd as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkinde:
  Spurnes at his loue, & ſcornes the heat he feeles,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
  His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
  Grew kinder, and his furie was aſſwag'd.

His teſtie maiſter goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the Horſe, and left *Adonis* there:
  As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
  Out ſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly them.

All ſwolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boiſtrous, and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happie ſeaſon once more fits,
That loue-ſicke *Loue*, by pleading may be bleſt:
  For louers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
  When it is bard the aydance of the tong.



An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtayd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth aſſwage,
  But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
  The client breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed minde:
  Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nye,
  For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did deſtroy:
  But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
  It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
  His tender cheeke, receiues her ſoft hands print,
  As apt as new falne ſnow, takes anie dint.

Oh what a warre of looks was then between them,
Her eyes peritioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeene them,
Her eyes wooed ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A lillie priſond in a gaile of ſnow,
Or Iuorie in an alablaſter band,
So white a friend, ingirts ſo white a fo:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like two ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O faireſt mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one ſweete looke thy helpe I would aſſure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

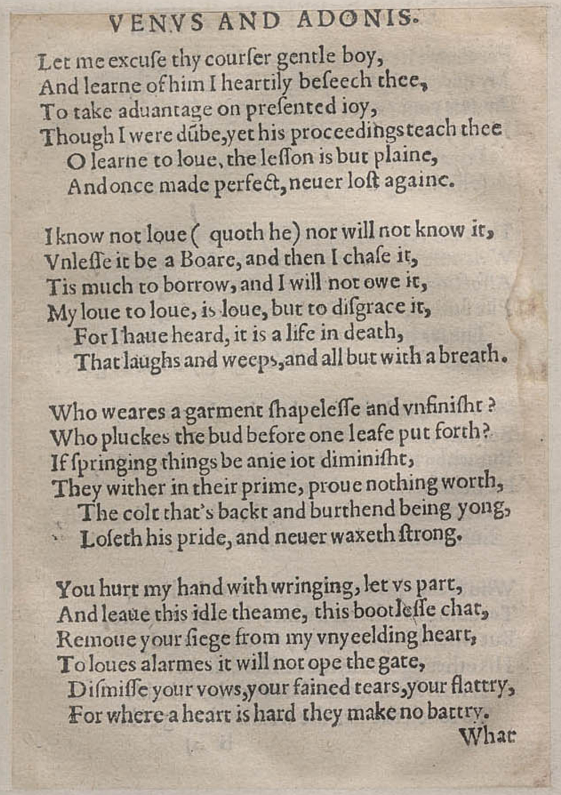
Giue me my hand (ſaith he,) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (ſaith ſhe,) and thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me, leaſt thy hard heart do ſteele it,
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies, thy palfrey as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warme approch of ſweet deſire,
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſufferd, it will ſet the heart on fire,
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maiſterd with a leatherne raine,
But when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch pettie bondage in diſdaine:
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his backe, his breſt.

Who ſeekes his true-loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
Who is ſo faint that dares not be ſo bold,
To touch the fier the weather being cold?

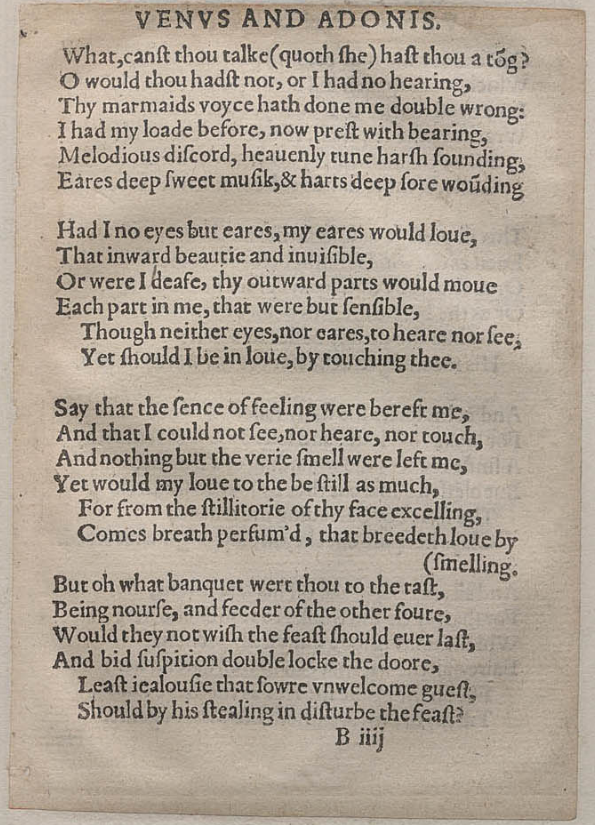


Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy,
Though I were dũbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
  O learne to loue, the leſſon is but plaine,
  And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue, but to diſgrace it,
  For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
  That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht ?
Who pluckes the bud before one leafe put forth?
If ſpringing things be anie iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
  The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
  Loſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarmes it will not ope the gate,
  Diſmiſſe your vows, your fained tears, your flattry,
  For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

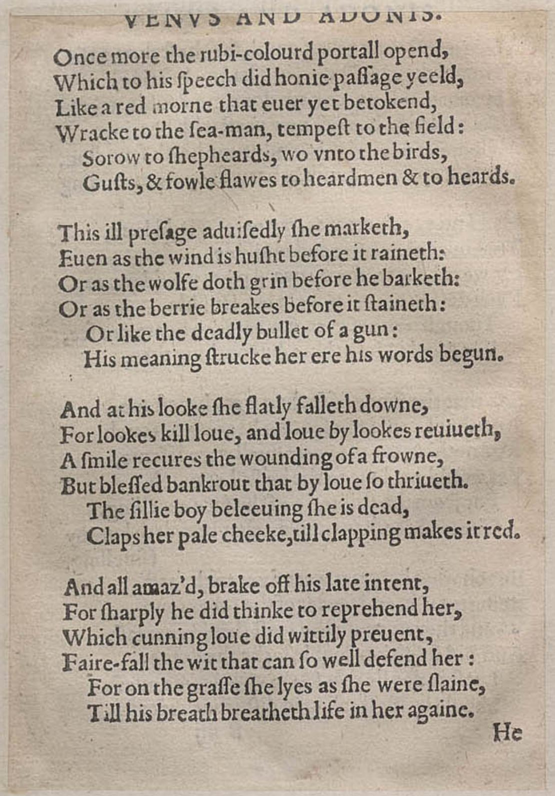


What, canſt thou talke (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tõg?
O would thou hadſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaids voyce hath done me double wrong:
I had my loade before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Eares deep ſweet muſik, & harts deep ſore woũding

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and inuiſible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me, that were but ſenſible,
  Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor ſee,
  Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the verie ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to the be ſtill as much,
  For from the ſtillitorie of thy face excelling,
  Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
(ſmelling.

But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nourſe, and feeder of the other foure,
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpition double locke the doore,
  Leaſt iealouſie that ſowre vnwelcome gueſt,
  Should by his ſtealing in diſturbe the feaſt?



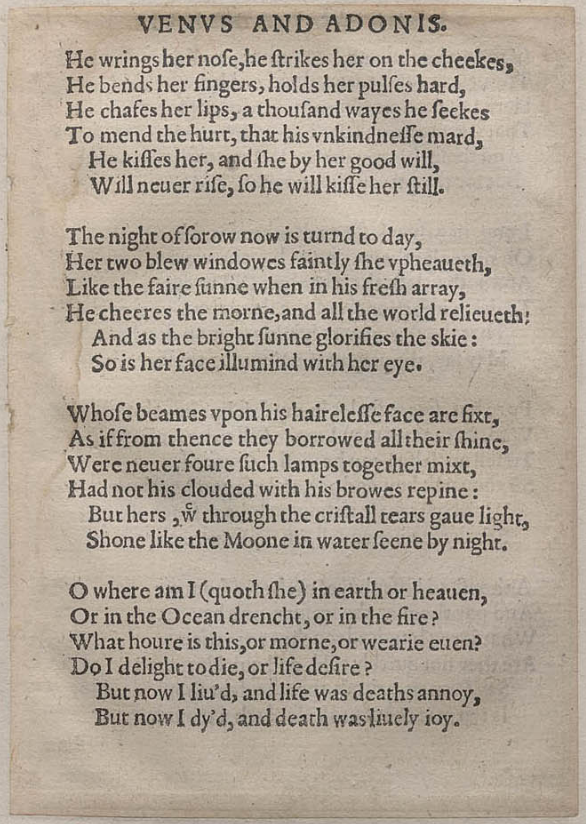
Once more the rubi-colourd portall opend,
Which to his ſpeech did honie paſſage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field:
  Sorow to ſhepheards, wo vnto the birds,
  Guſts, & fowle flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it ſtaineth:
  Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
  His meaning ſtrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankrout that by loue ſo thriueth.
  The ſillie boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
  Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
  For on the graſſe ſhe lyes as ſhe were ſlaine,
  Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

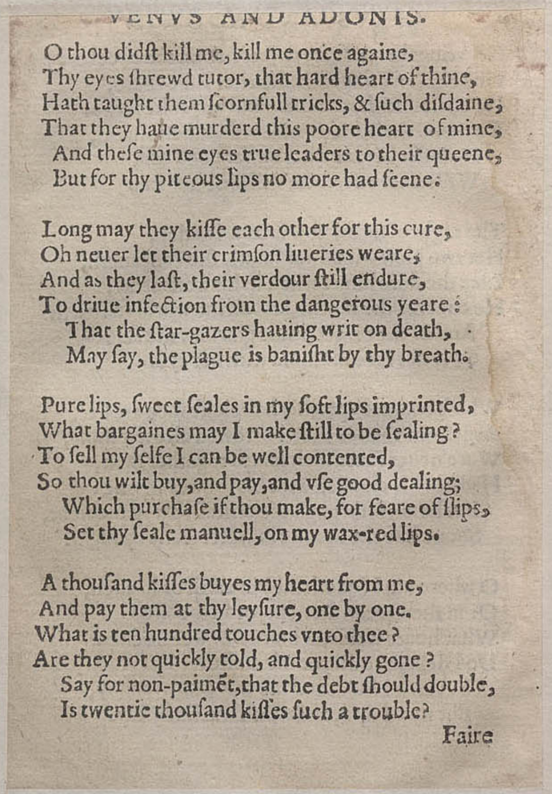


He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand wayes he ſeekes
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindneſſe mard,
  He kiſſes her, and ſhe by her good will,
  Will neuer riſe, ſo he will kiſſe her ſtill.

The night of ſorow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſunne when in his freſh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world relieueth:
  And as the bright ſunne glorifies the skie:
  So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whoſe beames vpon his haireleſſe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their ſhine,
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine:
  But hers, wͨ through the criſtall tears gaue light,
  Shone like the Moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
  But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
  But now I dy'd, and death was liuely ioy.



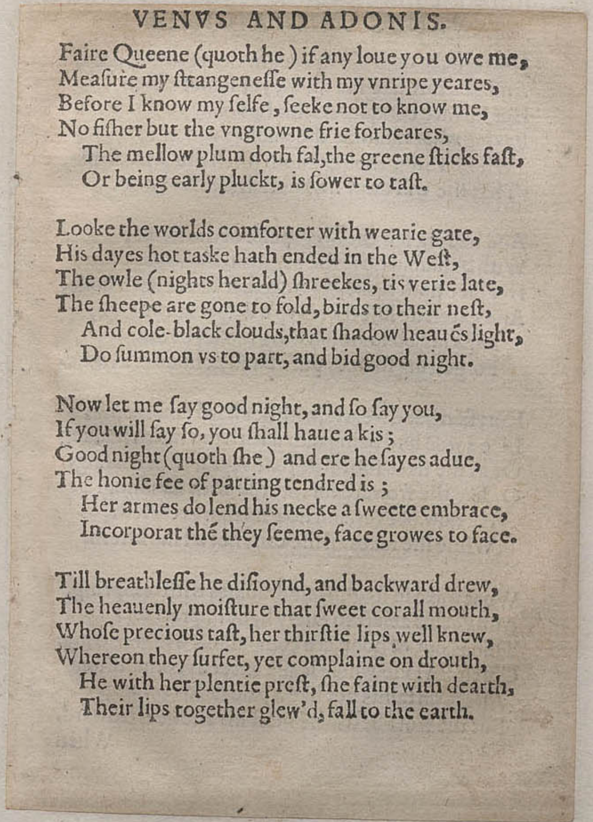
O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murderd this poore heart of mine,
And theſe mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdour ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leyſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-paimēt, that the debt ſhould double,
Is twentie thouſand kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire



Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my ſelfe, ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fal, the greene ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſower to taſt.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the Weſt,
The owle (nights herald) ſhreekes, tis verie late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
And cole-black clouds, that ſhadow heauēs light,
Do ſummon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall haue a kis;
Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is;
Her armes do lend his necke a ſweete embrace,
Incorporat thē they ſeeme, face growes to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moiſture that ſweet corall mouth,
Whoſe precious taſt, her thirſtie lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet, yet complaine on drouth,
He with her plentie preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now quicke deſire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ranſome the inſulter willeth:
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the price ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure drie.

And hauing felt the ſweetneſſe of the ſpoile,
With blindfold furie ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke,& ſmoke,her bloud doth boile,
And careleſſe luſt ſtirres vp a deſperat courage,
Planting obliuion,beating reaſon backe,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh,& honors wracke.

Hot, faint,and wearie,with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hãdling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant ſtild with dandling:
He now obeyes,and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

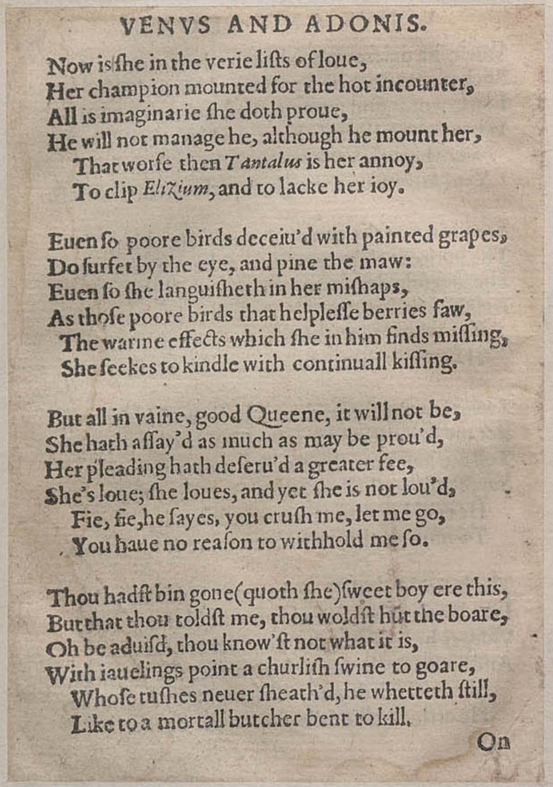
What waxe ſo frozen but diſſolues with tempring,
And yeelds at laſt to euery light impreſſion?
Things out of hope,are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue,whoſe leaue exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But thẽ woes beſt,whẽ moſt his choiſe is froward.

When he did frowne, ô had ſhe then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt,
Fowle words,and frownes,muſt not repell a louer,
What though the roſe haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept faſt,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pitie now ſhe can no more detaine him,
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart,
She is reſolu'd no longer to reſtraine him,
Bids him farewell,and looke well to her hart,
The which by *Cupids* bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy ſhe ſayes, this night Ile waſt in ſorrow,
For my ſicke heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maiſter,ſhall we meete to morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we,wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no,to morow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth ſhe)whereat a ſuddaine pale,
Like lawne being ſpread vpon the bluſhing roſe,
Vſurpes her cheeke, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes ſhe throwes.
She ſincketh downe, ſtill hanging by his necke,
He on her bellie falls, ſhe on her backe.

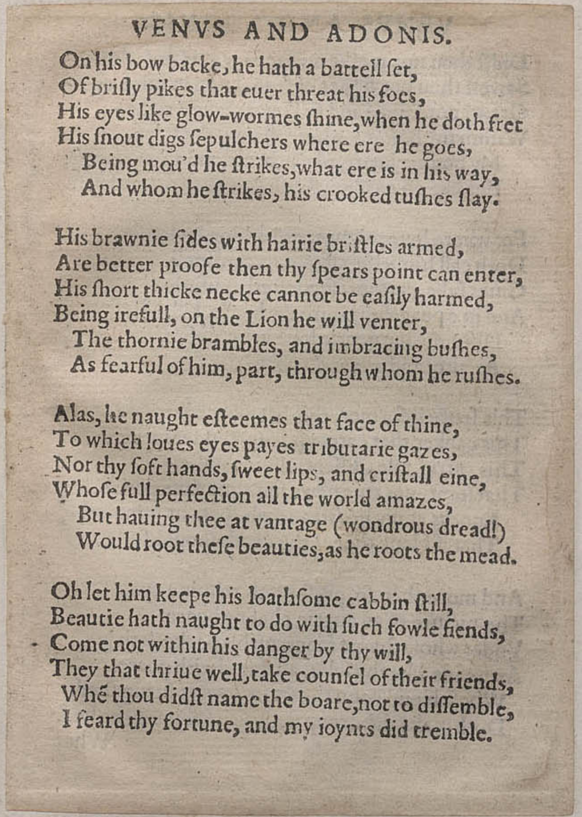


Now is ſhe in the verie liſts of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie ſhe doth proue,
He will not manage he, although he mount her,
 That worſe then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
 To clip *Elizium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen ſo poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poore birds that helpleſſe berries ſaw,
 The warme effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
 She ſeekes to kindle with continuall kiſſing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath aſſay'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deſeru'd a greater fee,
She's loue; ſhe loues, and yet ſhe is not lou'd,
 Fie, fie, he ſayes, you cruſh me, let me go,
 You haue no reaſon to withhold me ſo.

Thou hadſt bin gone (quoth ſhe) ſweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldſt me, thou woldſt hūt the boare,
Oh be aduiſd, thou know'ſt not what it is,
With iauelings point a churliſh ſwine to goare,
 Whoſe tuſhes neuer ſheath'd, he whetteth ſtill,
 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

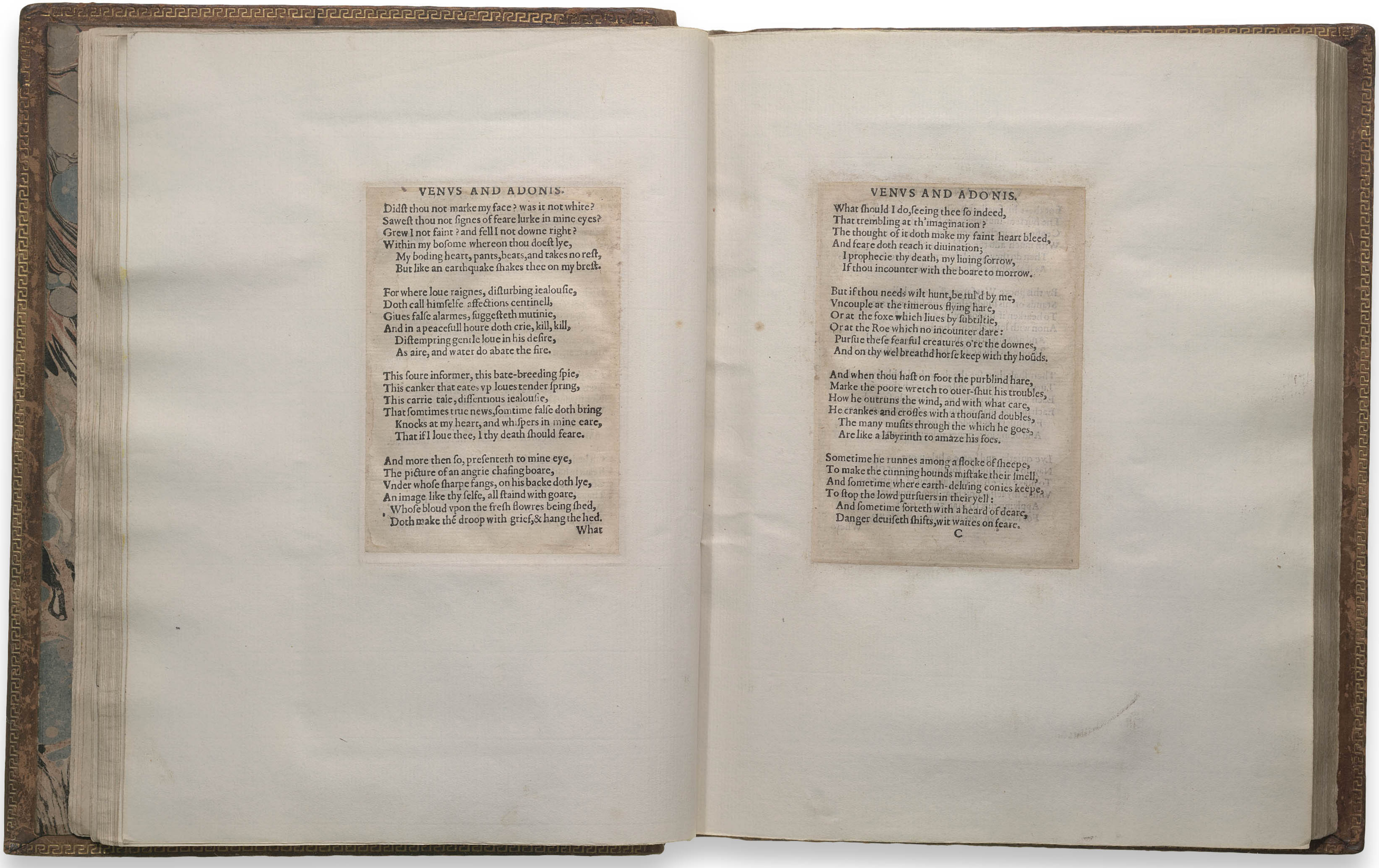


On his bow backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes ſhine, when he doth fret
His ſnout digs ſepulchers where ere he goes,
 Being mou'd he ſtrikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawnie ſides with hairie briſtles armed,
Are better proofe then thy ſpears point can enter,
His ſhort thicke necke cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
 The thornie brambles, and imbracing buſhes,
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he naught eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eyes payes tributarie gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and criſtall eine,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes,
 But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 Would root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

Oh let him keepe his loathſome cabbin ſtill,
Beautie hath naught to do with ſuch fowle fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſel of their friends,
 Whē thou didſt name the boare, not to diſſemble,
 I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.



Didſt thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eyes?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome whereon thou doeſt lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call himſelfe affections centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diſtempring gentle loue in his deſire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carrie tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtimes true news, ſomtime falſe doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaind with goare,
Whoſe bloud vpon the freſh flowres being ſhed,
Doth make thé droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horſe keep with thy hoũds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-ſhut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and croſſes with a thouſand doubles,
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of ſheepe,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing conies keepe,
To ſtop the lowd purſuers in their yell:
And ſometime ſorteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waites on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry,till they haue ſingled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouth's,eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this poore Wat farre off vpon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill,
Anon with loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne,indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier,his wearie legs do ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop,each murmour ſtay,
For miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike thy ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me,and then the ſtorie aptly ends,
The night is ſpent; why what of that (quoth ſhe)
I am (quoth he) expected of my frends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall,
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee,thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich preyes make rich-men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Dyan* cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cinthia for ſhame,obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heauen,that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee, in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day,and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of *Nature*,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad miſchances, and much miſerie.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poyſoning peſtilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſſe whoſe attaint,
Diſorder breeds by heating of the bloud,
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe, & damnd deſpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes ſight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, ſauor, hew and qualities,
Whereat th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thawd, and done,
As mountaine ſnow melts with the midday ſunne.

Therefore deſpight of frutleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters, and of ſons;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a ſwalowing graue
Seeming to burie that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue,
If thou deſtroy them not in darke obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So in thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands themſelues to ſlay
Or butcher ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule cankring ruſt, the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth *Adon*) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
For by this black-fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you, worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twentie thouſand tongs,
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Marmaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart ſtands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there.

Leſt the deceiuing harmonie ſhould ronne,
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What haue you vrg'd, that I can not reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euery ſtranger,
  You do it for increaſe, ô ſtrange excuſe!
  When reaſon is the bawd to luſts abuſe,

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name,
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beautie, blotting it with blame;
  Which the hot tyrant ſtaines, & ſoone bereaues:
  As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne,
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſommer halfe be donne:
  Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies:
  Loue is all truth, luſt full of forged lies.

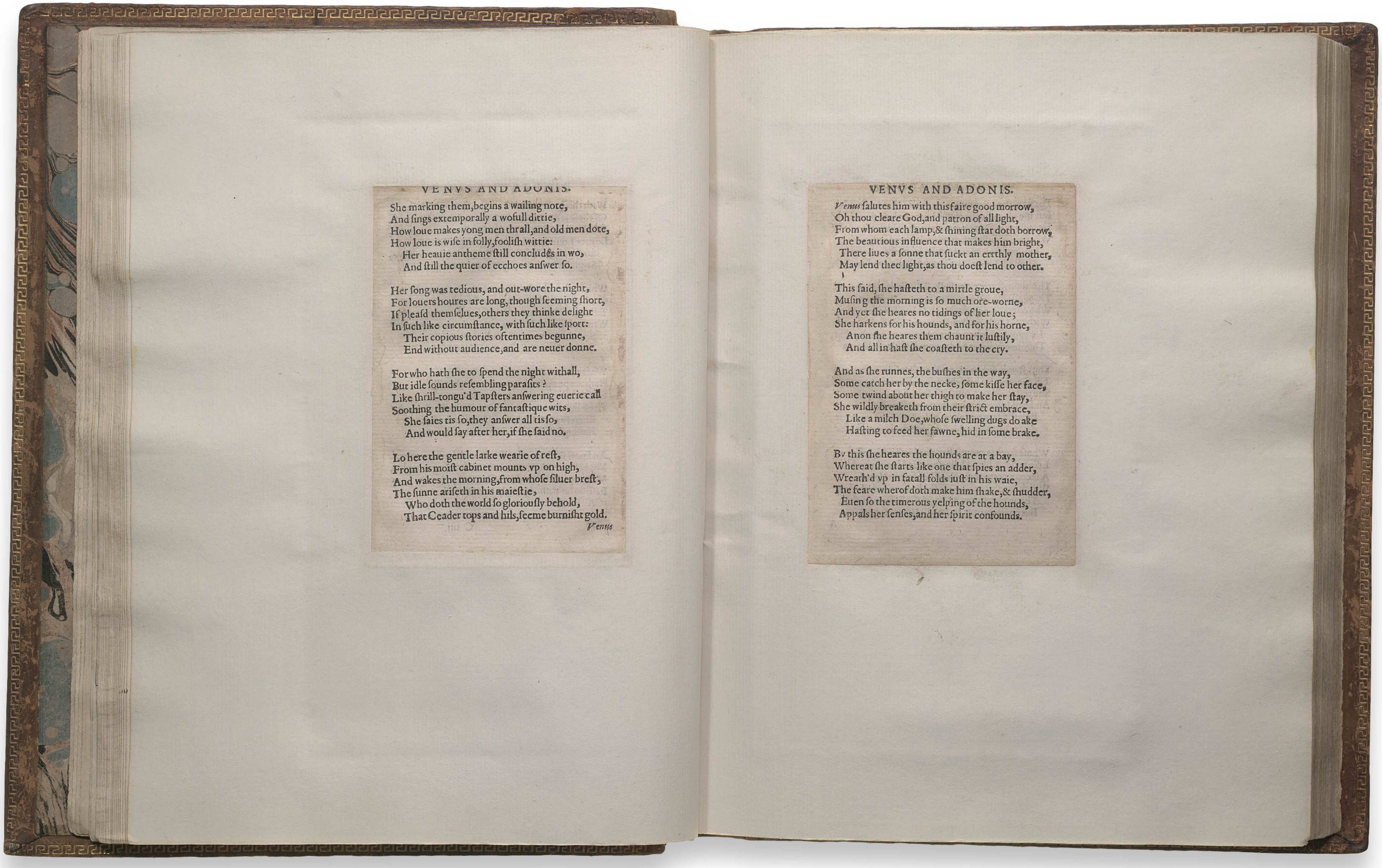
More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene,
  Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
  Do burne them ſelues, for hauing ſo offended.

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace,
Of thoſe faire armes which bound him to her breſt,
And homward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaues Loue vpon her backe, deeply diſtreſt,
  Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the skye,
  So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him ſeene no more;
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
  So did the mercileſſe and pitchie night,
  Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a pretious iewell in the flood,
Or ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtfull wood;
  Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
  Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion on paſſion, deeply is redoubled,
  Ay me, ſhe cries, and twentie times wo, wo,
  And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie ſo.



She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemporally a woful dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, and old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in folly, fooliſh wittie:
Her heauie antheme ſtill concludes in wo,
And ſtill the quier of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſd themſelues, others they thinke delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds reſembling paraſits?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euerie call
Soothing the humour of fantaſtique wits,
She ſaies tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
Who doth the world ſo glorioſly behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare God, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp, & ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſuckt an errthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twind about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his waie,
The feare wherof doth make him ſhake, & ſhudder,
Euen ſo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt Boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Becauſe the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
  Finding their enemie to be ſo curſt,
  They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmall crie rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurprize her hart,
Who ouercome by doubt, and bloudleſſe feare,
With cold-pale weakneſſe, nums each feeling part,
  Like ſoldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
  They baſely flie, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſences ſore diſmaid,
She tels them tis a cauſleſſe fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are affrayd,
  Bids thē leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
  And with that word, ſhe ſpide the hunted bore.

Whoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud, being mingled both togither,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
Which madly hurries her, ſhe knowes not whither:
  This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
  But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

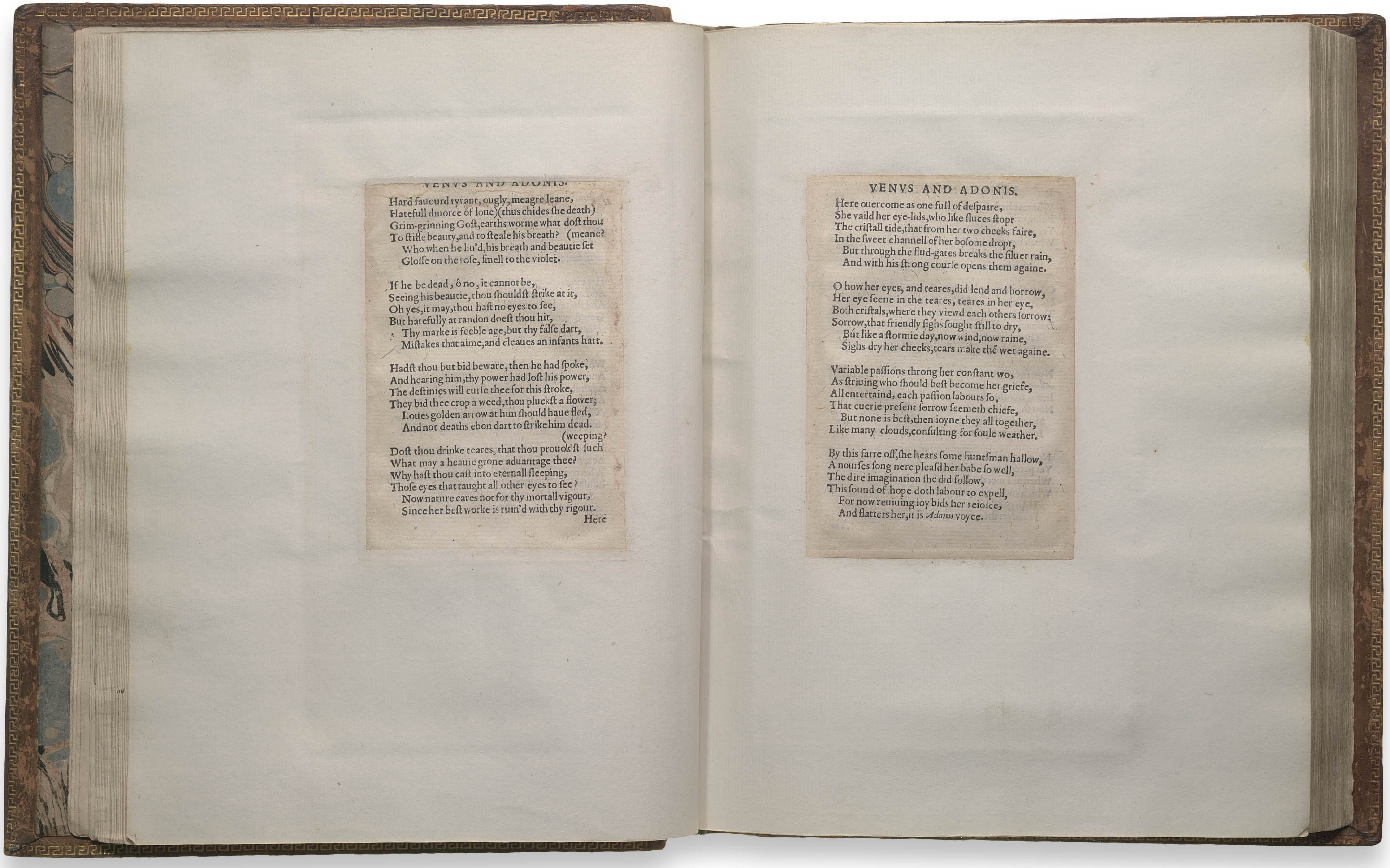
A

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand wayes,
She treads the path, that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſt, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
  Full of reſpect, yet naught at all reſpecting,
  In hand with all things, naught at all effecting

Here kenneld in a brake, he finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maiſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores, the onely ſoueraigne plaiſter.
  And here ſhe meets another, ſadly ſcowling,
  To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Againſt the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another, aunſwer him,
  Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
  Shaking their ſcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, ſignes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearefnll eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies;
  So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes, drawes vp her breath,
  And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.



Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue)(thus chides ſhe death)
Grim-grinning Goſt, earths worme what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteale his breath? (meane?
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at randon doeſt thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falſe dart,
Miſtakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower;
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.
(weeping?
Doſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.
Here

Here ouercome as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The criſtall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the ſweet channell of her boſome dropt,
But through the flud-gates breaks the ſiluer rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend and borrow,
Her eye ſeene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both criſtals, where they viewd each others ſorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry,
But like a ſtormie day, now wind, now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make thẽ wet againe.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant wo,
As ſtriuing who ſhould beſt become her griefe,
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euerie preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe,
But none is beſt, then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds, conſulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, ſhe hears ſome huntſman hallow,
A nourſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well,
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being priſond in her eye : like pearles in glaſſe,
Yet ſometimes fals an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts,as ſcorning it ſhould paſſe,
  To waſh the foule face of the ſluttiſh ground,
  Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how ſtrange it ſeemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous :
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
Deſpaire,and hope,makes thee ridiculous.
  The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
  The likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now ſhe vnweaues the web that ſhe hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame :
It was not ſhe that cald him all to nought;
Now ſhe ads honors to his hatefull name.
  She clepes him king of graues,& graue for kings,
  Imperious ſupreme of all mortall things.

No,no, quoth ſhe, ſweet death,I did but ieſt,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boare, that bloudie beaſt,
Which knowes no pitie, but is ſtill ſeueare,
  Then gentle ſhaowd(truth I muſt confeſſe)
  I raild on thee, fearing thy loues deceſſe.

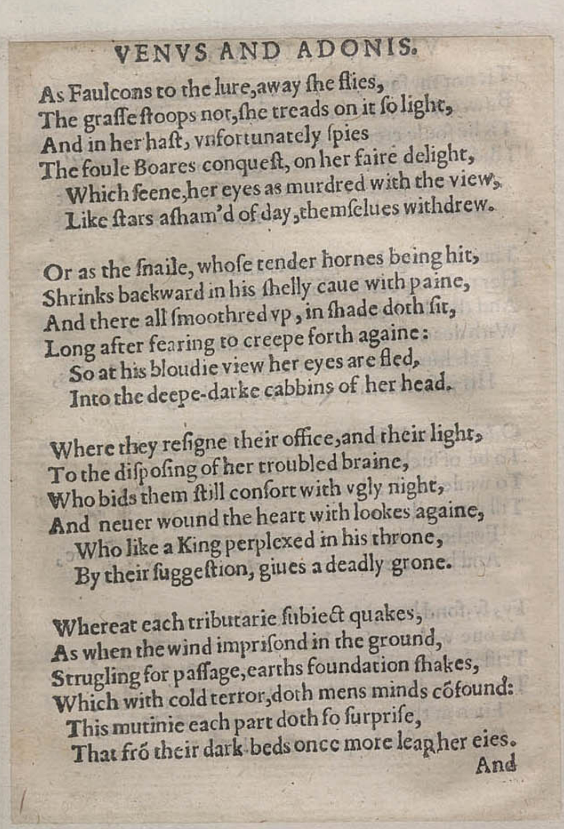
Tis

Tis not my fault,the Boare prouokt my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuiſible commaunder)
Tis he foule creature,that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlaunder.
  Griefe hath two tongues,and neuer woman yet
  Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate.
  Tels him of trophies,ſtaties, tombes and ſtories,
  His victories,his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* quoth ſhe, how much a foole was I,
To be of ſuch a weake and ſilly mind,
To waile his death who liues,and muſt not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind ?
  For he being dead,with hith him is beauty ſlaine,
  And beautie dead,blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fy, fy,fond loue, thou art ſo full of feare,
As one with treaſure laden, hemd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitneſſed with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking greeues.
  Euen at this word ſhe heares a merrie horne,
  Whereat ſhe leaps,that was but late forlorne.

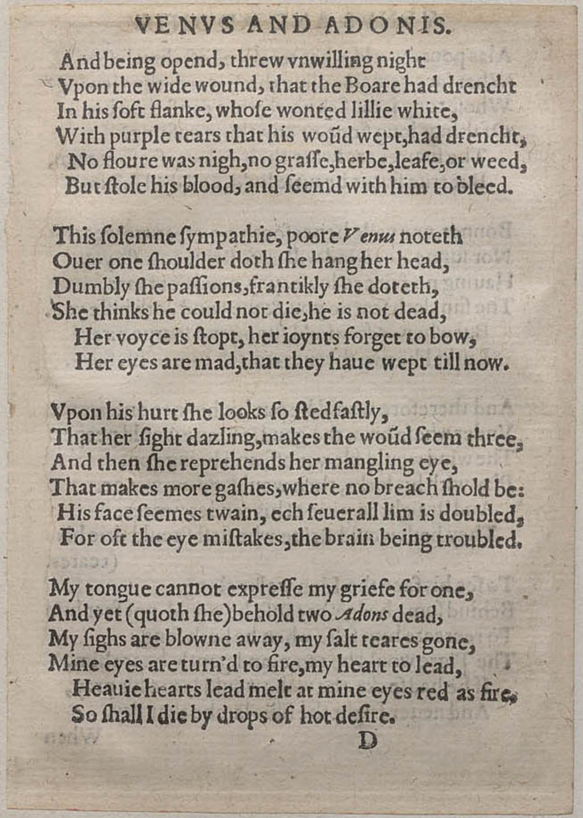


As Faulcons to the lure,away ſhe flies,
The graſſe ſtoops not,ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
  Which ſeene,her eyes as murdred with the view,
  Like ſtars aſham'd of day,themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmoothred vp, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
  So at his bloudie view her eyes are fled,
  Into the deepe-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office,and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
  Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
  By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſond in the ground,
Strugling for paſſage,earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror,doth mens minds cõfound:
  This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
  That frõ their dark-beds once more leap her eies.

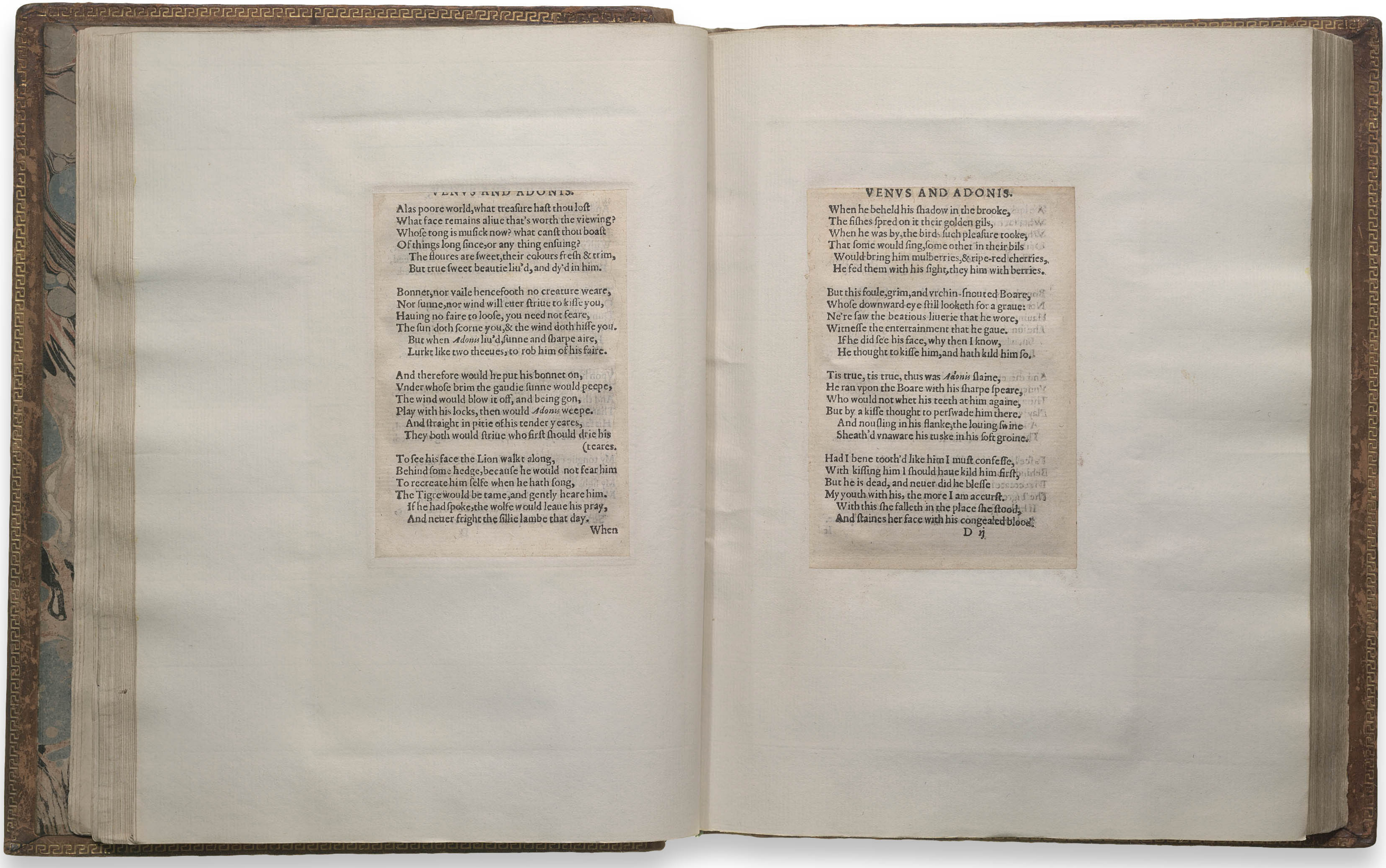


And being opend, threw vnwilling night
Vpon the wide wound, that the Boare had drencht
In his ſoft flanke, whoſe wonted lillie white,
With purple tears that his woũd wept,had drencht,
  No floure was nigh,no graſſe,herbe,leafe,or weed,
  But ſtole his blood, and ſeemd with him to bleed.

This ſolemne ſympathie, poore *Venus* noteth
Ouer one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumbly ſhe paſſions,frantikly ſhe doteth,
She thinks he could not die,he is not dead,
  Her voyce is ſtopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
  Her eyes are mad,that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling,makes the woũd ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes,where no breach ſhold be:
  His face ſeemes twain, ech ſeuerall lim is doubled,
  For oft the eye miſtakes,the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſſe my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth ſhe)behold two *Adons* dead,
My ſighs are blowne away, my ſalt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire,my heart to lead,
  Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red as fire,
  So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.



Alas poore world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tong is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
  The floures are ſweet, their colours freſh & trim,
  But true ſweet beautie liu'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, nor vaile hencefooth no creature weare,
Nor ſunne, nor wind will euer ſtriue to kiſſe you,
Hauing no faire to looſe, you need not feare,
The ſun doth ſcorne you, & the wind doth hiſſe you.
  But when *Adonis* liu'd, ſunne and ſharpe aire,
  Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whoſe brim the gaudie ſunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe.
  And ſtraight in pitie of his tender yeares,
  They both would ſtriue who firſt ſhould drie his
(teares.

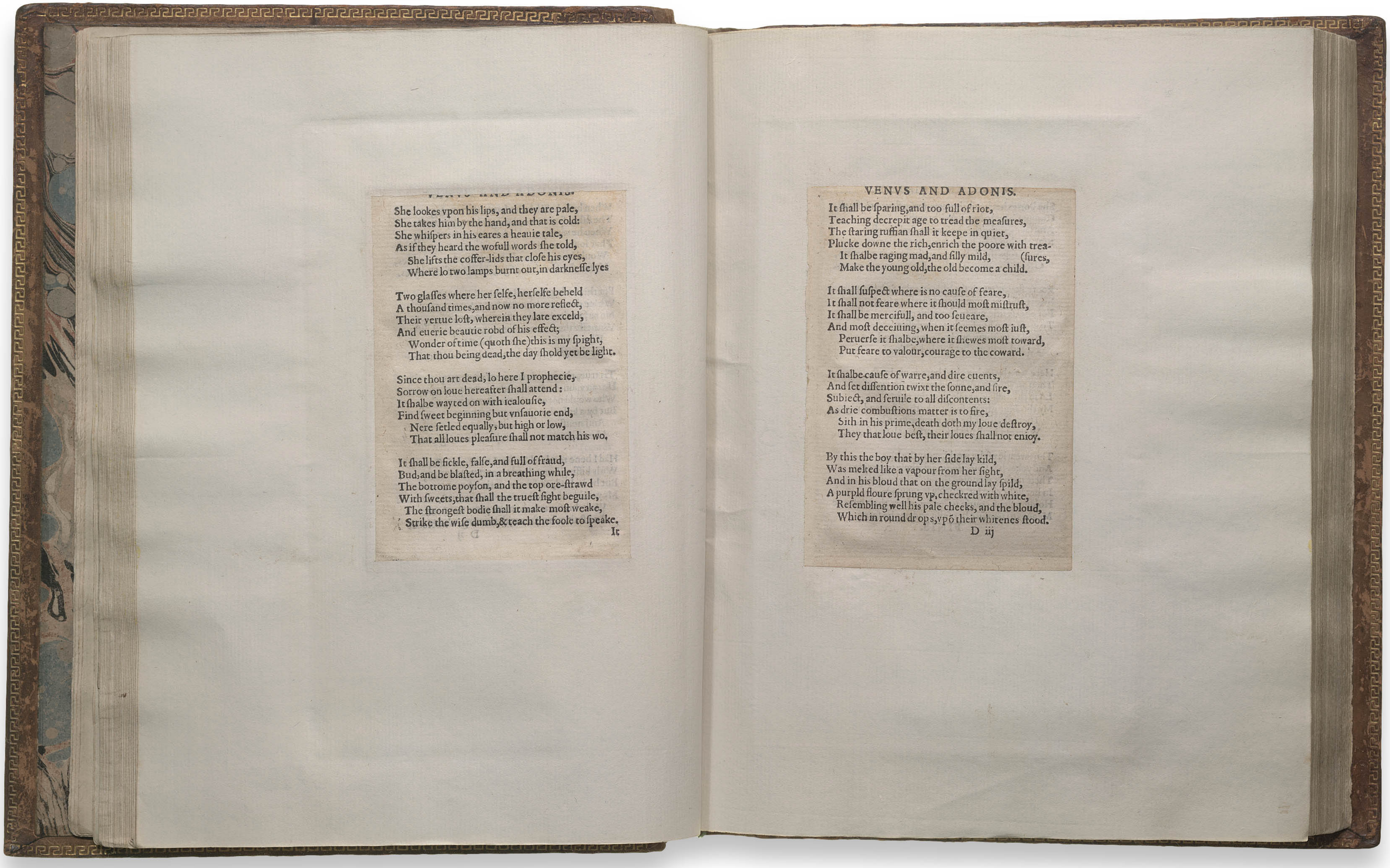
To ſee his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him
To recreate him ſelfe when he hath ſong,
The Tigre would be tame, and gently heare him.
  If he had ſpoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
  And neuer fright the ſillie lambe that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils,
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
  Would bring him mulberries, & ripe-red cherries,
  He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted Boare,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a graue:
Ne're ſaw the beatious liuerie that he wore,
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue.
  If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
  He thought to kiſſe him, and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there.
  And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
  Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I bene tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt,
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his, the more I am accurſt.
  With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
  And ſtaines her face with his congealed blood.



She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo two lamps burnt out,in darkneſſe lyes

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, herſelfe beheld
A thouſand times,and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe)this is my ſpight,
That thou being dead,the day ſhold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhalbe wayted on with icalouſie,
Find ſweet beginning but vnſauorie end,
Nere ſetled equally, but high or low,
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe,and full of fraud,
Bud,and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
With ſweets,that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb,& teach the foole to ſpeake.

It ſhall be ſparing,and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Plucke downe the rich,enrich the poore with trea-
It ſhalbe raging mad,and ſilly mild, (ſures,
Make the young old,the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeueare,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt,
Peruerſe it ſhalbe,where it ſhewes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour,courage to the coward.

It ſhalbe cauſe of warre,and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne,and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruile to all diſcontents:
As drie combuſtions matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime,death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purpld floure ſprung vp,checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the bloud,
Which in round drops,vpō their whitenes ſtood.

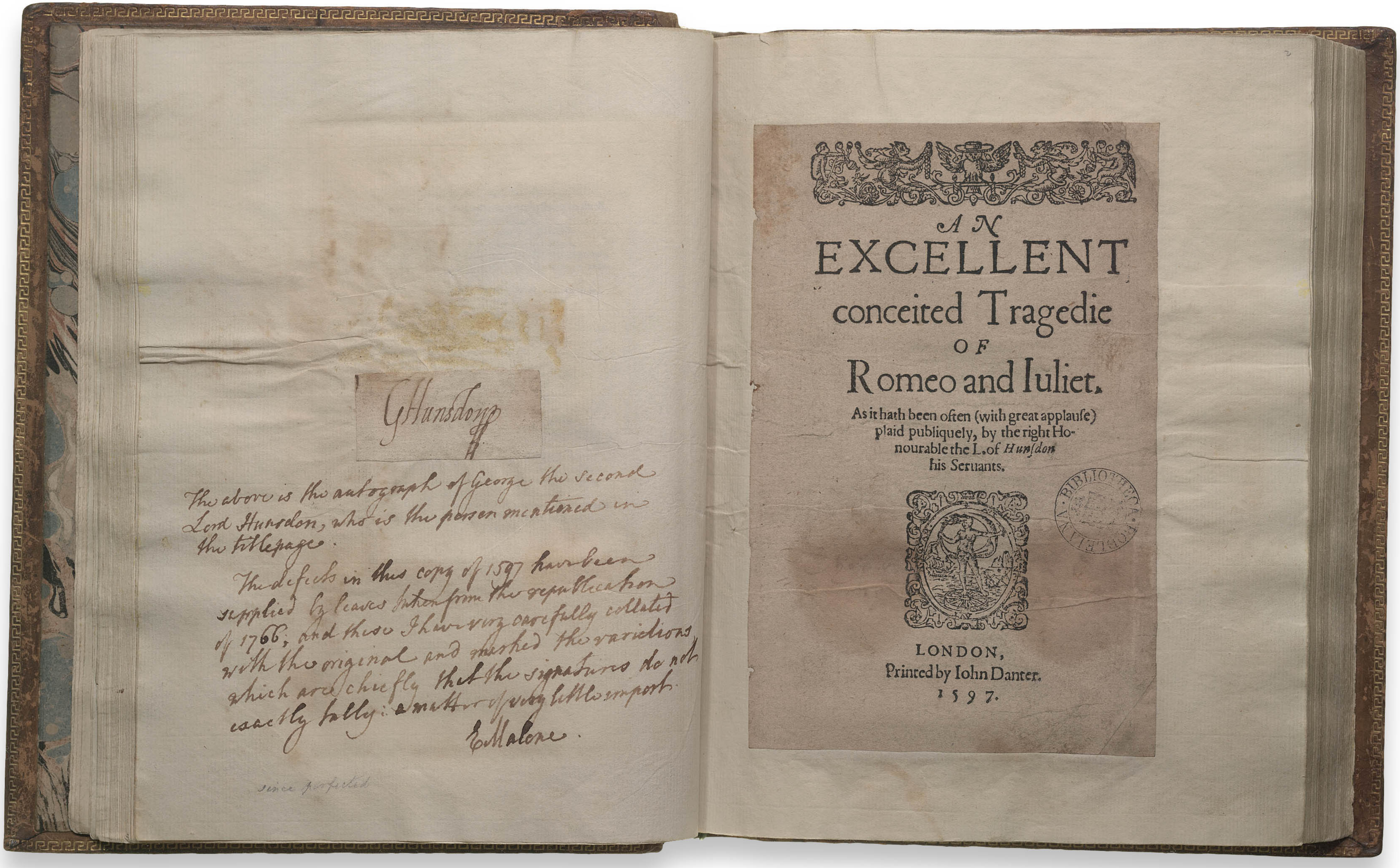
She bowes her head, the new-ſprõg floure to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And ſayes, within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death;
  She crops the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares,
  Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cõpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe.
Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire,
For euerie litle griefe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto himſelfe was his deſire;
  And ſo tis thine, but know it is as good,
  To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rocke thee day and night;
  There ſhall not be one minute in an houre,
  Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues, by whoſe ſwift aide,
Their miſtris mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their queene
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeene.

FINIS.



G Hunsdon

The above is the autograph of George the second
Lord Hunsdon, who is the person mentioned in
the titlepage.

The defects in this copy of 1597 have been
supplied by leaves taken from the republication
of 1766; and these I have very carefully collated
with the original and marked the variations
which are chiefly that the signatures do not
exactly tally: a matter of very little import.

E Malone.

since perfected

2

AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applauſe)
plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of *Hunſdon*
his Seruants.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.

Edward Holbrik
His Booke

~~18~~

Booke
45437
98219

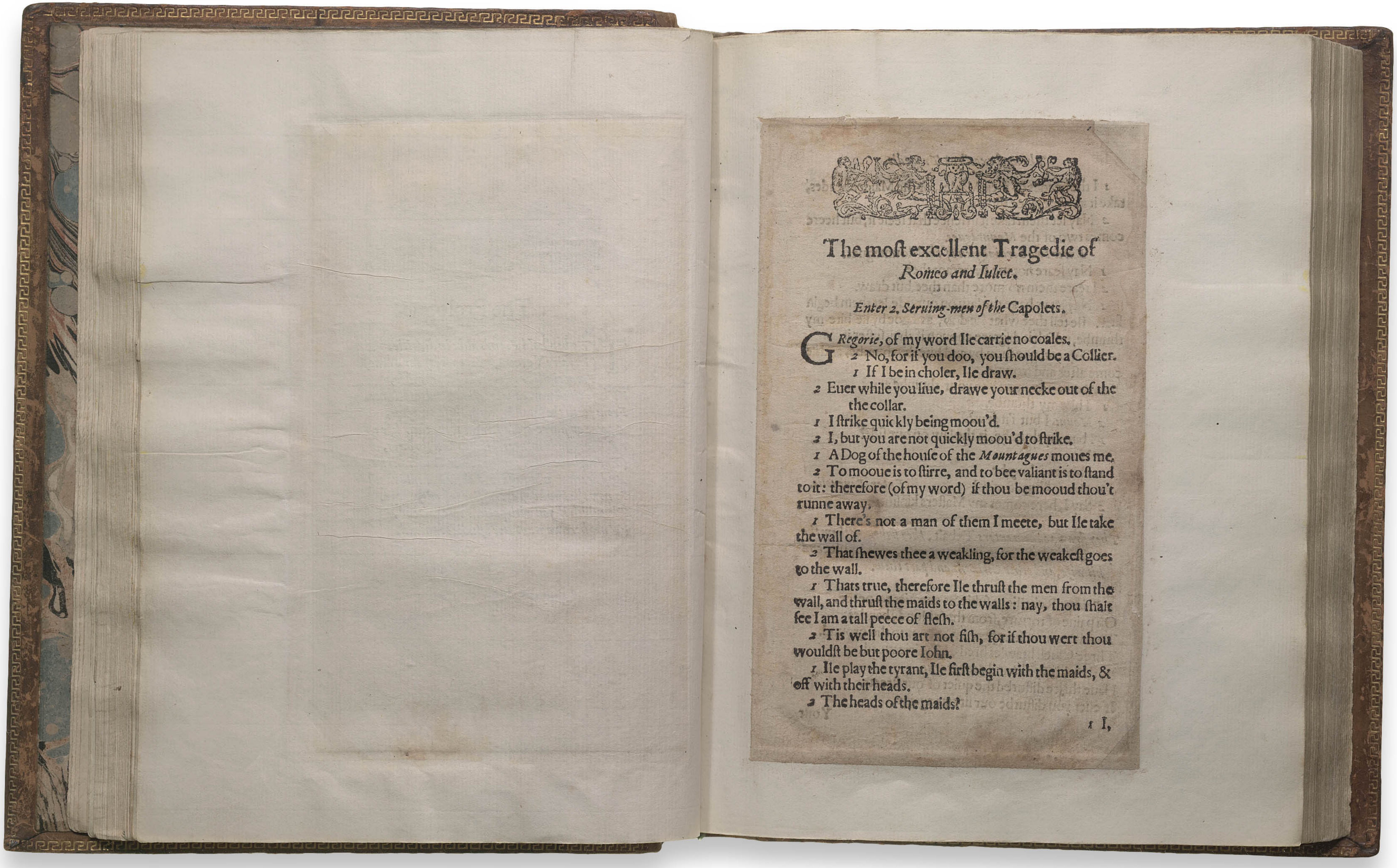
The Prologue.

168
166
002

TVVo houſhold Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
VVhoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt Louers tooke their life:
VVhoſe miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
VVhat here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

Am ~~Holbert~~

AE6234



The moſt excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

G*Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you ſhould be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the the collar.

1 I ſtrike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to ſtrike.

1 A Dog of the houſe of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to ſtirre, and to bee valiant is to ſtand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.

2 That ſhewes thee a weakling, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

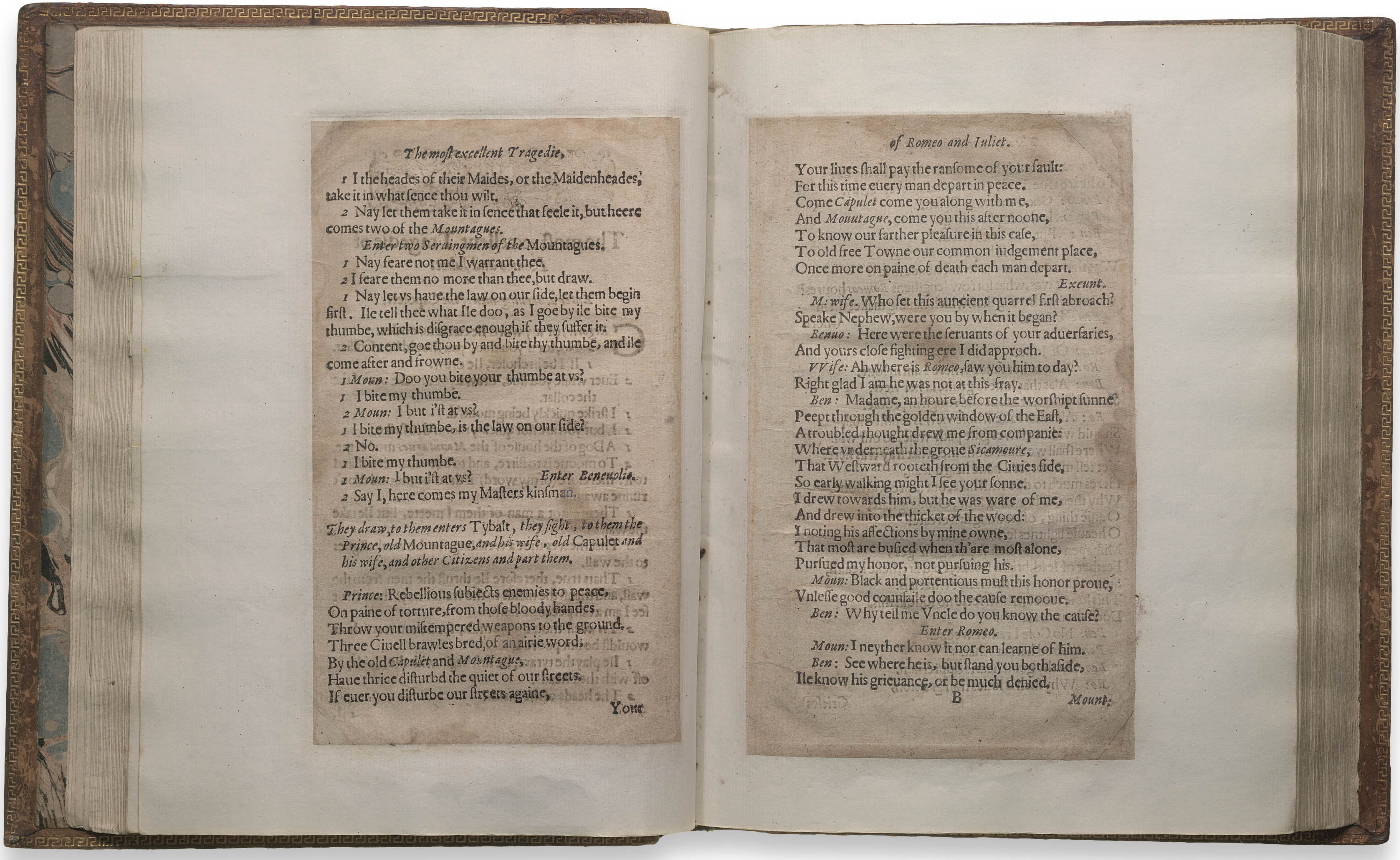
1 Thats true, therefore Ile thruſt the men from the wall, and thruſt the maids to the walls: nay, thou ſhalt ſee I am a tall peece of fleſh.

2 Tis well thou art not fiſh, for if thou wert thou wouldſt be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile firſt begin with the maids, & off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I,



The moſt excellent Tragedie,

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what ſence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in ſence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our ſide, let them begin firſt. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is diſgrace enough if they ſuffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our ſide?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'ſt at vs? *Enter Beneuolio.*

2 Say I, here comes my Maſters kinſman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from thoſe bloody handes.
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred, of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets.
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Your liues ſhall pay the ranſome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who ſet this auncient quarrel firſt abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſaries,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peept through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Weſtward rooteth from the Citties ſide,
So early walking might I ſee your ſonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That moſt are buſied when th'are moſt alone,
Purſued my honor, not purſuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious muſt this honor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſaile doo the cauſe remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cauſe?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but ſtand you both aſide,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

B

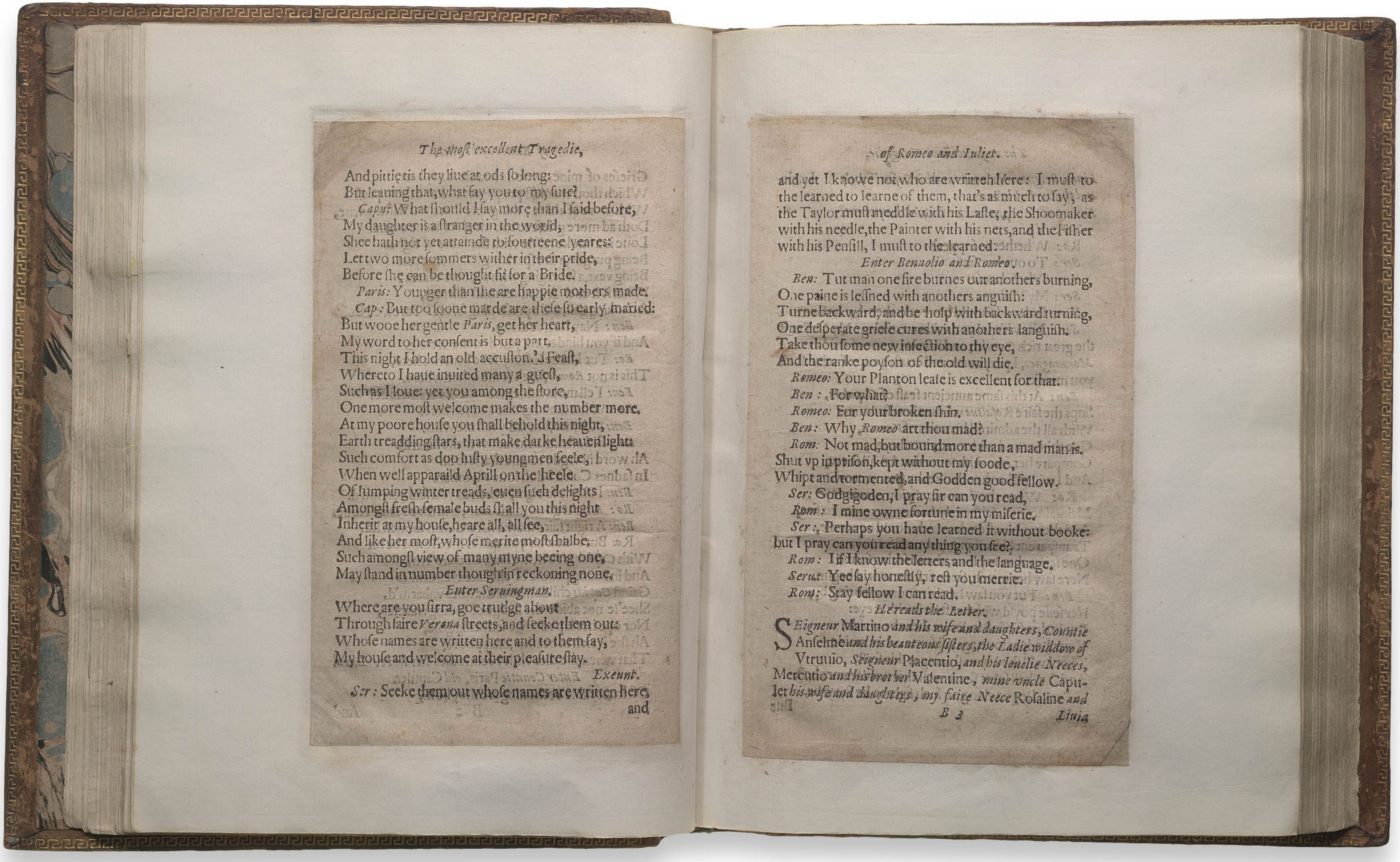
Mount:

Mount: I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay
To heare true ſhrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Coſen.
Romeo: Is the day ſo young?
Ben: But new ſtroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, ſad hopes ſeeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben: It was, what ſorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them
Ben: In loue. (ſhort.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue ſo gentle in her view,
Should be ſo tyrranous and rough in proofe.
Ro: Alas that loue whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where ſhall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heauie lightnes ſerious vanitie!
Miſhapen *Caos* of beſt ſeeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben: No Coſe I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppreſsion.
Ro: Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion,

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldſt propagate to haue them preſt
With more of thine, this griefe that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a ſmoke raiſde with the fume of ſighes
Being purgde, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a ſea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elſe? A madnes moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet. Farewell Coſe.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's ſome other where.
Ben: Tell me in ſadnes whome ſhe is you loue?
Ro: What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but ſadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a ſickman in ſadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is ſo ill.
In ſadnes Coſen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde ſo right, when as you ſaid you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and ſhee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Coſe is ſooneſt hit.
R*o:* But in that hit you miſſe, ſhee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well arm'd:
Gainſt *Cupids* childiſh bow ſhe liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the ſiedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint ſeducing gold,
Ah ſhe is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when ſhe dies with beautie dies her ſtore. *Exeu.*

Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,



And pittie tis they liue at ods ſo long:
But leauing that, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu: What ſhould I ſay more than I ſaid before,
My daughter is a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more ſommers wither in their pride,
Before ſhe can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than ſhe are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too ſoone marde are theſe ſo early maried:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her conſent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accuſton'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue: yet you among the ſtore,
One more moſt welcome makes the number more.
At my poore houſe you ſhall behold this night,
Earth treadding ſtars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo luſty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen ſuch delights
Amongſt freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merite moſt ſhalbe.
Such amongſt view of many myne beeing one,
May ſtand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you ſirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* ſtreets, and ſeeke them out:
Whoſe names are written here and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome at their pleaſure ſtay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whoſe names are written here,

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to ſay, as the Taylor muſt meddle with his Laſte, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fiſher with his Penſill, I muſt to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

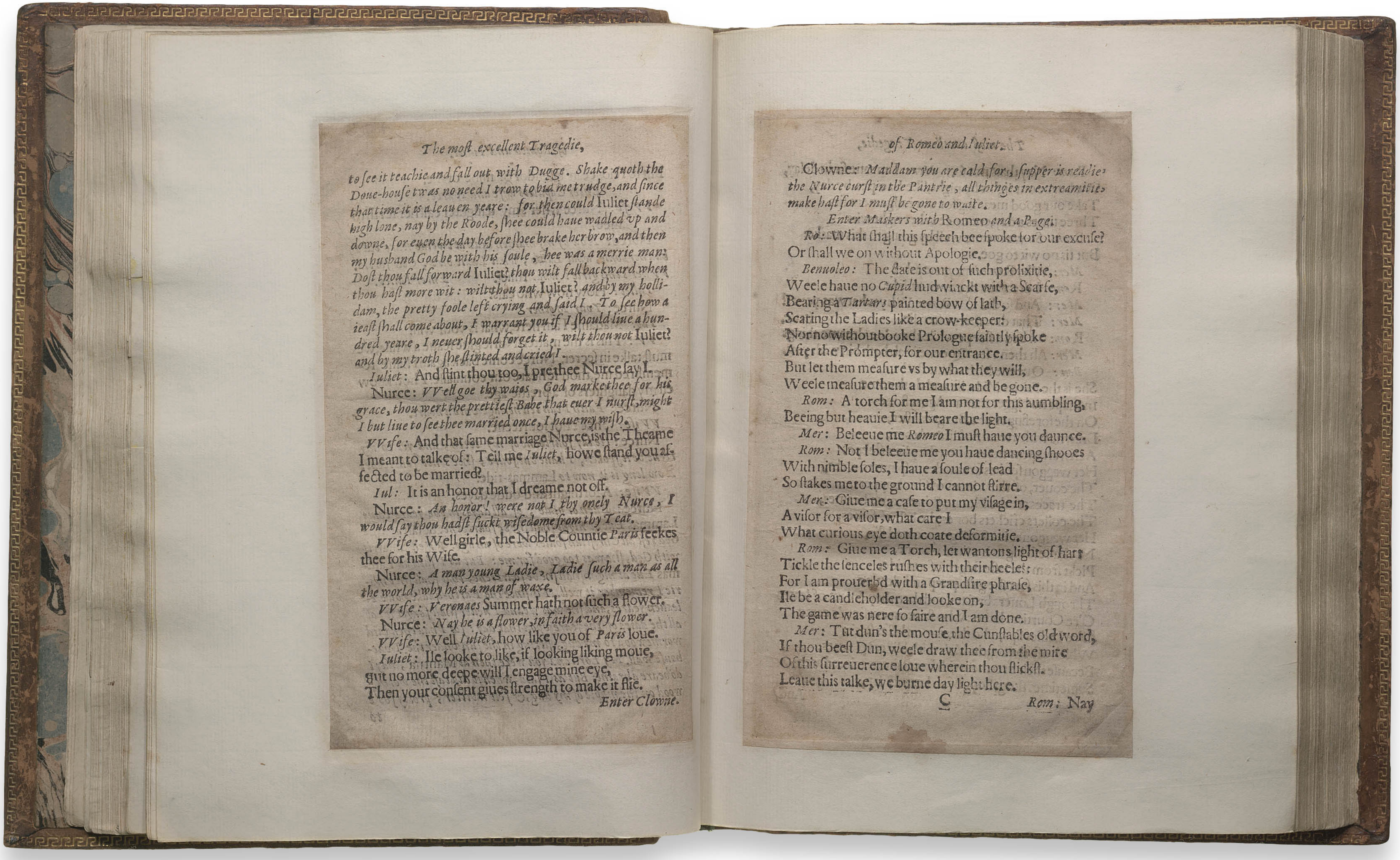
Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſſned with anothers anguiſh:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh.
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will die.
Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken ſhin.
Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser: Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke: but I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom: If I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Roſaline *and*

Liuia, Seigneur Valentio *and his Coſen* Tibalt, Lucio
and the liuelie Hellena.
A faire aſſembly, whether ſhould they come?
Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to ſupper?
Ser: To our houſe.
Ro: Whoſe houſe?
Ser: My Maſters.
Ro: Indeed I ſhould haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.
Ben: At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire R*oſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.
Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drownde could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my loue, the all-ſeeing ſonne
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben: Tut you ſaw her faire none els being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Criſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.
Rom: Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.
Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.
VVife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.
Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*
Iuliet: How now who cals?
Nurce: *Your Mother.*
Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?
VV: This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talke in ſecret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſaile. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a prettie age.
Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*
VVife: Shee's not fourteene.
Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?
VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene.* Suſan *and ſhe God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules were of an age. VVell* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid on* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe marie I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Douehouſe wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine: But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*



to ſee it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and ſince that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet *ſtande high lone, nay by the Roode, ſhee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before ſhee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his ſoule, hee was a merrie man: Doſt thou fall forward* Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and ſaid I. To ſee how a ieaſt ſhall come about, I warrant you if I ſhould liue a hundred yeare, I neuer ſhould forget it, wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my troth ſhe ſtinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And ſtint thou too, I prethee Nurce ſay I.

Nurce: *VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettieſt Babe that euer I nurſt, might I but liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.*

VVife: And that ſame marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe ſtand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy Teat.*

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* ſeekes thee for his Wiſe.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie ſuch a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

VVife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
gut no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, ſupper is readie, the Nurce curſt in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make haſt for I muſt be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What ſhall this ſpeech bee ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly ſpoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I muſt haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot ſtirre.

Mer: Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the ſenceles ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandſire phraſe,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouſe, the Cunſtables old word,
If thou beeſt Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this ſurreuerence loue wherein thou ſtickſt.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

Rom: Nay thats not ſo. *Mer:* I meane ſir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement ſits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And ſo did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true,
Rom: In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats ſhe?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In ſhape no bigger than an Aggat ſtone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaſter,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noſes when they lie a ſleepe.
Her waggon ſpokes are made of ſpinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Graſhoppers,
The traces are the Moone-ſhine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the laſh of filmes,
Her waggoner is a ſmall gray coated flie,
Not halfe ſo big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the laſie finger of a maide,
And in this ſort ſhe gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who ſtrait on curſies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kiſſes ſtrait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breathes with ſweet meats tainted are:
Sometimes ſhe gallops ore a Lawers lap,

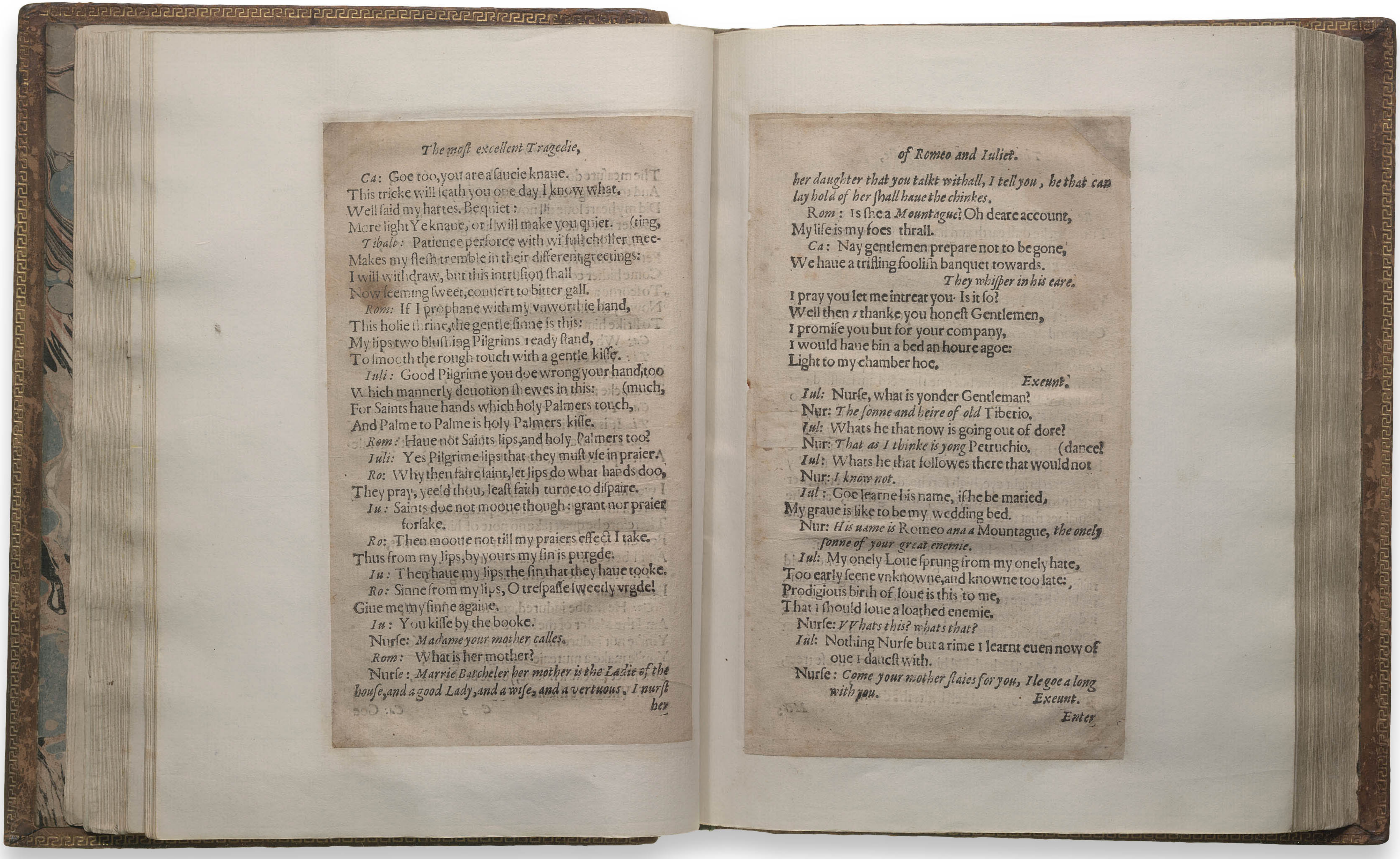
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute,
And ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parſons noſe that lies a ſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe gallops ore a ſouldiers noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuſcados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he ſtartes and wakes,
And ſweares a Praier or two and ſleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule ſluttiſh haire,
Which once vntangled much miſfortune breedes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantaſie,
Which is as thinne a ſubſtance as the aire,
And more inconſtant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the froſē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haſte,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth. (ſelues.)
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we ſhall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde miſgiues
Some conſequence is hanging in the ſtars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a diſpiſed life, cloſde in this breaſt,
By ſome vntimelie forfet of vile death:

But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe
Directs my ſaile, on luſtie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.*

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Miſtreſſes,
Which of you all will now refuſe to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, ſhee Ile ſweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn theſe tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah ſirra, this vnlookt for ſport comes well,
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Coſen *Capulet*:
For you and I are paſt our ſtanding dayes,
How long is it ſince you and I were in a Maske?
Coſ: By Ladie ſir tis thirtie yeares at leaſt.
Cap: Tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much.
Tis ſince the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecoſt* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Coſ: Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be ſo,
His ſonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.
Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O ſhee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhines a ſnow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes ſhowes.

The meaſure done, ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forſweare it ſight,
I neuer ſaw true beautie till this night.
Tib: This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To ſcorne and ieere at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it for no ſin.
Ca: Why how now Coſen, wherfore ſtorme you ſo.
Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in ſpight,
To mocke at our ſolemnitie this night.
Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*. (man,
Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to ſpeake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doo him diſparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Ti: It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not indure him.
Ca: He ſhalbe indured, goe to I ſay, he ſhall,
Am I the Maſter of the houſe or you?
You'le not indure him? God ſhall mend my ſoule
You'le make a mutenie amongſt my gueſts,
You'le ſet Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti: Vncle tis a ſhame.



Ca: Goe too, you are a ſaucie knaue.
This tricke will ſcath you one day I know what.
Well ſaid my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this:
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth the rough touch with a gentle kiſſe.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand, too
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they muſt vſe in praier.
Ro: Why then faire ſaint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
forſake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my ſin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgde!
Giue me my ſinne againe.
Iu: You kiſſe by the booke.
Nurſe: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurſe: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the houſe, and a good Lady, and a wiſe, and a vertuous. I nurſt*

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her ſhall haue the chinkes.
Rom: Is ſhe a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
They whiſper in his eare.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it ſo?
Well then I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen,
I promiſe you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.
Exeunt.
Iul: Nurſe, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: *The ſonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?
Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: *I know not.*
Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: *His name is* Romeo *and a* Mountague, *the onely ſonne of your great enemie.*
Iul: My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I ſhould loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſe: *VVhats this? whats that?*
Iul: Nothing Nurſe but a rime I learnt euen now of
one I danſt with.
Nurſe: *Come your mother ſtaies for you, Ile goe a long with you.*
Exeunt.

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo*, my coſen *Romeo*.

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wiſe,
Vpon my life he hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*,

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, mad man, humors, paſsion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a ſigh: ſpeek but one rime & I am ſatiſfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde ſonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* h that ſhot ſo trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Roſalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

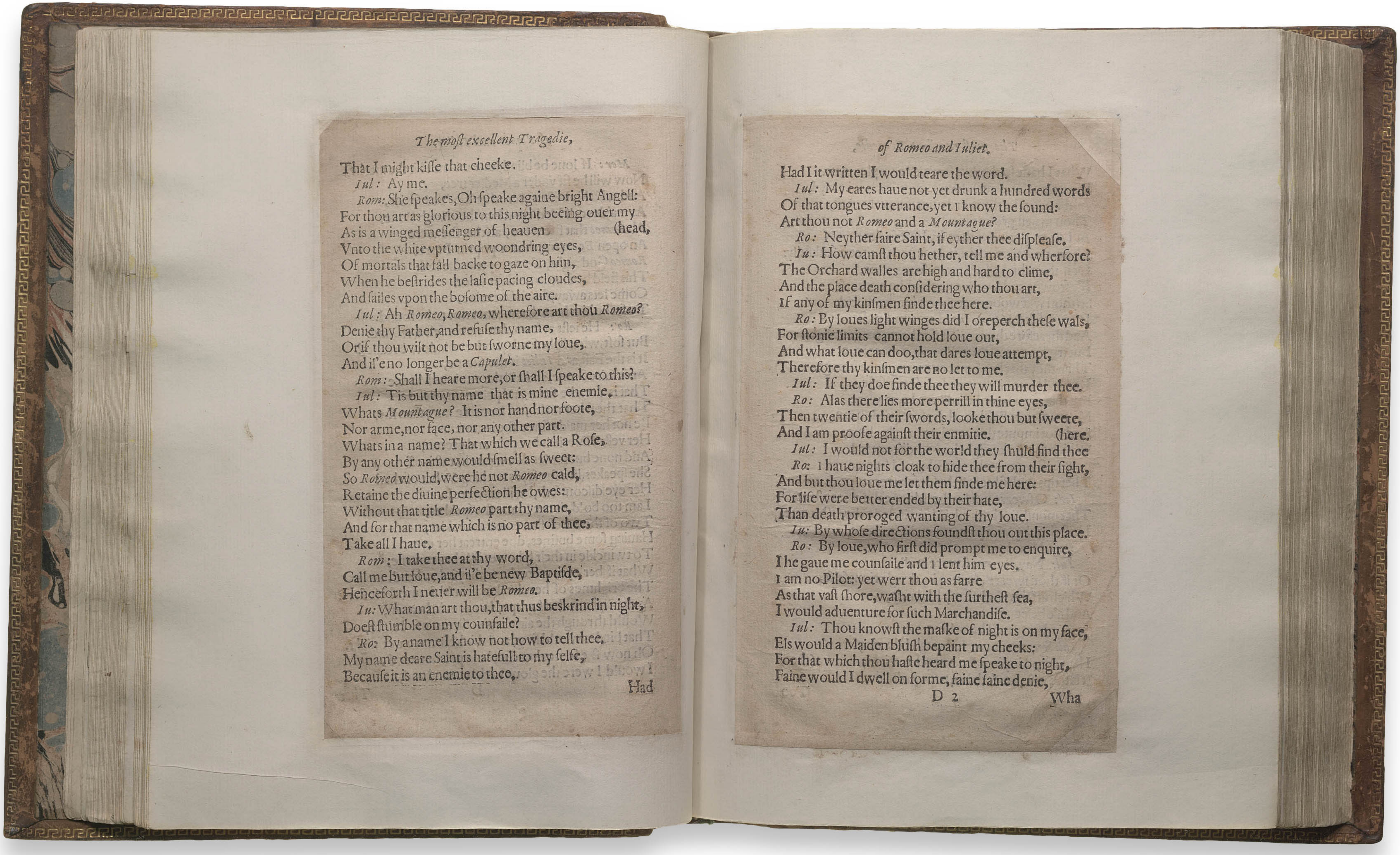
Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhuld raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion, making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were ſome ſpite. My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his Miſtris name I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt beſits the darke.

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound:
But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie ſicke, and pale with grieſe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.
She ſpeakes, but ſhe ſayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſeth, I will anſwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the skies,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their ſpheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that ſame hand,

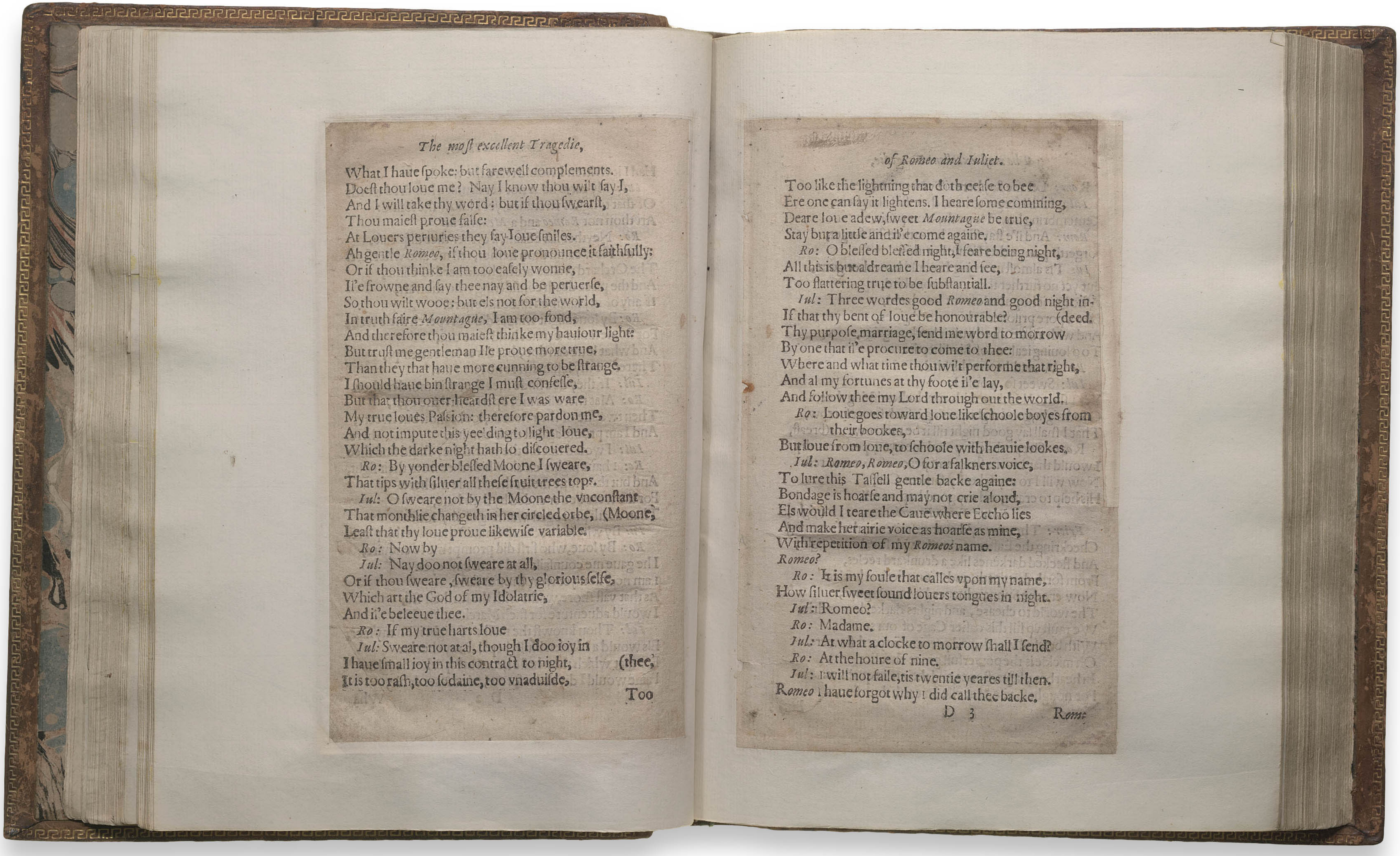


That I might kiſſe that cheeke.
Iul: Ay me.
Rom: She ſpeakes, Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen (head,
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the aire.
Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy Father, and refuſe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom: Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake to this?
Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.
Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiſde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeſt ſtumble on my counſaile?
Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee.

Had

Had I it written I would teare the word.
Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the ſound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*
Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee diſpleaſe.
Iu: How camſt thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch theſe wals,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.
Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie. (here.
Iul: I would not for the world they ſhuld find thee
Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their ſight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu: By whoſe directions foundſt thou out this place.
Ro: By loue, who firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He gaue me counſaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore, waſht with the furtheſt ſea,
I would aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul: Thou knowſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haſte heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

Wha



What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſsion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.
Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro: Now by
Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And il'e beleeue thee.
Ro: If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,

Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens. I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
Ro: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Ro: Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.
Iul: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?
Ro: It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.
Iul: Romeo?
Ro: Madame.
Iul: At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend?
Ro: At the houre of nine.
Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom: Let me ſtay here till you remember it.
Iul: I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtaie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And il'e ſtay ſtill to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almoſt morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherriſhing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow. (breaſt,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were ſleep and peace of ſweet to reſt.
Now will I to my Ghoſtly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
Enter Frier Francis. (night,
Frier: The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the ſrowning
Checkring the Eaſterne clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We muſt vp fill this oaſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
But

But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor nought ſo good, but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts to vice and ſtumbles on abuſe:
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this ſmall flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medecine power:
For this being ſmelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being taſted ſlaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes incampe them ſtill,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri: *Benedicite,* what earlie tongue ſo ſoone ſaluteth
Yong ſonne it argues a diſtempered head, (me?
So ſoone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprowſ'd by ſome diſtemperature.
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The laſt was true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fr: God pardon ſin, wert thou with *Roſaline?*
Ro: With *Roſaline* my Ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good ſonne: but where haſt thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feaſting with mine enemie:
Where

Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſsion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſsion findes but ridling ſhrift.
R*om:* Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
I'le tell thee as I paſſe: But this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis,* what a change is here?
Is R*oſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, ſo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for R*oſaline?*
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.
The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for R*oſaline,*
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.
R*om:* Thou chidſt me oft for louing R*oſaline.*

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badſt me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fr: Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſsiſtant bee:
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your Houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I ſpake with his man.
Mer: Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad. *(ſaline.*
Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers Houſe:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: *Romeo* will anſwere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-ſhaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt?*
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he

fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong ; keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the thirde in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a Duelliſt a Duelliſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo.*

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh fleſh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French ſlop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

R*om:* What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

R*om:* I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours wil conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

R*om:* A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

R*om:* Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

R*om:* Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler.

R*om:* O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

R*om:* Swits and ſpurres, ſwits & ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done: for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

R*om:* Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

R*om:* Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce

R*om:* And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that ſtretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

R*om:* I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which addedto the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldſt haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.

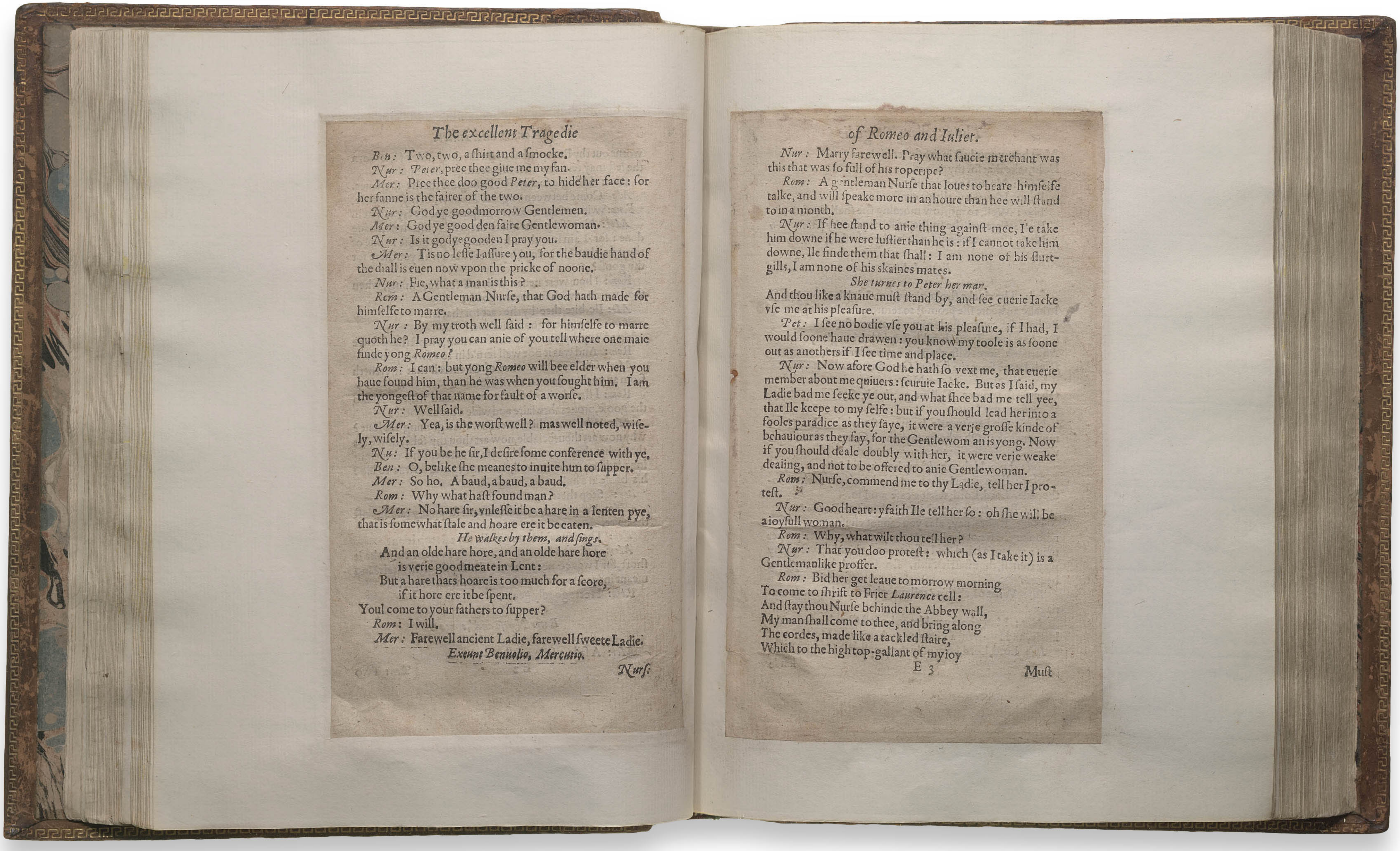
Ben: Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

R*om:* Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Mer: A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.



Ben: Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it god ye gooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no leſſe I aſſure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurſe, that God hath made for himſelfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well ſaid: for himſelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you ſought him. I am the yongeſt of that name for fault of a worſe.

Nur: Well ſaid.

Mer: Yea, is the worſt well? mas well noted, wiſely, wiſely.

Nu: If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike ſhe meanes to inuite him to ſupper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what haſt found man?

Mer: No hare ſir, vnleſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and ſings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
 is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
 if it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurſe that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.

Nur: If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, I'e take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurtgills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue muſt ſtand by, and ſee euerie Iacke vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet: I ſee no bodie vſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, I would ſoone haue drawen: you know my toole is as ſoone out as anothers if I ſee time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath ſo vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: ſcuruie Iacke. But as I ſaid, my Ladie bad me ſeeke ye out, and what ſhee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my ſelfe: but if you ſhould lead her into a fooles paradice as they ſaye, it were a verie groſſe kinde of behauiour as they ſay, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you ſhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurſe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I proteſt.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her ſo: oh ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo proteſt: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to ſhrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And ſtay thou Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man ſhall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.
Nur: No, not a penie truly.
Rom: I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.
Nur: Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.
Rom: Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*
Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my Nurſſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, Loues heralds ſhould be thoughts,
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurſe.

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
What ſayes my Loue?
Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua vitæ.
Iul: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.
Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.
Iul: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?
Iul: What of all this? tell me what ſayes he to our mariage?
Nur: Marry he ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?
Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt? He ſaies like a

kinde

kinde Gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?
Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while? is this the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your ſelfe.
Iul: Nay ſtay ſweet Nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?
Nur: Goe, hye you ſtraight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift:
There ſtayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.
I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now?
Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet*.
Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom: This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.
Fr: I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Iuliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſoueraigne power,
Iul: *Romeo*.

Rom:

Rom: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloaſd in Nights myſts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Iul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: ſhine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth ariſe.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the ſtealing houres do paſſe
Defer imbracements till ſome fitter time,
Part for a while, you ſhall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay ſeemes long.
Iul: Make haſt, make haſt, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, ſoft and faire makes ſweeteſt worke they ſay.
Haſt is a common hindrer in croſſe way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of thoſe, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben: Am I like ſuch a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as ſoone mooude to be moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be mooud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly. Didſt not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou hadſt haſill eyes? what eye but ſuch an eye would haue pickt out ſuch a quarrell? With another for coughing, becauſe hee

wakd thy dogge that laye a ſleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Eaſter: and with another for tying his new ſhoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had beſt couple it with ſomewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occaſion.

Mer: Could you not take occaſion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou conſorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Conſort. Zwounes conſort? the ſlaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe ſirra, look for nothing but diſcord: For heeres my fiddle-ſticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, ſo in that ſence your worſhip may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then theſe, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuſe the appertaining rage to ſuch a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowſt me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot ſerue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canſt deuiſe, till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue.

Mer: O diſhonorable vile ſubmiſſion. *Allaſtockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldeſt with me?

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your ſcabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be a ware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Bennolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thruſts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houſes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the beſt.

Mer: A poxe of your houſes, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you ſhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houſes, I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens ſhoulders: For your houſe of the *Mounteques* and the *Capolets*: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome Sexton, ſome baſe ſlaue ſhall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come ſir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houſes.
Exeunt

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinſman, Ah *Iuliet*

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftens valors ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath a ſpir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely ſcornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes muſt end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibal*: take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'ſt me: for *Mercutios* ſoule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And ſtaies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both ſhall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou ſeeſt that *Tibalt's* ſlaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes ſlaue.
Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that ſlue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.

Vp ſirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can diſcouer all
The moſt vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man ſlaine by yong *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*,
M : *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie ſight? Ah the blood is ſpilt
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountagew*.
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tibalt* heere ſlaine whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay.
Romeo who ſpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* ſtill perſiſting in his wrong,
The ſtout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ſtorme,
Which *Romeo* ſeeing cal'd ſtay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their ſtrife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As faſt as tung crydepeace, ſought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruſts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caſt an enuious thruſt,
That rid the life of ſtout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but preſently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and ſpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife:
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.

I doo intreate ſweete Prince thoult iuſtice giue,
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin : And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo large a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares nor prayers ſhall purchaſe for abuſes.
Pittie ſhall dwell and gouerne with vs ſtill:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

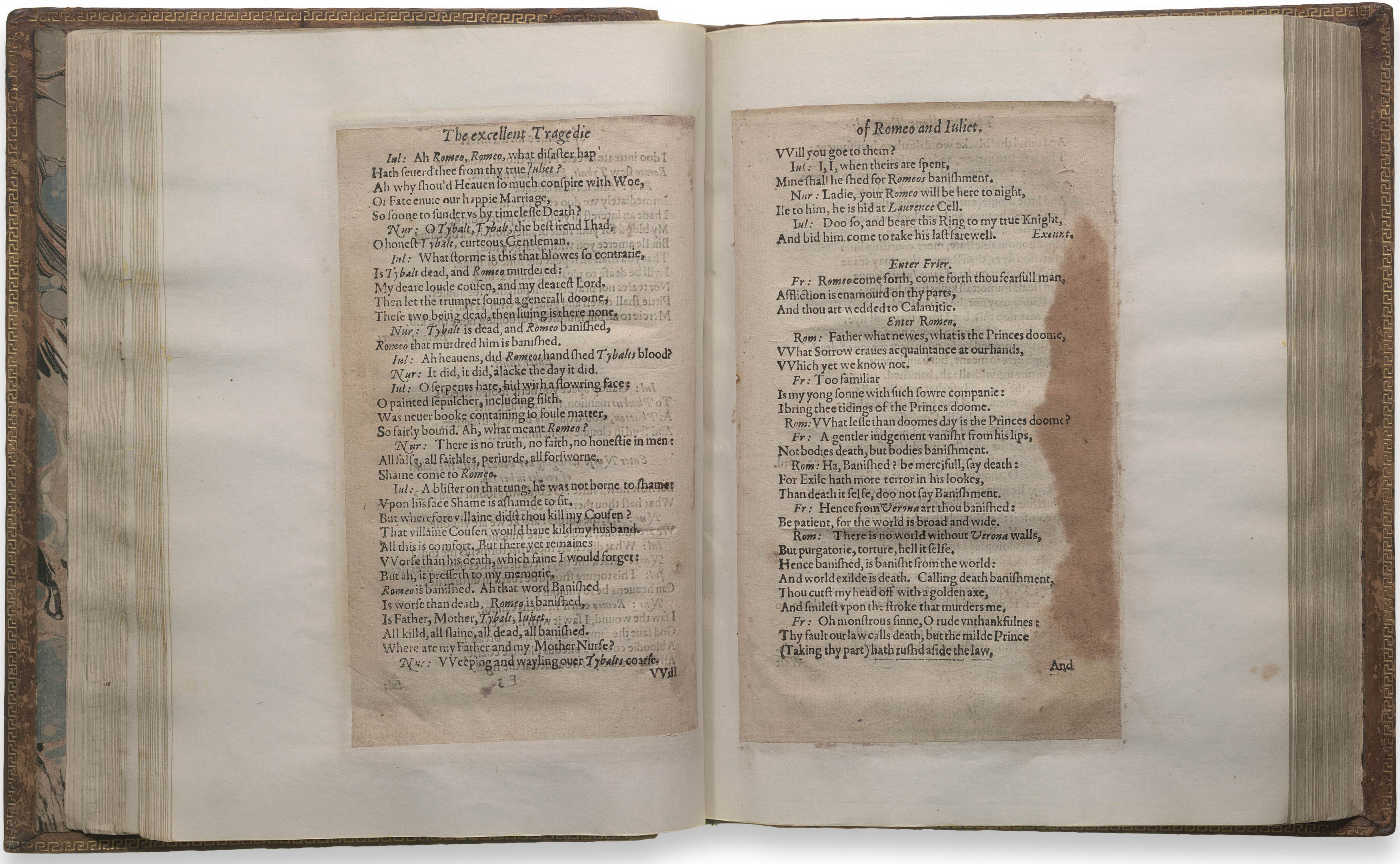
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed ſteedes
To *Phœbus* manſion, ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And ſend in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurſe wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurſe: O Lord, why lookſt thou ſad?
What haſt thou there, the cordes?
Nur : I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurſ: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Iul: This torture ſhould be roard in diſmall hell.
Can heauens be ſo enuious?
Nur : *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes.
God ſaue the ſample, on his manly breaſt:
A bloodie coarſe, a piteous bloodie coarſe,
All pale as aſhes, I ſwounded at the ſight.



Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet?*
Ah why ſhould Heauen ſo much conſpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt frend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt,* curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt Lord,
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome,
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted ſepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul: A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to ſit.
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
VVorſe than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word Baniſhed
Is worſe than death, *Romeo* is baniſhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Iuliet,*
All kild, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhed.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.

VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall he ſhed for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo ſo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romso* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.
Enter Romeo.
Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leſſe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom: Ha, Baniſhed? be mercifull, ſay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay Baniſhment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,

And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall: ah, baniſhed.
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſoluer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word,
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.
Rom: Yet Baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom: Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue,

Nurſe knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Sheeknockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*.

He riſes.

Romeo: Nurſe.
Nur: Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom: Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.
Rom: As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion?

He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and Nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a misbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frownſt vpon thy Fate that ſmilles on thee.

Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.
Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
Rom: Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurſe.

Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that ſhe bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with County Paris.

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

Looke yee Sir,ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I.Well,we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter,is ſhe in her chamber?]
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.]
Par: Theſe times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell,commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in,and Capolet
calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*?Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee:
But ſoft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be:you ſhall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe,a frend or two,or ſo:
For looke ye Sir,*Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſlye:
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what ſay you to Thurſday.
Par: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap: Wiſe goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.
Exeunt.

* * *

* * *

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue,it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder Eaſt.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.
Rom: Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meſſenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it ſo.
What ſayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Iul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:

This doth not ſo : for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces [illegible]:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom : More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Iul : Art thou gone ſo, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower :
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them :
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.
Rom : Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul : Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.
Rom : No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.
Iul : Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom : And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood : adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur : Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.
She goeth downe from the window.

* * *

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurſe.

Moth : Where are you Daughter ?
Nur : What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet ?*
Iul : How now, who calls ?
Nur : It is your Mother.
Moth : Why how now *Iuliet ?*
Iul : Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Coſens death:
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.
Iul : I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.
Moth : I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul : What Villaine Madame ?
Moth : That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul : Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.
Moth : Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul : Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man :
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinſman vext ?
(newes?
Moth : Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
Iul : And ioy comes well in ſuch a needfull time.
Moth : Well then, thou haſt a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul : What day is that I pray you ?
Moth : Marry my Childe,

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thurſday morning muſt prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are theſe the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.
And when I doo, it ſhalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him ſo.
Capo: Why how now, euermore ſhowring?
In one little bodie thou reſembleſt a ſea, a barke, a ſtorme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And toſt with ſighes ariſing from thy hart:
Will without ſuccour ſhipwracke preſently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you ſounded her, what ſaies
ſhe to it?
Moth: I haue, but ſhe will none ſhe thankes ye:
VVould God that ſhe were married to her graue.
Capo: What will ſhe not, doth ſhe not thanke vs, doth
ſhe not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But ſettle your fine ioynts on Thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out you greene ſicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Iu: Good father heare me ſpeake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther reſolue on thurſday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were ſcarcely bleſt
That God had ſent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a croſſe in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen bleſſe her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I ſpeake no treaſon.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a goſſips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods bleſſed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath beene to ſee her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they ſay with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wiſh a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To ſay I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vſe to ieſt.

It ell yee what, Thurſday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduiſe, bethinke your ſelfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, ſtarue, beg,
Dye in the ſtreetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue ſhall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vſe to ieſt. *Exit.*
Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beſeech you Madame, caſt me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
Moth: Nay be aſſured I will not ſpeake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul: Ah Nurſe what comfort? what counſell canſt thou
giue me.
N*ur:* Now truſt me Madame, I know not what to ſay:
Your *Romeo* he is baniſht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a diſhclout
In reſpect of him. I promiſe you
I thinke you happy in this ſecond match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vſe of him.
I*ul:* Speakſt thou this from thy heart?
N*ur:* I and from my ſoule, or els beſhrew them both.
I*ul:* Amen.
N*ur:* What ſay you Madame?
Iul: Well, thou haſt comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing diſpleaſde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confeſſe me,
And to be abſolu'd.

N*ur:* I will, and this is wiſely done.
She lookes after Nurſe.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O moſt curſed fiend.
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe him with the ſelfe ſame tongue
That thou haſt praiſde him with aboue compare
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhal be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
Exit.

* * *

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thurſday ſay ye: the time is very ſhort,
Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlacke to ſlow his haſt.
Fr: You ſay you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway.
And in his wiſedome haſts our mariage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe ye know the reaſon of this haſt.
Fr: I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be ſir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, muſt be loue, on thurſday next.
Iu: What muſt be ſhalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer,
Iu: To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,
Par; So I am ſure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their ſpite.
Par: Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong ſir, that is a truth:
And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it,
Iu: It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaſure holy Father now:
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fr: My leaſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par: God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.
Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,
Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou muſt and nothiug may prorogе it,

On Thurſday next be married to the Countie,
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearſt of it,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me ſome ſudden counſell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commiſsion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo ſpie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death it ſelfe to flye from blame.
And if thou dooſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to ſome ſteepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and ſauage Lions are:
Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnell-houſe,
VVith reekie ſhankes, and yeolow chaples ſculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubr,
To keep my ſelfe a faithfull vnſtaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deereſt *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this diſtilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen preſently through all thy veynes ſhall run
A dull and heauie ſlumber, which ſhall ſeaze

Each vitall ſpirit: for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.
And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.
Iul: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.
Exeunt.

* * *

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurſe, and Seruingman.

Capo: Where are you ſirra?
Ser: Heere forſooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canſt thou know them ſo?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-ſtrong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confeſt.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here ſhe commeth from Confeſsion,
Capo: How now my Head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
And craue remiſsion of ſo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well ſaid.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul: Nurſe, will you go with me to my Cloſet,
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe?
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurſe and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.
Moth: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.

Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is paſsing light,
To ſee her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

* * *

Enter Nurſe, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing elſe?
Iul: Nothing good Nurſe, but leaue me to my ſelfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane ſmocke vnder your pillow,
and ſo good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you buſie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I deſire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be ſtirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee ſhall meete a-
gaine.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion ſhould not worke at all,
Muſt I of force be married to the Countie?
This ſhall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier ſhould giue me this drinke
To poyſon mee, for feare I ſhould diſcloſe
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine ſo bad a thought.
What if I ſhould be ſtifled in the Toomb

Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I ſhall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Daſh out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I ſee
My Coſin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo:* ſtay *Tybalt* ſtay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

* * *

Enter Nurſe with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: Thats well ſaid Nurſe, ſet all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make haſt, make haſt, for it is almoſt day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be ſicke anone.
Cap: I warrant thee Nurſe I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouſe hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now ſirra?
What haue you there?
Ser: Forſooth Logs.
Cap: Goe, goe chooſe dryer. Will will tell thee wher
thou ſhalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to

chooſe a Log. *Exit.*

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight.
Gods me hees come, Nurſe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? faſt I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee ſleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt that you ſhal reſt but little. What lambe I ſay, faſt ſtill: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how ſound ſhe ſleeps? Nay then I ſee I muſt wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreſt in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, ſome Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Moth: Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make haſt, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me ſee, all pale and wan.
Accurſed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as ſhe is,
Deflowerd by him, ſee, where ſhe lyes,

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par: Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it now preſent ſuch prodegies?
Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorne, forſaken, deſtitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a ſlaue in it.
Diſtreſt, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall.
Cap: O heere ſhe lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead ſorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loſt, vndone, abſented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies,
Why to this day haue you preſeru'd my life?
To ſee my hope, my ſtay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of ſence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies.
Cap: O ſad fac'd ſorrow map of miſery,
Why this ſad time haue I deſird to ſee.
This day, this vniuſt, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to ſee my comfort full,
To be depriude by ſuddaine deſtinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, diſtreſt, why ſhould I liue?
To ſee this day, this miſerable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this deſtinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for ſhame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wiſh it otherwiſe.

Come ſticke your Roſemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the cuſtome of our Country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Anceſtors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be ſo, come wofull ſorrow mates,
Let vs together taſte this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurſe goe foorth, caſting Roſemary on her and ſhutting the Curtens.

Enter Muſitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull caſe. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Miſtreſſe is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what ſhal I doe, come Fidlers play me ſome mery dumpe.
1. A ſir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and ſoundly to.
1. What will you giue vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile ſol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon ſound Pot, Ile poſe you,
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppreſſe:
Then muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Why ſiluer ſound? Why ſiluer ſound?
1. I thinke becauſe muſicke hath a ſweet ſound.
Pretie, what ſay you Mathew minikine?

2. I thinke becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what ſay you?
3. I ſay nothing.
Ser: I thinke ſo, Ile ſpeake for you becauſe you are the Singer. I ſaye Siluer ſound, becauſe ſuch Fellowes as you haue ſildome Golde for ſounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

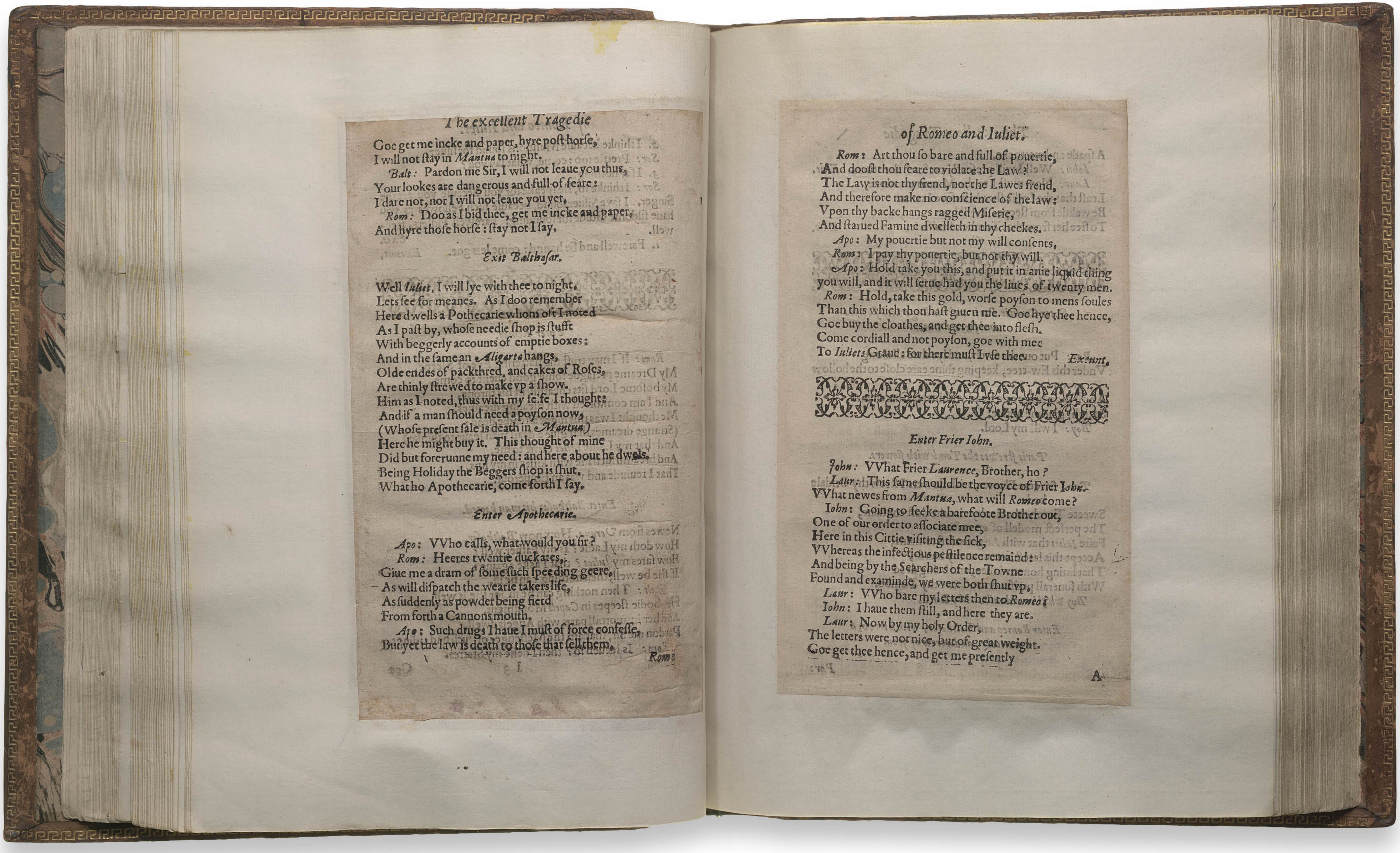
* * *

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may truſt the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame preſagde ſome good euent to come.
My boſome Lord ſits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleaſing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthaſar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthaſar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet?* that I aske againe:
If ſhe be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for ſhe is well,
Her bodie ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Meſſenger of ſuch bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euen ſo? then I defie my Starres.



Goe get me incke and paper, hyre poſt-horſe,
I will not ſtay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre thoſe horſe: ſtay not I ſay.

Exit Balthaſar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets ſee for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I paſt by, whoſe needie ſhop is ſtufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the ſame an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roſes,
Are thinly ſtrewed to make vp a ſhow.
Him as I noted, thus with my ſelfe I thought:
And if a man ſhould need a poyſon now,
(Whoſe preſent ſale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I ſay.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you ſir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of ſome ſuch ſpeeding geere,
As will diſpatch the wearie takers life,
As ſuddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.

Rom: Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miſerie,
And ſtarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will conſents,
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules
Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there muſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

* * *

Enter Frier Iohn.

Iohn: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
Laur: This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
Iohn: Going to ſeeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate mee,
Here in this Cittie viſiting the ſick,
VVhereas the infectious peſtilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
Iohn: I haue them ſtill, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me preſently

A ſpade and mattocke.

Iohn: Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur: Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Leaſt that the Ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miſerie. *Exit.*

* * *

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and ſweete water.

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris ſtrewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whiſtles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthaſar, with a torch, a a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par: The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom: So ſhalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye.

Rom: I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.

Heape not another ſinne vpon my head
By ſheding of thy bloud, I doe proteſt.
I loue thee better then I loue my ſelfe:
For I come hyther armde againſt my ſelfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What doſt thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.*
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, noble County *Paris?*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not regard him as we paſt a long.
Did he not ſay *Paris* ſhould haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he ſaid ſo, or I dreamd it ſo.
But I will ſatisfie thy laſt requeſt,
For thou haſt prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleaſant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet,*
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnſubſtanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlaſting reſt
With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.
Come deſperate Pilot now at once runne on
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſſe I dye. *Falls.*

* * *

Enter Fryer with a Lantborne.

How oft to night haue theſe my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did paſſe along.
Whoſe there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that conſorts ſo late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth ſo holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo.*
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not ſir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to diſturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then muſt I goe: my minde preſageth ill.

Fryer ſtoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that ſtaines the entrance
Of this marble ſtony monument?
What meanes theſe maiſterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whoſe heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is acceſſary to ſo foule a ſinne?
Iuliet riſes.
The Lady ſturres.

Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot ſee
Him for whoſe ſake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare ſome noiſe at hand,
We ſhall be taken, *Paris* he is ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We ſhall be thought to be as acceſſarie.
I will prouide for you in ſome cloſe Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare ſome noiſe, I dare not ſtay, come, come.
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup cloſde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
O happy dagger thou ſhalt end my feare,
Reſt in my boſome, thus I come to thee.
She ſtabs herſelfe and falles.

* * *

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, ſearch and ſee who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs preſently.
Enter one with the Fryer.
1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great ſuſpition, keep him ſafe.

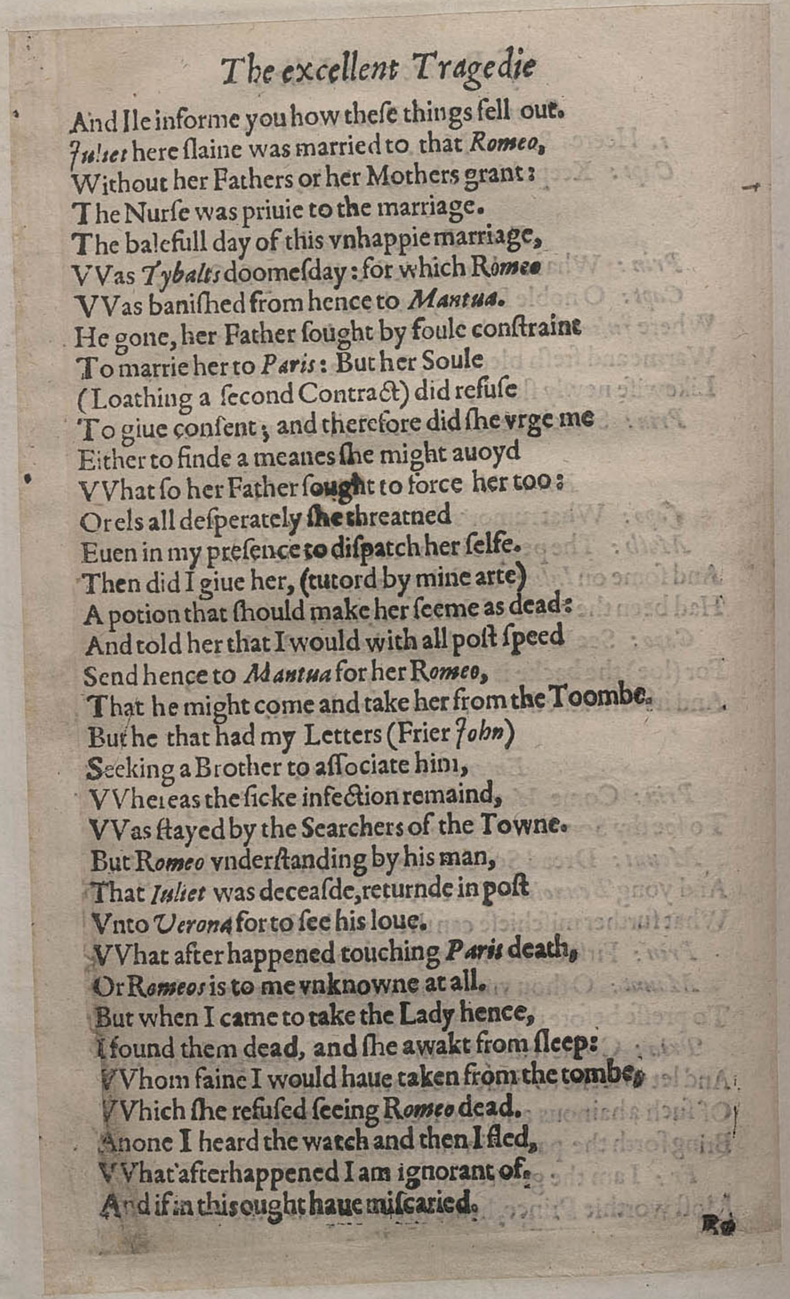
Enter one with Romets Man.
1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.
Prin: What early miſchiefe calls vs vp ſo ſoone.
Capt: O noble Prince, ſee here
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and freſh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewiſe newly ſlaine.
Prin: Search ſeeke about to finde the murderers.

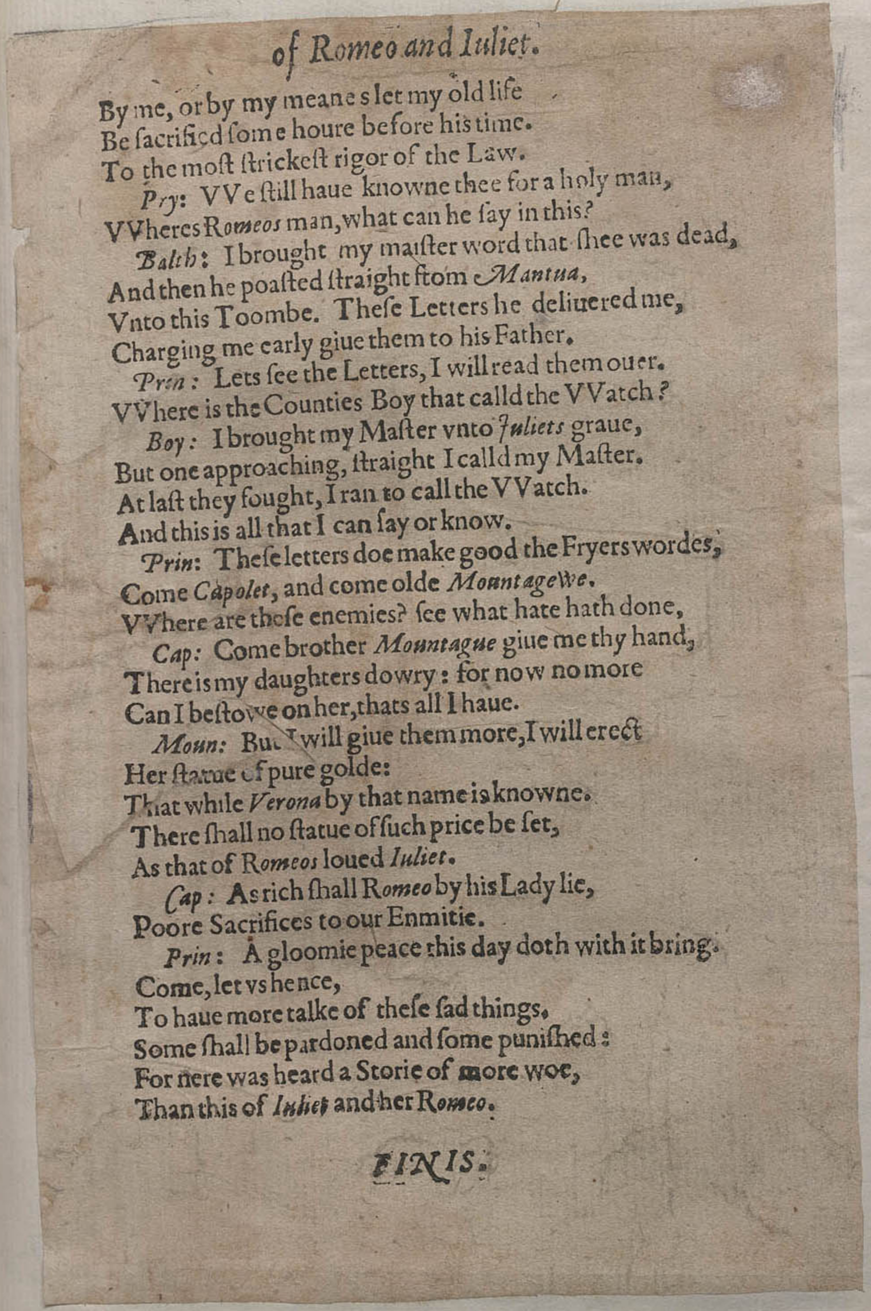
Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.
Capo: What rumor's this that is ſo early vp?
Moth: The people in the ſtreetes crie *Romeo*,
And ſome on *Iuliet*: as if they alone
Had been the cauſe of ſuch a mutinie.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath miſtooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is ſheathed in our Daughters breaſt.

Enter olde Montague.
Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Bennolio* is deceaſed too:
What further miſchiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: Firſt come and ſee, then ſpeake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come ſeale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs ſeeke to finde the Authors out
Of ſuch a hainous and ſeld ſeene miſchaunce.
Bring forth the parties in ſuſpition.
Fr: I am the greateſt able to doo leaſt.
Moſt worthie Prince, heare me but ſpeake the truth.

K3



And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.
Iuliet here ſlaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurſe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomeſday: for which R*omeo*
VVas baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father ſought by foule conſtraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a ſecond Contract) did refuſe
To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me
Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd
VVhat ſo her Father ſought to force her too:
Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned
Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her R*omeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *Iohn*)
Seeking a Brother to aſſociate him,
VVhereas the ſicke infection remaind,
VVas ſtayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But R*omeo* vnderſtanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt
Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or R*omeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and ſhe awakt from ſleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich ſhe refuſed ſeeing R*omeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miſcaried.



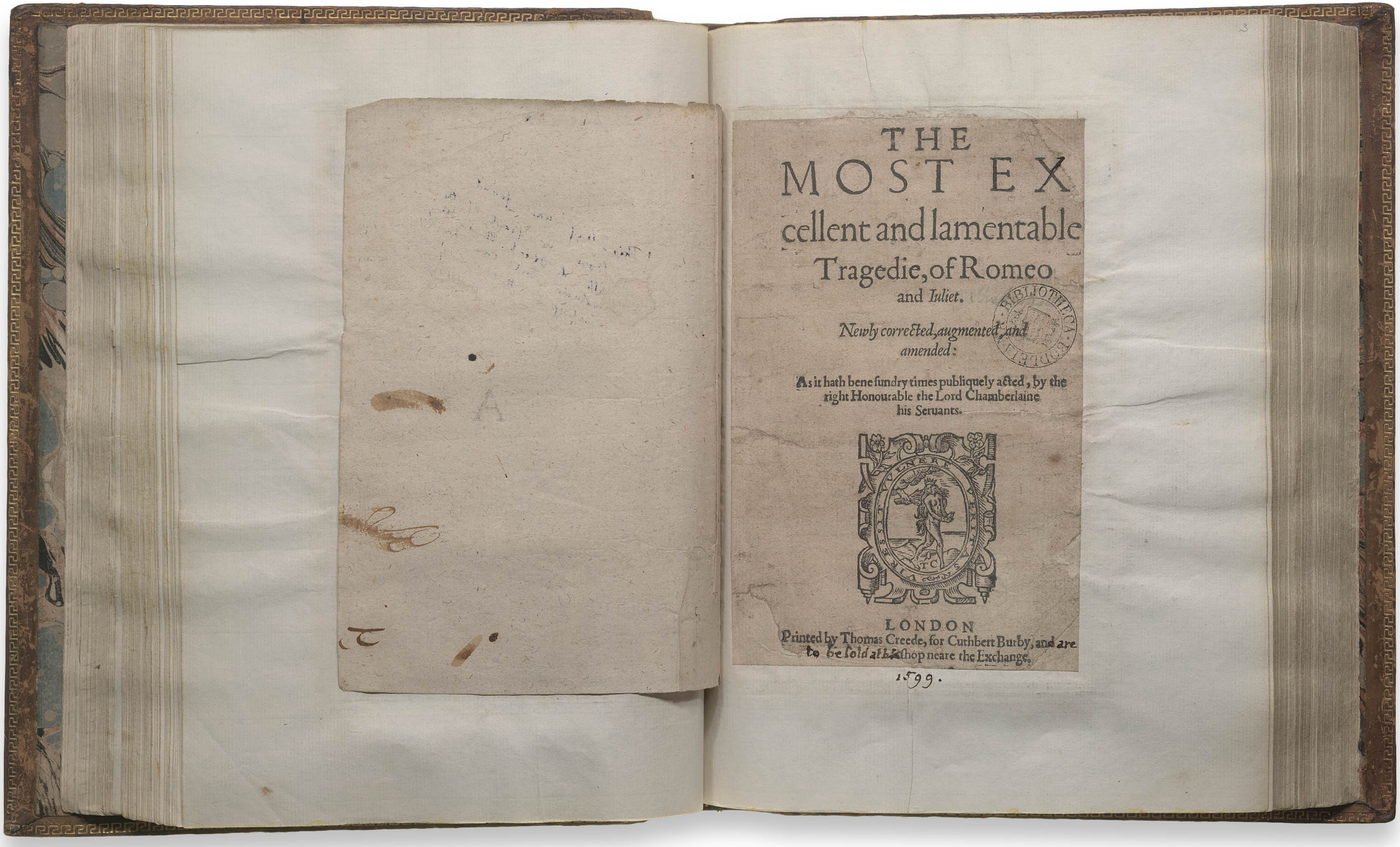
By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be ſacrificd ſome houre before his time.
To the moſt ſtrickeſt rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres R*omeos* man, what can he ſay in this?
Balth: I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Maſter vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.
Prin: Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountage*VVe.
VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of R*omeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich ſhall R*omeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her R*omeo*.

FINIS.

Written out y 23
February 1608

[This leaf was found loose in front of the title to Rich. III in this volume, but can hardly belong to that play. 1883]

A



A

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE, OF ROMEO AND *IULIET*.

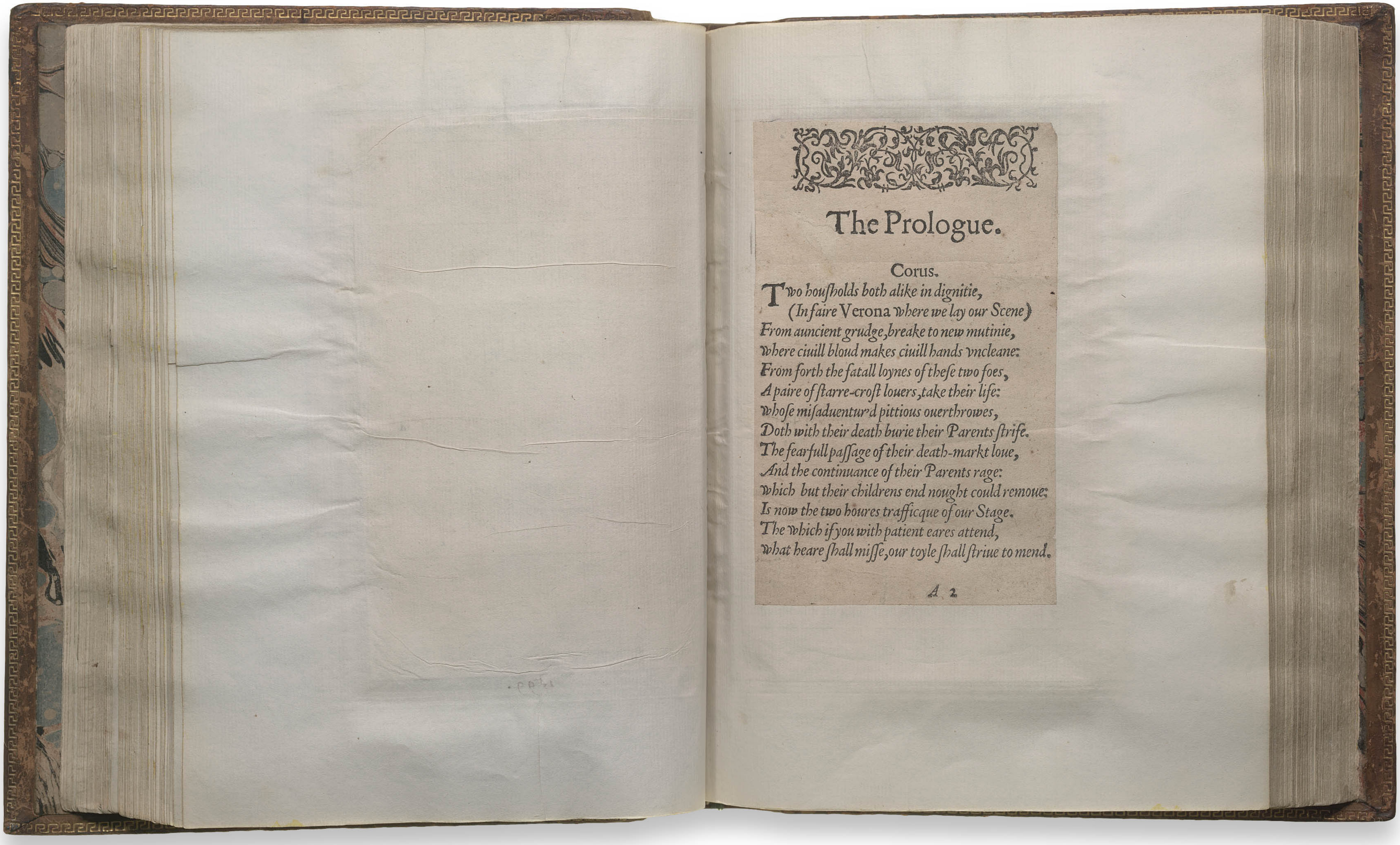
Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene ſundry times publiquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are
to be ſold at his ſhop neare the Exchange.

1599.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA



The Prologue.

Corus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

THE MOST EXcellent and lamentable Tragedie, of *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords and Bucklers, of the houſe of* Capulet.

S*Amp.* *Gregorie*, on my word weele not carrie Coles.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, weele draw.

Greg. I while you liue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moues me.

Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore if thou art moued thou runſt away.

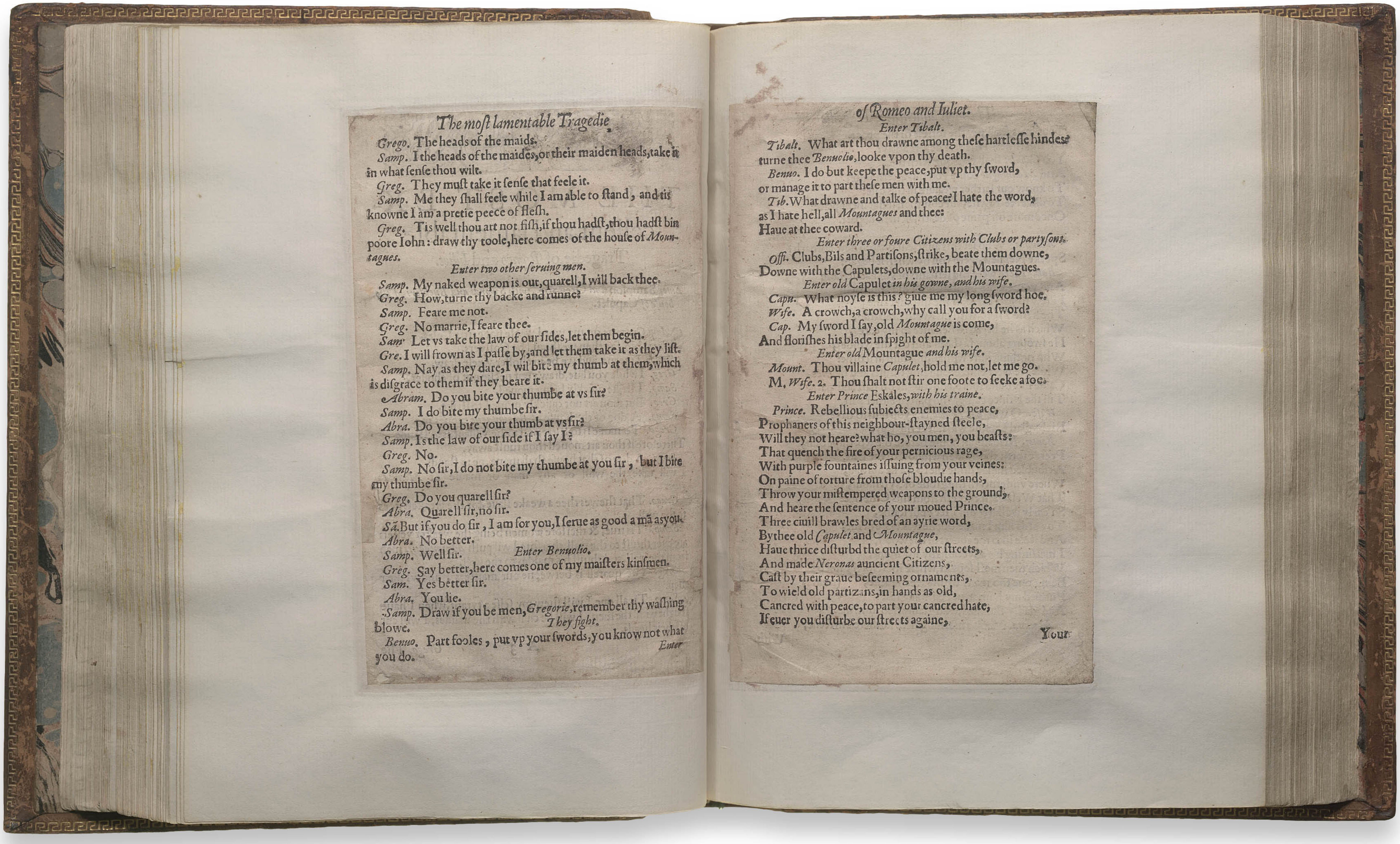
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues.*

Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I wil puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarell is betweene our maiſters, and vs their men.

Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant, when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut off their heads.



Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hindes?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword,
or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M, *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,

Your

Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne,our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death,all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who ſet this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew,were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours,cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them,in the inſtant came
The fierie *Tybalt*,with his ſword preparde,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall,hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchaunging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more,and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came,who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*,ſaw you him to day?
Right glad I am,he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam,an houre before the worſhipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this Citie ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made,but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought,where moſt might not be
Being one too many by my wearie ſelfe, (found:
Purſued my humor,not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned,who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin ſeene,

With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes,more clowdes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone,as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw,
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauie ſonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes,locks faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muſt this humor proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe(I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his bewtie to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes,ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happie by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift,come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me,ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was:what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?

*Ro.*Not hauing that,which hauing,makes thẽ ſhore.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue,whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes,ſee pathwaies to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? ô me!what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to do with hate,but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe,ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead,bright ſmoke,cold fier,ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I,that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze,I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe,too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purgd,a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe?a madneſſe,moſt diſcreete,
A choking gall,and a preſeruing ſweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me ſo,you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe,I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*,hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe,who is that you loue?
Ro. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone,why no:but ſadly tell me who?
Ro. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin,I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde ſo neare,when I ſuppoſde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man,and ſhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is ſooneſt hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow,ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weak childiſh bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of aſſailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to ſainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich,in bewtie onely poore,
That when ſhe dies,with bewtie dies her ſtore.
*Ben.*Thẽ ſhe hath ſworn,that ſhe wil ſtil liue chaſte?
*Ro.*She hath,and in that ſparing,make huge waſte:
For bewtie ſteru'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all poſteritie.
She is too faire,too wiſe,wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
Shee hath forſworne to loue,and in that vow,
Do I liue dead,that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me,forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black,puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind,cannot forget

The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part:
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:

And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.
Exit.

Seru. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, & the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
On paine is leſned by an others anguiſh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyſon of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anſelme *and his bewtious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces* : Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire aſſemblie, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

Ro. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
And theſe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Tranſparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all ſeeing Sun,
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other maide:
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Ro. Ile go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,*
Wheres his Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, we muſt talk in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'ſe heare our counſel. Thou knoweſt my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night ſtal ſhe be fourteen.* Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me: But as I ſaid, on* Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand hylone, nay byth roode ſhe could haue run and wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with* *his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not* Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and ſaid I: to ſee now how a ieaſt ſhall come about: I warrant, and I ſhould liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretie foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, and ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels ſtone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not* Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teate.*

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made alreadie mothers by my count.
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

*Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world.
Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt,
Reade ore the volume of young *Paris* face,

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the ſea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie
That in gold claſpes locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make flie. *Enter Seruing*

Ser. Madam the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cald my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantrie, and euerie thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech yo follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtaies.

Nur. Go gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happie dayes.

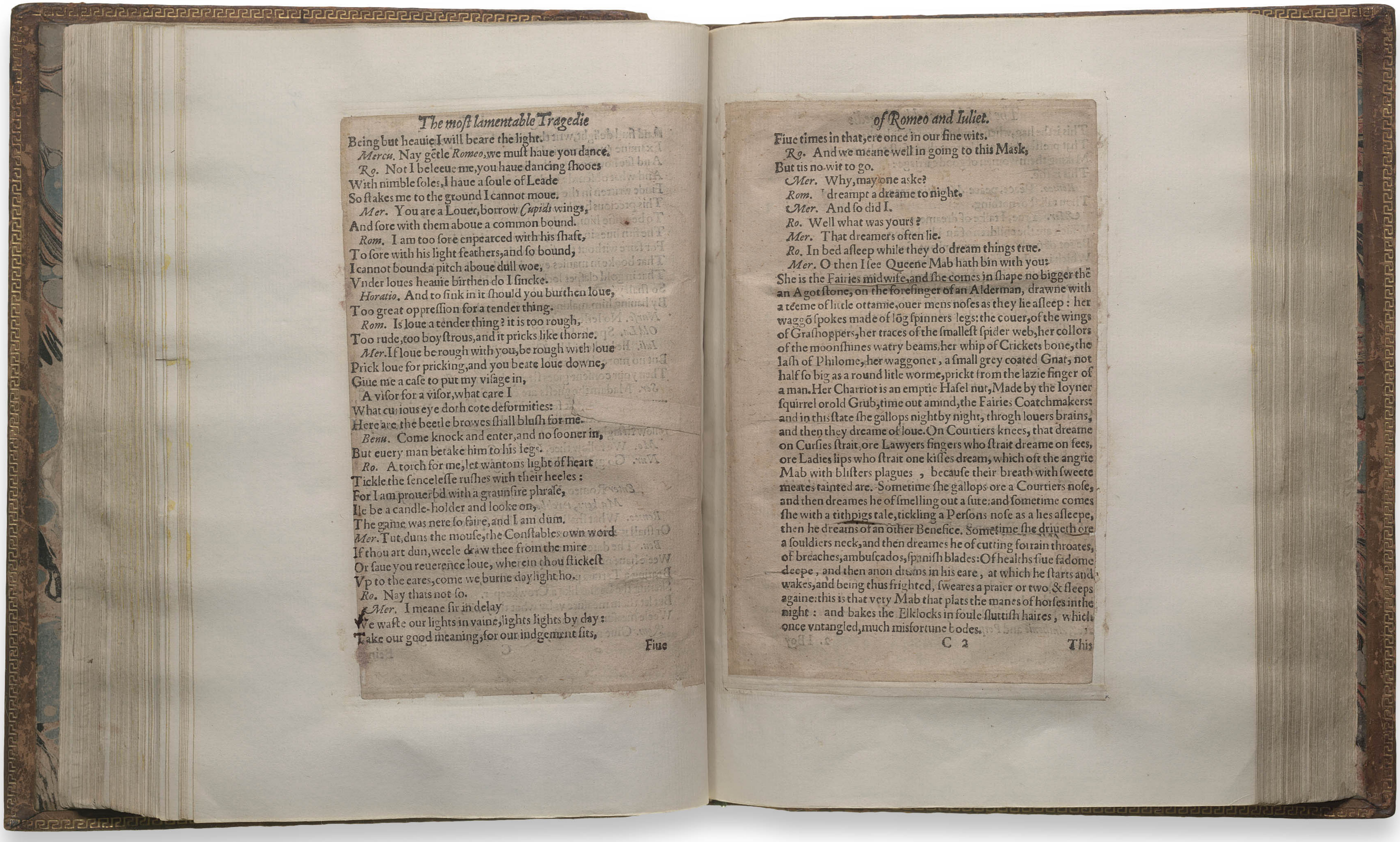
Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſixe othe
Maskers, torchbearers.*

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without appologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

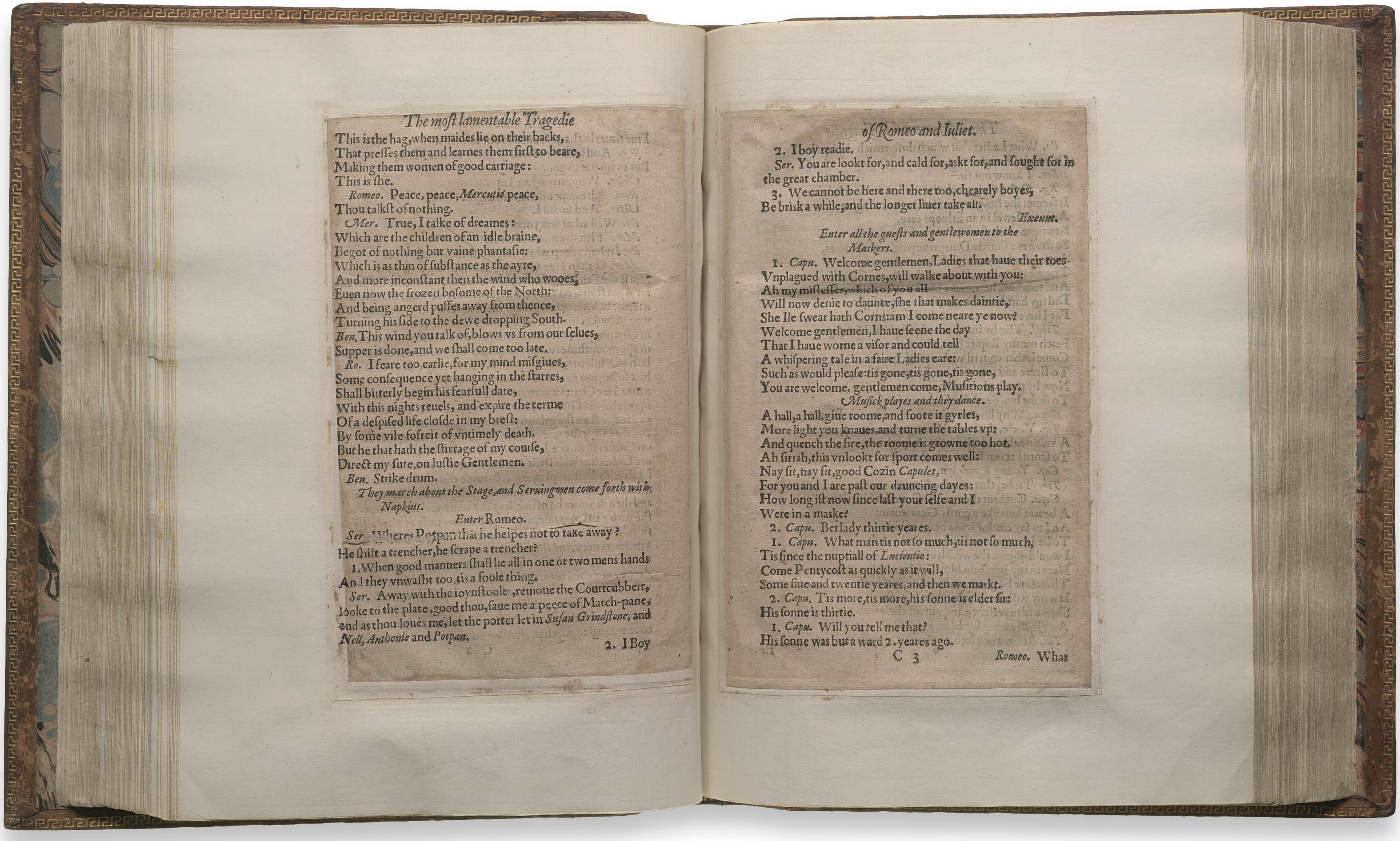
Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,



Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of Leade
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſore with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I ſincke.
Horatio. And to ſink in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunſire phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables own word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement ſits,

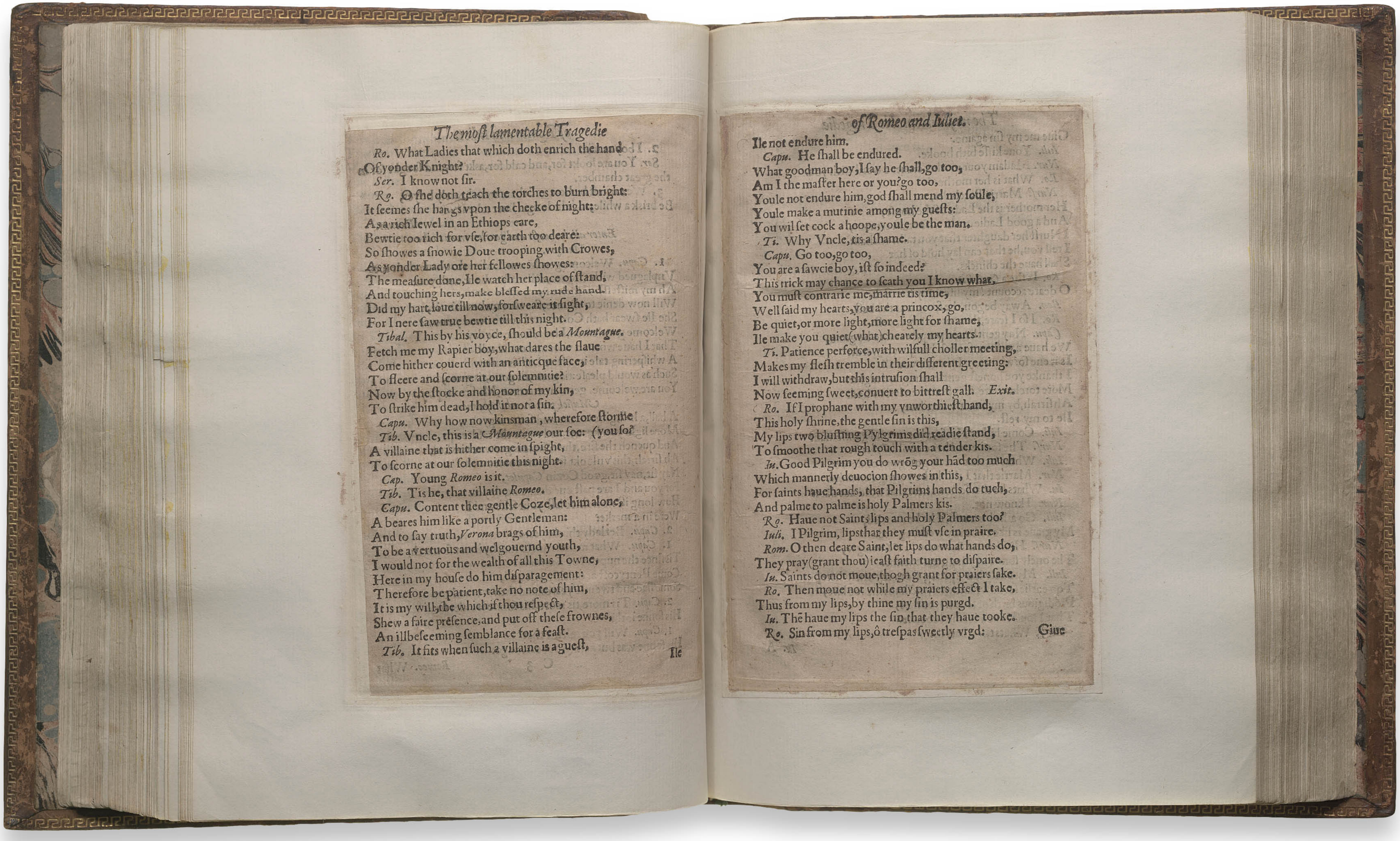
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed aſleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath bin with you:

She is the Fairies midwife, and ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger thē an Agot ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleep: her waggō ſpokes made of lōg ſpinners legs: the couer, of the wings of Graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider web, her collors of the moonſhines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner, a ſmall grey coated Gnat, not half ſo big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Haſel nut, Made by the Ioyner ſquirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, throgh louers brains, and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait, ore Lawyers fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips who ſtrait one kiſſes dream, which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweete meates tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a ſouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates, of breaches, ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a praier or two & ſleeps againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.



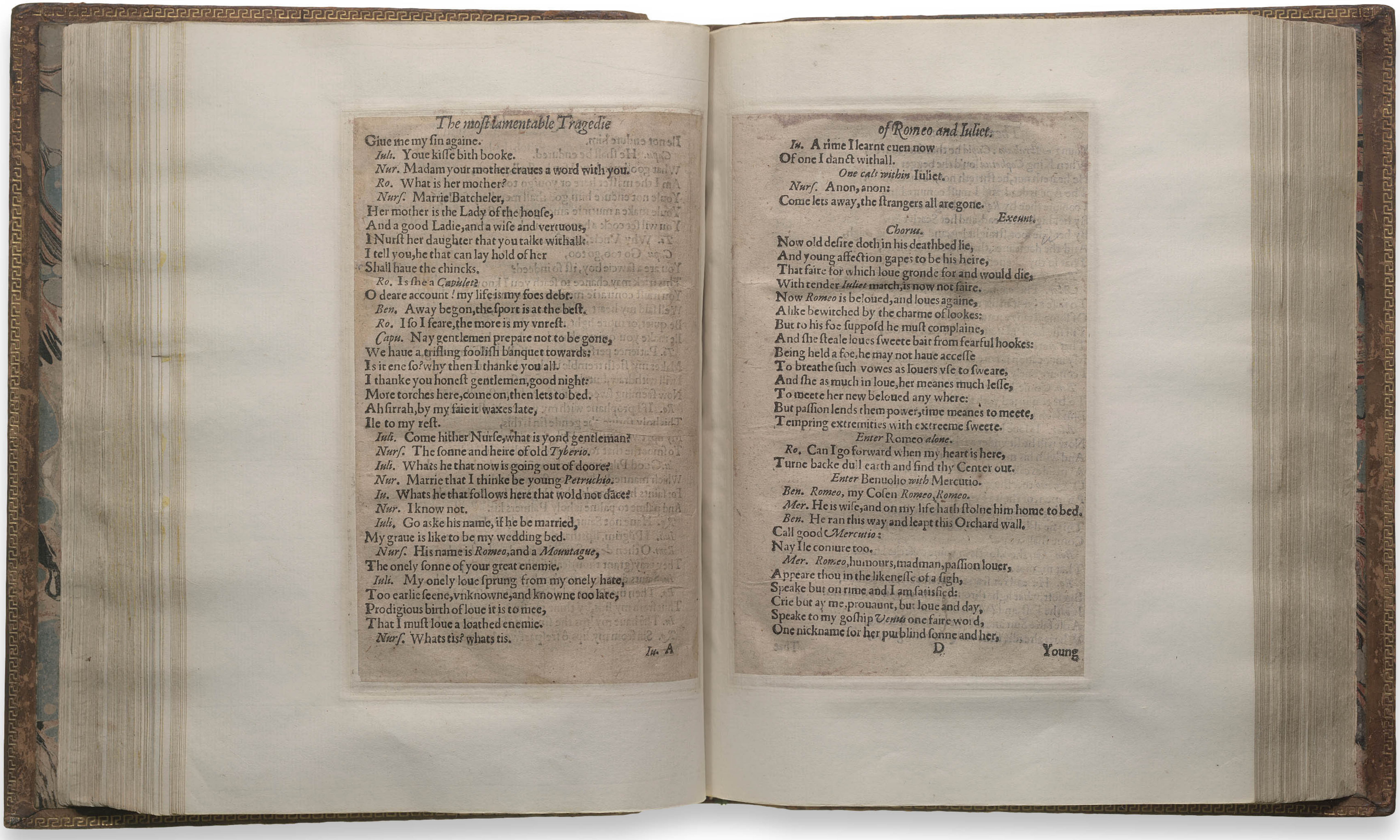
This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile fofreit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.
Enter Romeo.
Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane, and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone,* and *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan.*

2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be briſk a while, and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.
Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to the Maskers.
1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Muſitions play.
Muſick playes and they dance.
A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet,*
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.



Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Ro. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Bewtie too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true bewtie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honor of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead, I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore ſtorme (you ſo?
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An illbeſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, god ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You wil ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcie boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bittreſt gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrõg your hãd too much
Which mannerly deuocion ſhowes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Thẽ haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô treſpas ſweetly vrgd:



Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis.

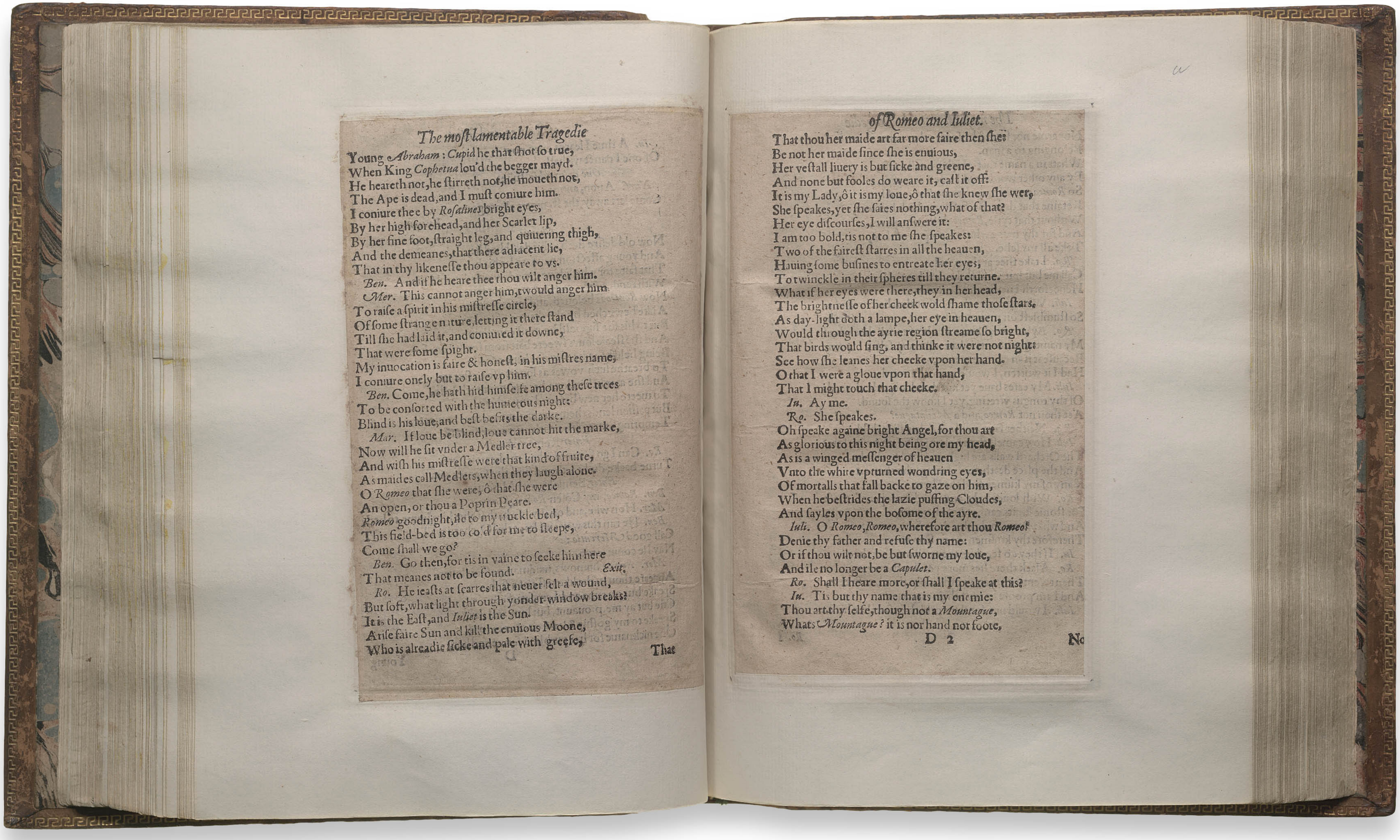
Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.
One cals within Iuliet.
Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.
Ben. *Romeo*, my Coſen *Romeo*, *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madman, paſſion louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but on rime and I am ſatisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind ſonne and her,



Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire & honeſt, in his miſtres name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe trees
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſſe were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, ô that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
Ro. He ieaſts at ſcarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie ſicke and pale with greefe,

That

That thou her maide art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that ſhe knew ſhe wer,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſaies nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the heauen,
Hauing ſome buſines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their ſpheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheek wold ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iu. Ay me.
Ro. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſayles vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Ro. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
Whats *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

No

Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell? (nighe
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe, (am:
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kiſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

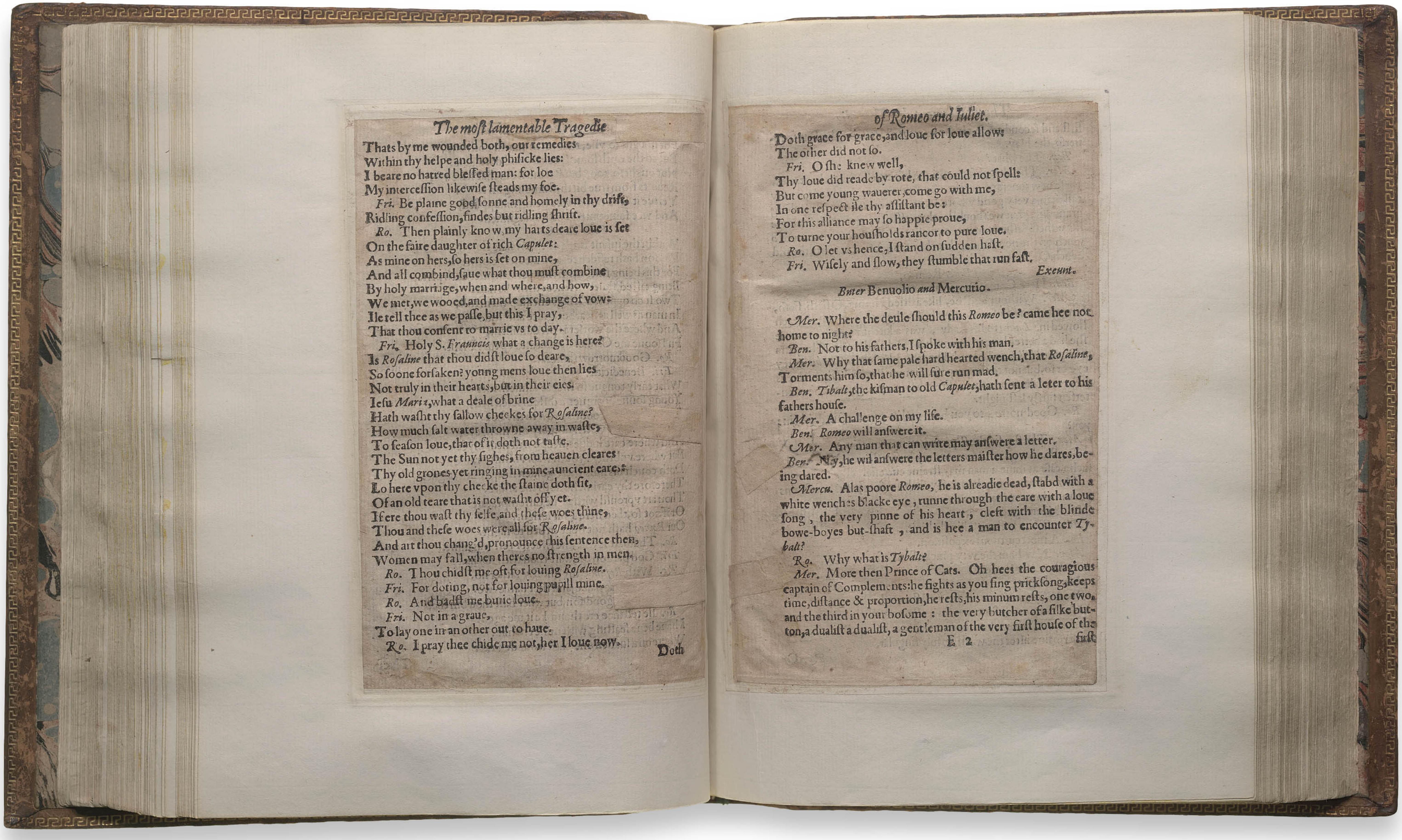
Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe.
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers periuries.
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt think my behauior light,
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I was ware,
My truloue paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frute tree tops.
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th'inconſtant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iu. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Woldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurſe, ſweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Ro. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight.
Ro. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward loue as ſchooleboyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauie lookes.
Enter Iuliet *againe.*
Iuli. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt, ô for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweete, ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares.
Iu. *Romeo.*
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Ro. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted giues,
And with a ſilken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night.
Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt.
Ro. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt
The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkneſſe fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friers cloſe cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.
Exit.
Enter Frier alone with a basket. (night,
Fri. The grey-eyed morne ſmiles on the frowning
Checking the Eaſterne clowdes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckeld darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the ſun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I muſt vpfill this oſier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We ſucking on her naturall boſome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbes, ſtones, and their true quallities:

For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good but ſtraind from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.
Enter Romeo.
Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taſted, ſtaies all ſences with the hart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro. Goodmorrow father.
Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue ſo ſweete ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne, it argues a diſtempered hed,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprouſd with ſome diſtemprature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.
Ro. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline*?
Ro. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.
Fri. Thats my good ſon, but wher haſt thou bin then?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me:



Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.
Exeunt.

Buter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Roſaline*,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kiſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a leter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.

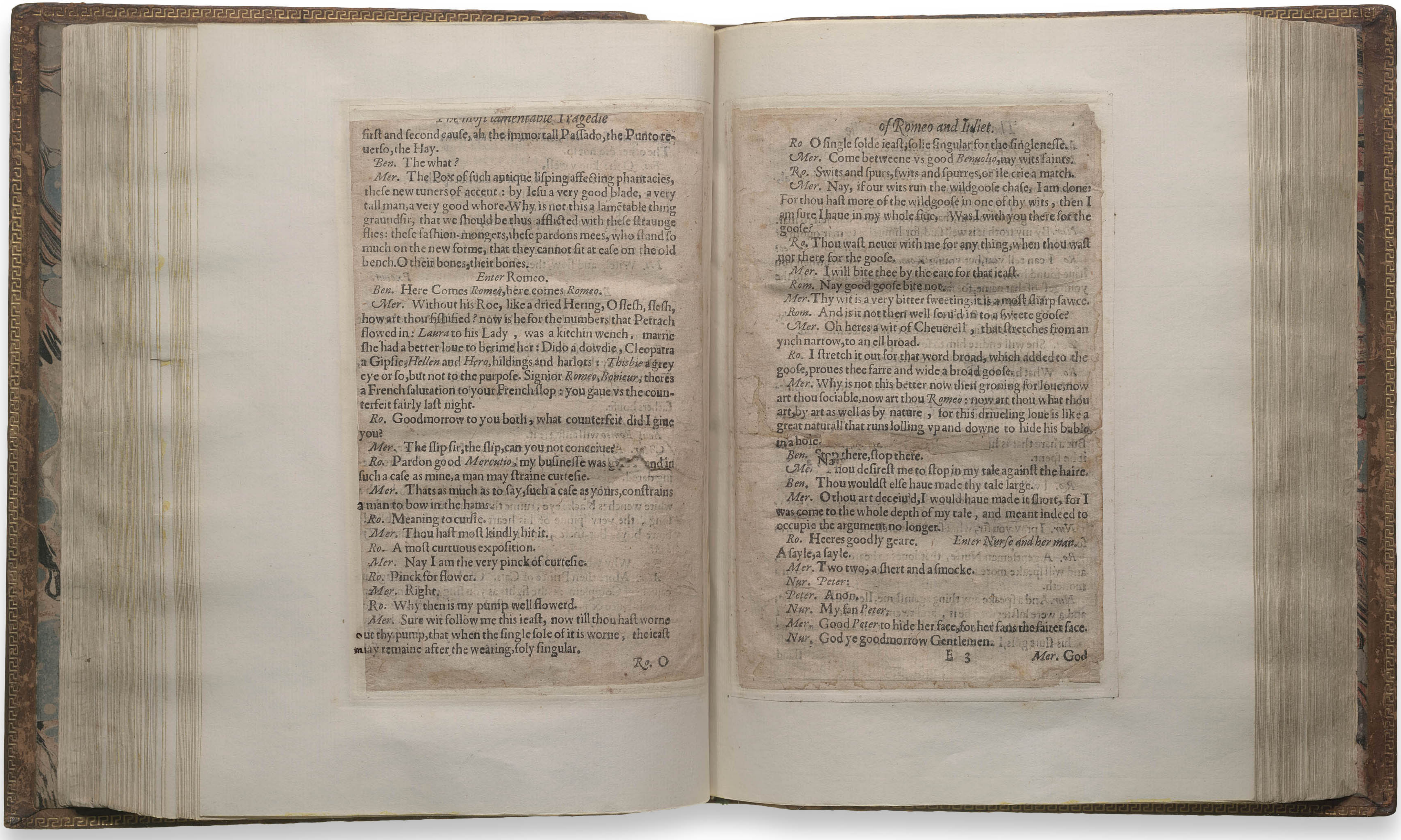
Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a letter.

Ben. Ny, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance & proportion, he reſts, his minum reſts, one two, and the third in your boſome: the very butcher of a ſilke button, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the



firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing graundſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtraunge flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardons mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was g[illegible] and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours, conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Ro. A moſt curtuous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſoly ſingular.

Ro O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſolie ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the wildgooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue, Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not then well ſeru'd in to a ſweete gooſe?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.* A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two two, a ſhert and a ſmocke.

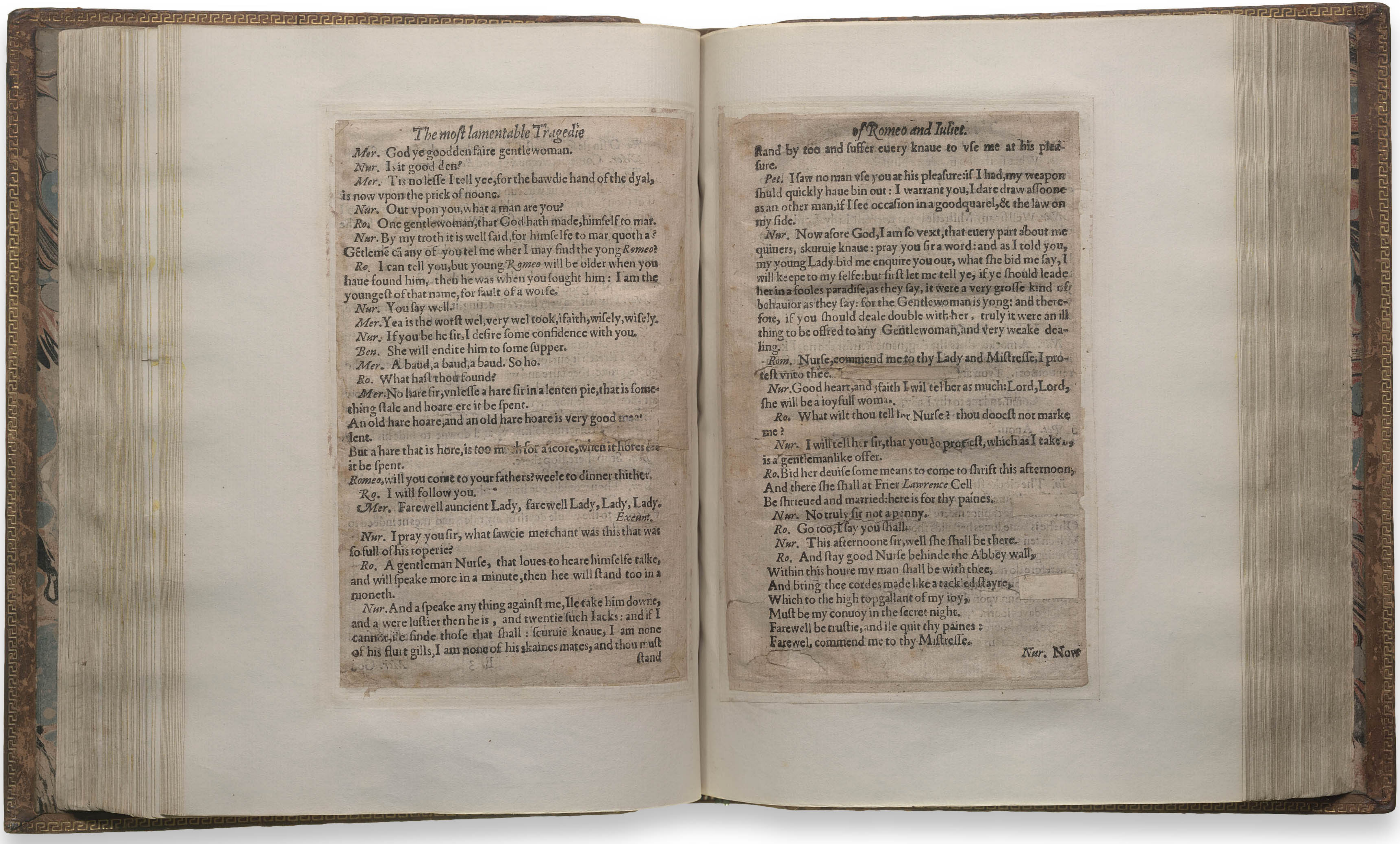
Nur. *Peter*:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.



Mer. God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. T is no leſſe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal, is now vpon the prick of noone.

Nur. Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quoth a? Gētlemē cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

Ro. I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt wel, very wel took, ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Ro. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, vnleſſe a hare ſir in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat
lent.
But a hare that is hore, is too much for a ſcore, when it hores ere
it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your fathers? weele to dinner thither.

Ro. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Ro. A gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then hee will ſtand too in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, and a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt

ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as an other man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarel, & the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauior as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and ifaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou dooeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuiſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay good Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled ſtayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee, harke you ſir.

Ro. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay, two may keep counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when t'was a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a tode, a very tode as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world; doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, loues heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my ſweete loue.

M. And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, ô hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.

Iu. Now good ſweete *Nurſe*, O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou ſhameſt the muſicke of ſweete newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſte, can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doeſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doeſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choyſe, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but ile warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no. But all this did I know before.
What ſayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces,

My back a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe:
Beſhrewe your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunſing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, ſweete, ſweete Nurſe, tell me what ſayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why ſhe is within, wher ſhuld ſhe be?
How odly thou replieſt:
Your loue ſayes like an honeſt gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iu. Heres ſuch a coyle, come what ſaies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Muſt climbe a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.
Exeunt.

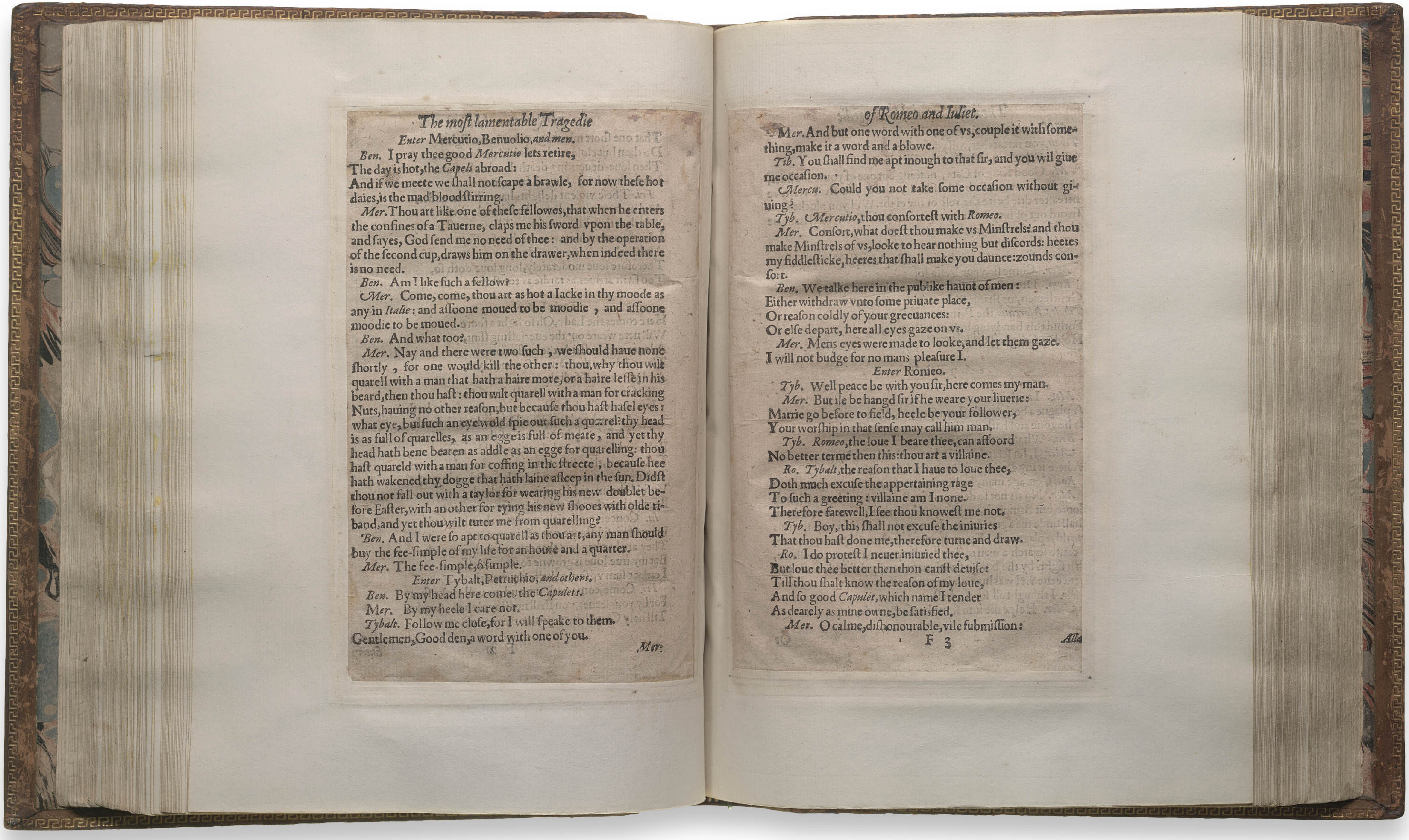
Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne delicioußneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues, as tardie as too ſlowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours,
That ydeles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, elſe is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.



Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot daies, is the mad bloodſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye wold ſpie out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreete, becauſe hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter, with an other for tying his new ſhooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tuter me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, ô ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you wil giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou conſorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort, what doeſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but diſcords: heeres my fiddleſticke, heeres that ſhall make you daunce: zounds conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd ſir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou knoweſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do proteſt I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:

Alla ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.
Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,

Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly, to your houſes. *Exit.*

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tybalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O ſweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depẽd,
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen, reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Ty. Thou wretched boy that didſt cõſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This ſhall determine that.
They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*
Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that mutherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*
Citi. Vp ſir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kiſman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kiſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. Benuolio, who began this bloudie fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vtered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold M*ercutios* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca. Wi. He is a kiſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt.*
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercie but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed ſteedes,

Towards *Phœbus* lodging,ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke,and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes,vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties,or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night,come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle,till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night,come *Romeo*,come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*,and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it,and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd,ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them,O here comes my Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe,what newes?what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news?why doſt thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday,hees dead, hees dead,hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day,hees gone,hees kild,hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot.O *Romeo*,*Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I,if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot,that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I,or if not,no.
Briefe,ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound,I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke,here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe,a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes,all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud,I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart,poore banckrout break at once,
To priſon eyes,nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne,end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*,*Tybalt*,the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt*,honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing,if thoſe two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuli. O God,did *Romeos* hand ſhead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did,it did,alas the day,it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart,hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant,fiend angelicall:
Rauenous douefeatherd rauē,woluiſhrauening lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhowe:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimme ſaint,an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweete fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt,no faith,no honeſtie in men,
All periurde,all forſworne,all naught,all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man?giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:
Theſe griefs,theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iu. Bliſterd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh,he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord,what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wiſe haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didſt, thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares,backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue ſlain my husband:
All this is comfort,wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was,worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me,I would forget it faine,
But oh it preſſes to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to ſinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed,that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts:Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother,nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is baniſhed:to ſpeake that word,
Is father,mother,*Tybalt*,*Romeo*,*Iuliet*,
All ſlaine,all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end,no limit,meaſure bound,
In that words death,no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* courſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares? mine ſhall be
When theirs are drie,for *Romeos* baniſhment. (ſpent,
Take vp thoſe cordes,poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide,die maiden widowed.
Come cordes,come Nurſe,ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*,take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber,Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you,I wot well where he is:

Harke ye,your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him,he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him,giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come,to take his laſt farewell.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes?what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death,but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha,baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death,do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient,for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie,torture,hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed,is blaniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death.Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtermd,calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin,ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death,but the kind Prince
Taking thy part,hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment.

This is deare mercie,and thou ſeeſt it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie,heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues,and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouſe,euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen,and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not.More validitie,
More honourable ſtate,more courtſhip liues
In carrion flies,then *Romeo*:they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh,as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may flyes do, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſayeſt thou yet,that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not,he is baniſhed.
Flies may do this,but I from this muſt flie:
They are freemen,but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death,though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me:Baniſhed?
O Frier,the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it,how haſt thou the heart
Being a Diuine,a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin obſoluer,and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed?hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a towne,reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not,talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee,that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they when that wiſe men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knocke.
Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones,
Myſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp.
Slud knock.
Run to my ſtudie by and by, Gods will
What ſimplenes is this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard? whēce come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe, O wofull ſimpathy:
Pitious prediccament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe.

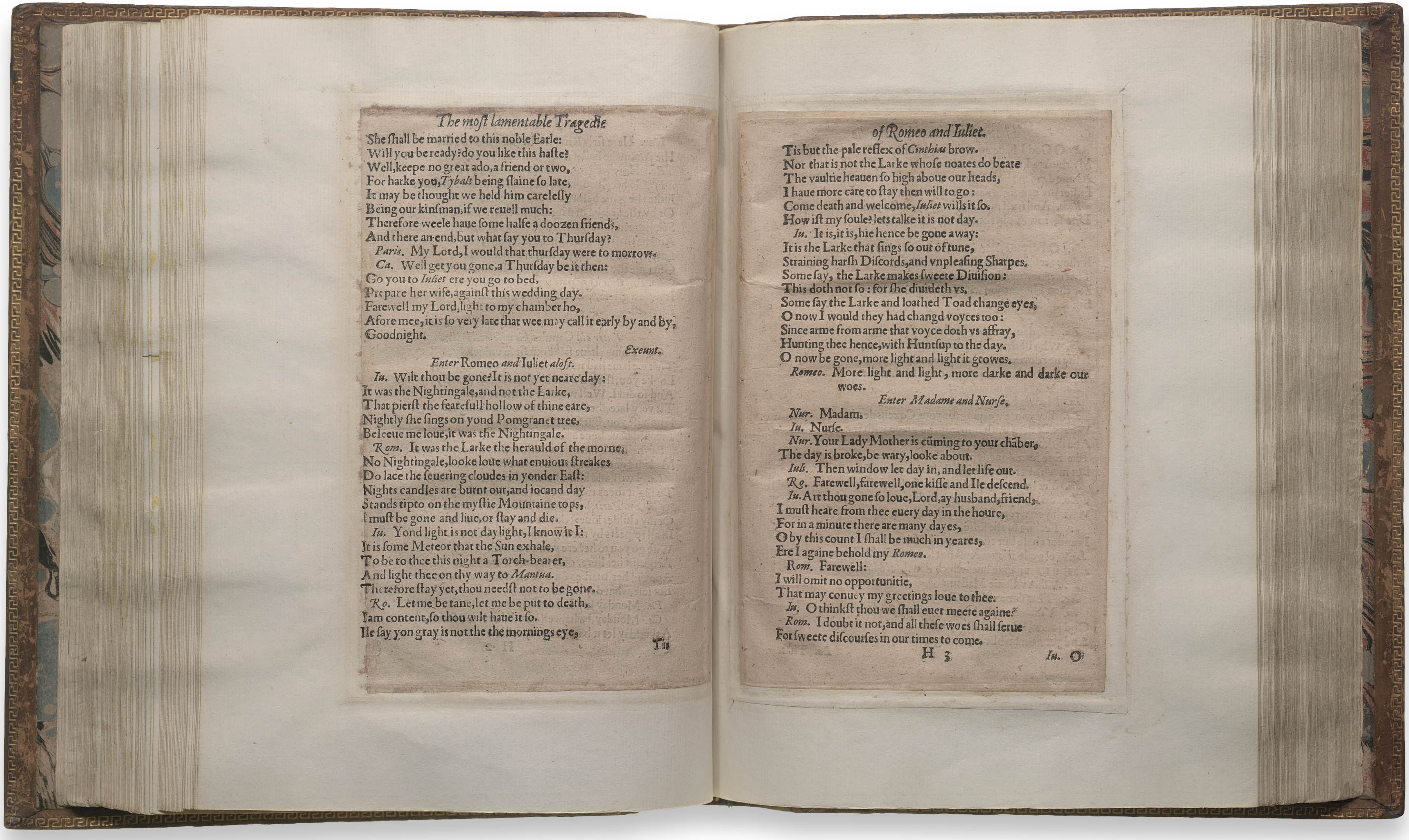
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ilbeſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?
And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,

Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou wentſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell; oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.
Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.
Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here ſtands al your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here:
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Ro. But that a ioy paſt ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.
Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife and* Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely
And ſo did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, ſheele not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.
Paris. Theſe times of wo affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night ſhees mewed vp to her heauines.
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe will me rulde
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me? on wendſday next.
But ſoft, what day is this?
Pa. Monday my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendſday is too ſoone,
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her



She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready?do you like this haſte?
Well,keepe no great ado,a friend or two,
For harke you,*Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly
Being our kinſman,if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end,but what ſay you to Thurſday?
Paris. My Lord,I would that thurſday were to morrow.
Ca. Well get you gone,a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife,againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord,light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee,it is ſo very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone?It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale,and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue,it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale,looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out,and iocand day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaine tops,
I muſt be gone and liue,or ſtay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not day light,I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet,thou needſt not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane,let me be put to death,
I am content,ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome,*Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule?lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is,it is,hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords,and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence,with Huntſup to the day.
O now be gone,more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is cũming to your chãber,
The day is broke,be wary,looke about.
Iuli. Then window let day in,and let life out.
Ro. Farewell,farewell,one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iu. Art thou gone ſo loue,Lord,ay husband,friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Rom. I doubt it not,and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our times to come.

*Ro.*O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.
Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that calls? It is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtomd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him liue:
Therfore haue done, ſome griefe ſhews much of loue,
But much of greefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
*La.*Wel gyrle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which ſlaughterd him.
Iu. What villaine Madam?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo.*
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a ſunder:
God padon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.
La. That

La. That is becauſe the Traytor murderer liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame banniſht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtomd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughterd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and Ile find ſuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needie time,
What are they, beſeech your Ladyſhip?
M. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
M. Marrie my child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be husband comes to wooo:
I pray

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeed.
  M. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*
  Ca. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth driſle deaw,
But for the Sunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what ſtill in tears
Euermore ſhowring in one litle body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouerſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
  La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
  Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
  Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
  Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miſtreſſe minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
  La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
  Iu. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
  Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
  Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
  Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter, with your goſſips go.
  Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
  Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhips bowle,
For here we need it not.
  Wi. You are too hot.
  Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.
Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to
That he dares nere come back to challenge you: (nothing,
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

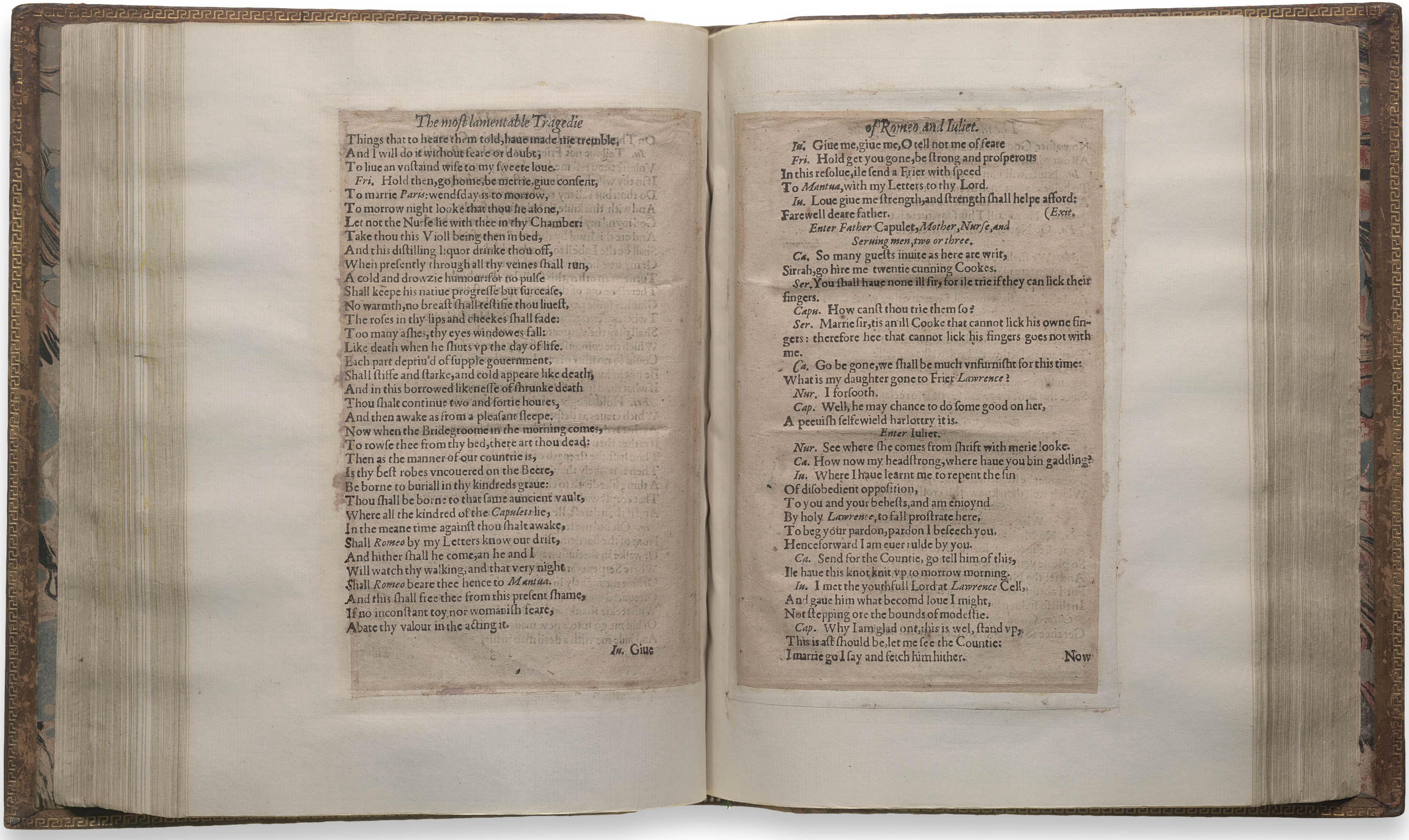
I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be obſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.

Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To aunſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoule thy face is much abuſde with tears.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then tears with that report.
Iu. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now,
My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.
Par. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe.
Exit.
Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me, how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife ile helpe it preſently.
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to an other deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to an other, this ſhall ſley them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death, himſelfe to ſcape from it:
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Orecouerd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhanks and yealow chapels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his,



Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtaind wife to my ſweete loue.
Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wendſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe,
No warmth, no breaſt ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade:
Too many aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life.
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our countrie is,
Is thy beſt robes vncouered on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhall be borne to that ſame auncient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, an he and I
Will watch thy walking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

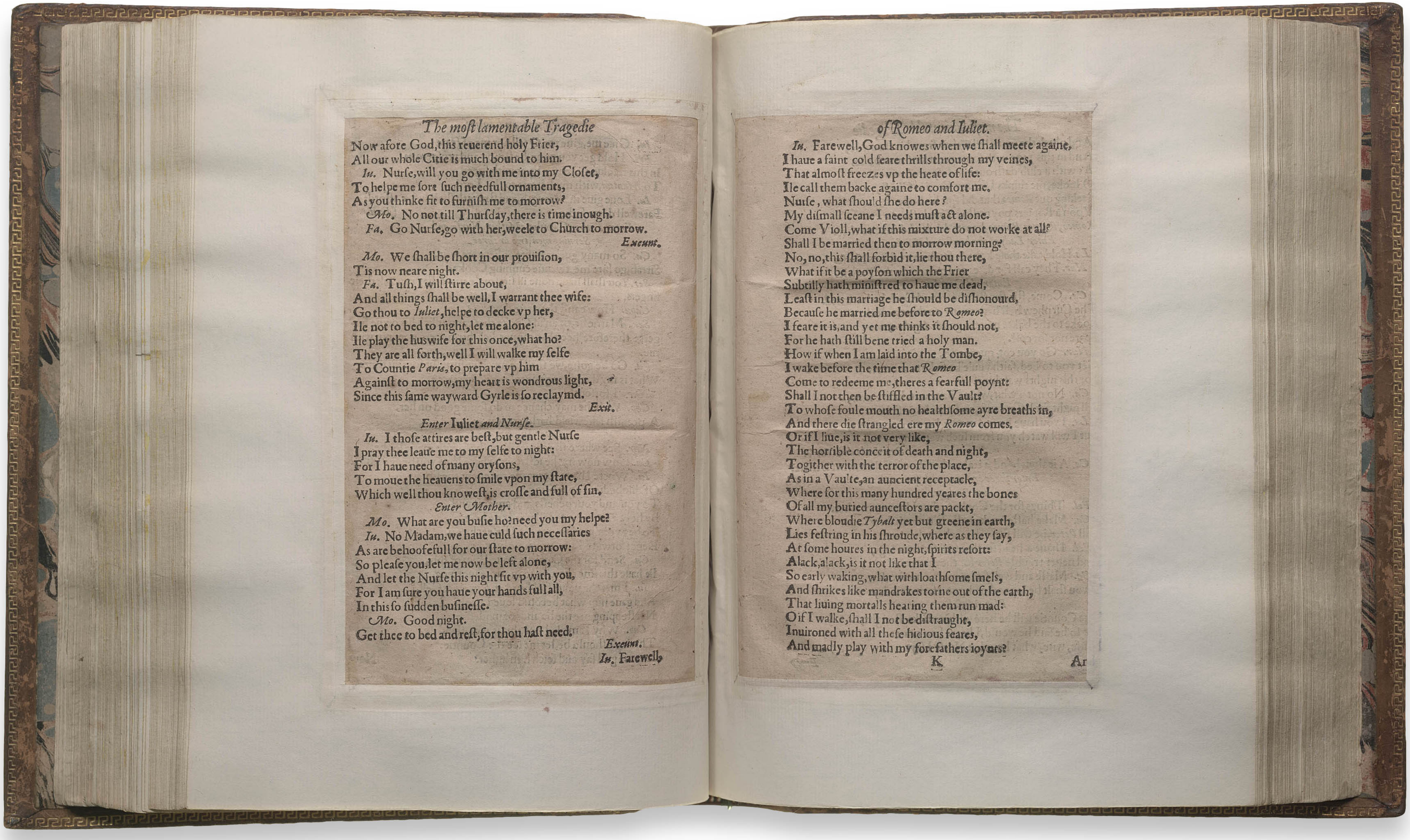
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. (*Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, *Mother, Nurſe, and*
Seruing men, two or three.

Ca. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for ile trie if they can lick their fingers.
Capu. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Ca. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time:
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfewield harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merie looke.
Ca. How now my headſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.
Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomd loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, ſtand vp,
This is aſt ſhould be, let me ſee the Countie:
I marrie go I ſay and fetch him hither.



Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you go with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Gyrle is ſo reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurſe.*

Iu. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meete againe,
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall ſceane I needs muſt act alone.
Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonourd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill bene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt:
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Togither with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
Of all my buried aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroude, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſort:
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad:
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt:ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay?
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold take theſe keies & fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cock hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica,*
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene ſicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs,
and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Twou ſhalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſt, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant her ſhe,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe:
I needs muſt wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

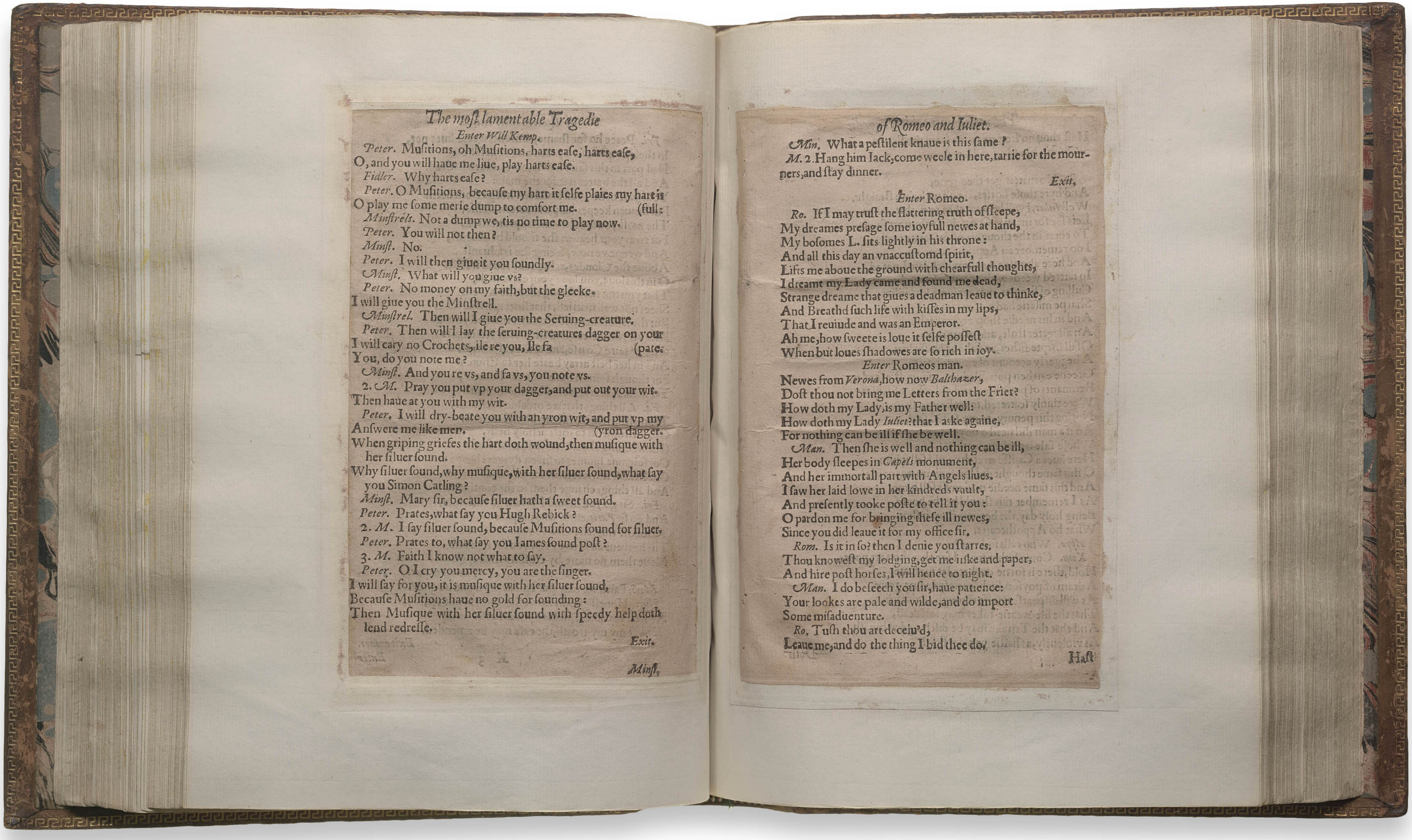
Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceaſt, ſhees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Fa. Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,
Her bloud is ſetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt,
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw,
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpiſde, diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther, our ſolemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my ſoule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions care liues not,
In theſe confuſions heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death.
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad buriall feaſt:
Our ſolemne himnes to ſullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high wil.
Fxeunt manet.

Muſi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.
Fid. I my my troath, the caſe may be amended.
Exit omnes.



Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Muſitions, oh Muſitions, harts eaſe, harts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts eaſe.

Fidler. Why harts eaſe?

Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies my hart is
O play me ſome merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minſt. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you ſoundly.

Minſt. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.

Minſtrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate:
You, do you note me?

Minſt. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Anſwere me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique with
her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſique, with her ſiluer ſound, what ſay
you Simon Catling?

Minſt. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.

Peter. Prates, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?

2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.

Peter. Prates to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?

3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the ſinger.
I will ſay for you, it is muſique with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſique with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy help doth
lend redreſſe.

Exit.

Min. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtomd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how ſweete is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Friet?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I ſaw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.

Rom. Is it in ſo? then I denie you ſtarres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some miſaduenture.

Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of ſimples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhapte fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but forerun my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſpearſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſchargd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe:
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Poti. My pouertie, but not my will conſents.
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore cõpounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

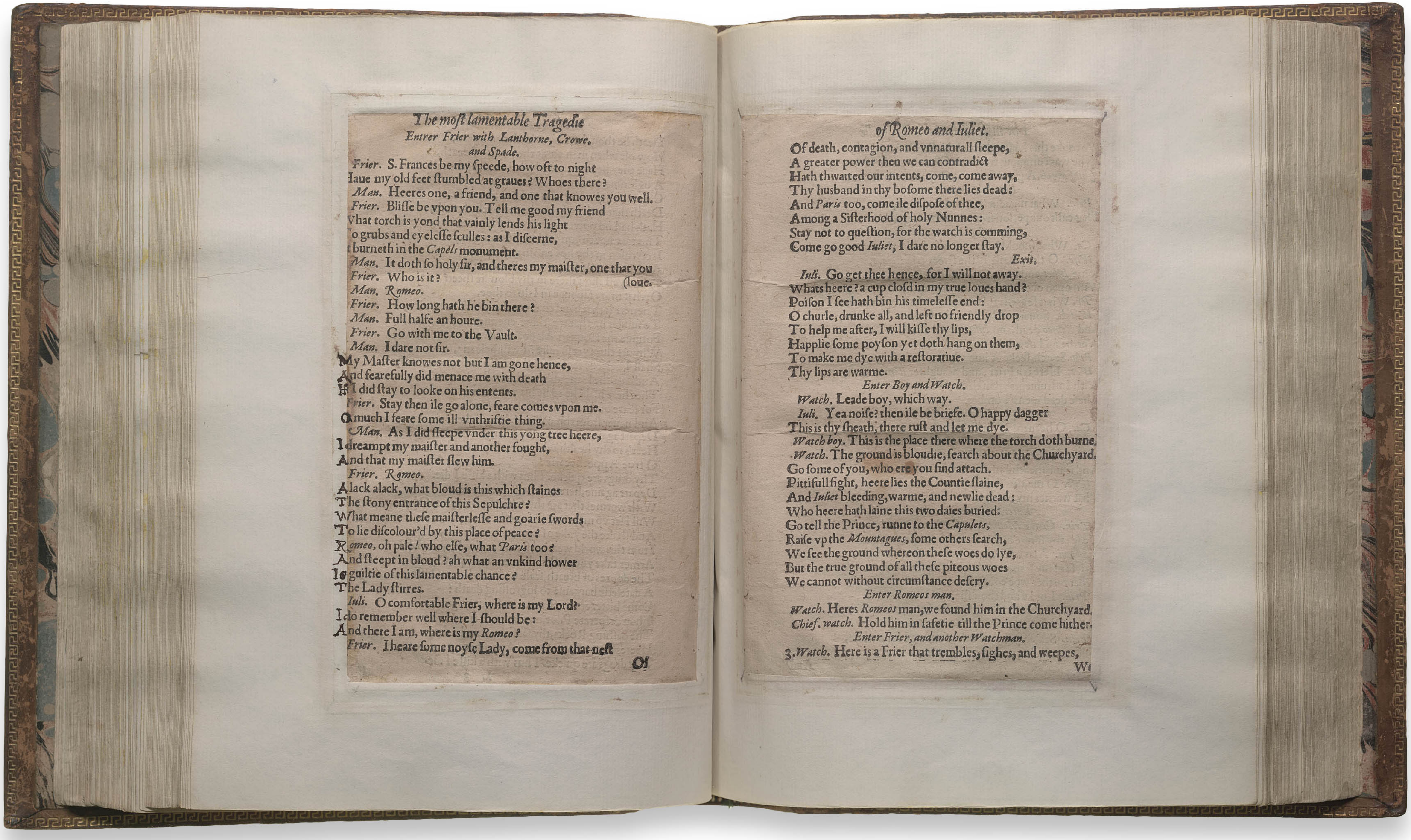
Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe, cloſde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.
Enter Paris *and his Page.*
Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it, whiſtle then to me
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers, do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew
O woe, thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtild by mones,
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe:

Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.
Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble ye.
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhid, take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my loues Cozin, with which greefe,

It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

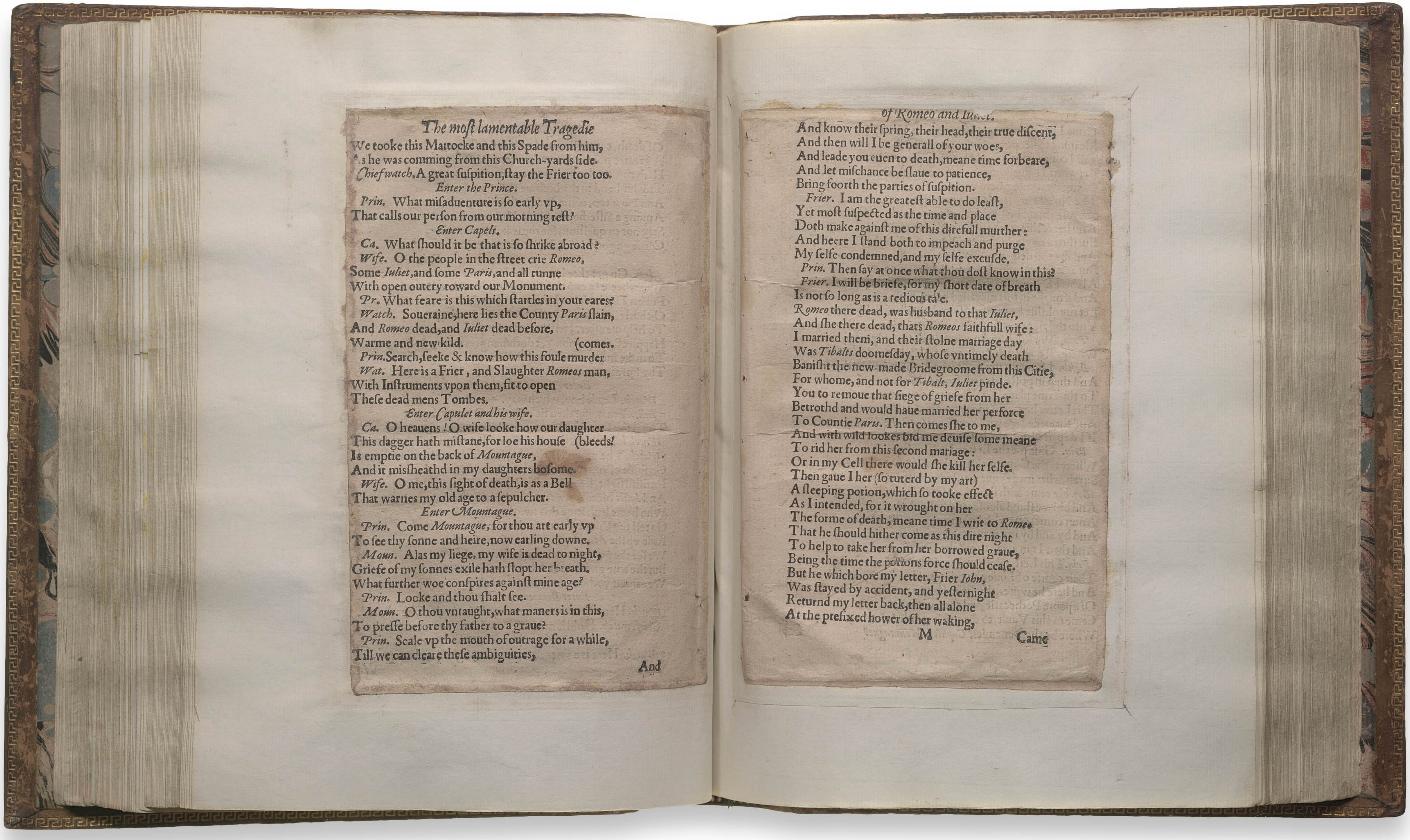
Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties enſigne yet
Is crymſon in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudie ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtaie with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres,
From this world wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſeaſick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue, O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.



Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.

Frier. S. Frances be my ſpeede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Frier. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maiſter, one that you (loue.
Frier. Who is it?
Man. *Romeo.*
Frier. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Frier. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnthriftie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree heere,
I dreampt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my maiſter ſlew him.
Frier. *Romeo.*
Alack alack, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maiſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in bloud? ah what an vnkind hower
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*
Frier. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come go good *Iuliet,* I dare no longer ſtay.
Exit.
Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
Whats heere? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poiſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Leade boy, which way.
Iuli. Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me dye.
Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloudie, ſearch about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, heere lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead:
Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets,*
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues,* ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.
Enter Romeos man.
Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chief. watch. Hold him in ſafetie till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3.*Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,
W



We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards ſide.
Chiefwatch. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo early vp,
That calls our perſon from our morning reſt?
Enter Capels.
Ca. What ſhould it be that is ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, ſeeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath miſtane, for loe his houſe (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it miſſheathd in my daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a ſepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy ſonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath.
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,

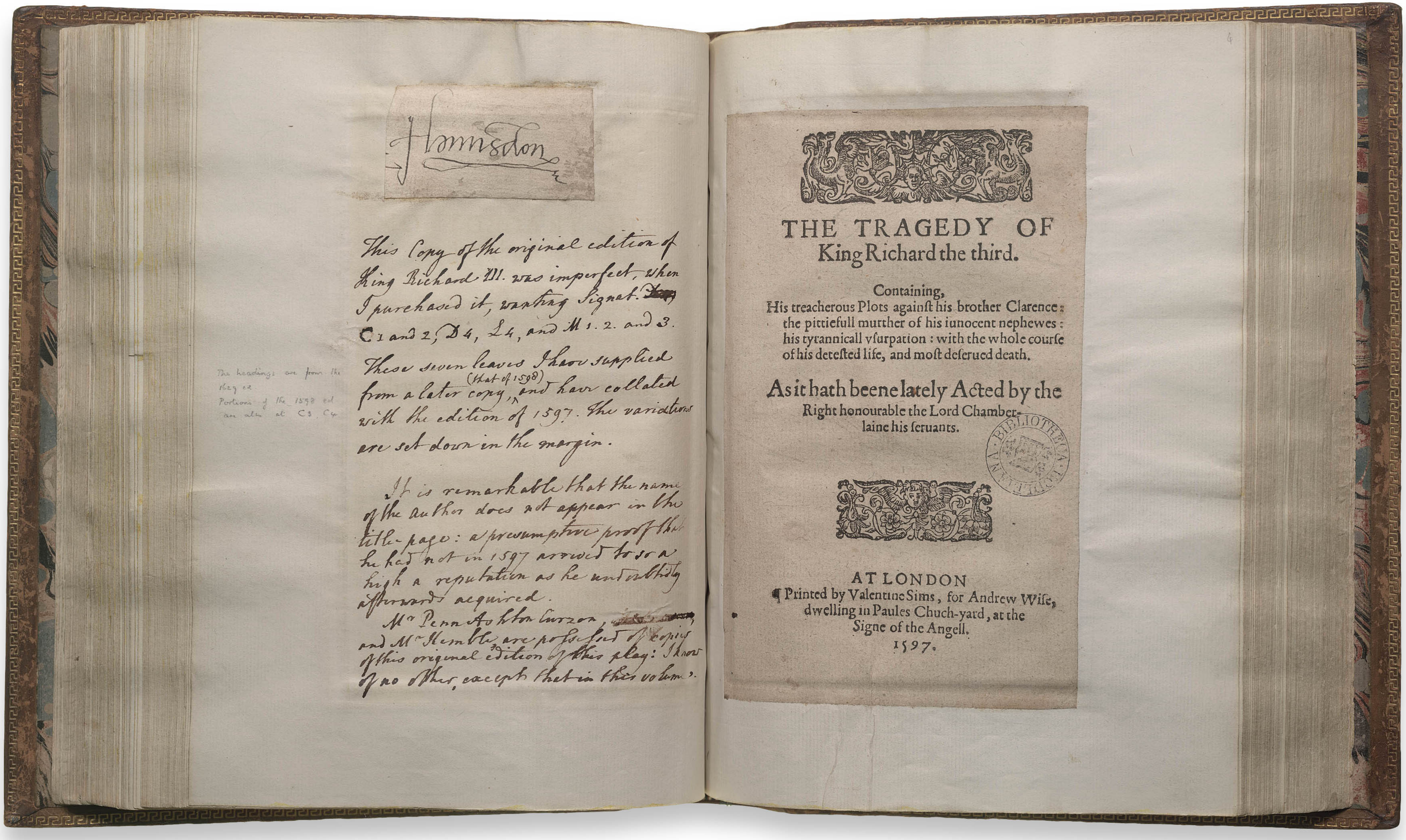
And know their ſpring, their head, their true diſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of ſuſpition.
Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſde.
Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
Baniſht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that ſiege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuiſe ſome meane
To rid her from this ſecond mariage:
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came,ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening,here vntimely lay,
The Noble *Paris*,and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes,and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noyſe did ſcare me from the Tombe,
And ſhe too deſperate would not go with me:
But as it ſeemes,did violence on her ſelfe.
Al this I know,& to the marriage her Nurſe is priuie:
And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.
Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?
Balth. I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death,going in the Vault,
If I departed not,and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter,I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that raiſd the Watch?
Sirrah,what made your maiſter in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue,the tidings of her death,
And here he writes,that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie,and therewithall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See

See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate?
That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
And I for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of kinſmen, all are puniſht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*,giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture,for no more
Can I demaund.
Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raie her ſtatue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.
Capel. As rich ſhall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmitie.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head:
Go hence to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardoned,and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.



Hunsdon

The headings are from the 1629 ed.
Portions of the 1598 ed are also at C3, C4

This Copy of the original edition of King Richard III. was imperfect, when I purchased it, wanting Signat. C1 and 2, D4, L4, and M1. 2. and 3. These seven leaves I have supplied from a later copy, (that of 1598) and have collated with the edition of 1597. The variations are set down in the margin.

It is remarkable that the name of the author does not appear in the title-page: a presumptive proof that he had not in 1597 arrived to so a high a reputation as he undoubtedly afterwards acquired.

Mr Penn Ashton Curzon, and Mr Kemble, are possessed of copies of this original edition of this play: I know of no other, except that in this volume.

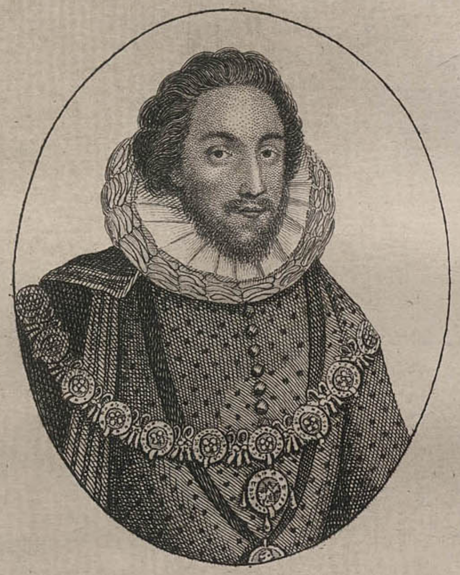
THE TRAGEDY OF
King Richard the third.

Containing,
His treacherous Plots againſt his brother Clarence:
the pittiefull murther of his iunocent nephewes:
his tyrannicall vſurpation: with the whole courſe
of his deteſted life, and moſt deſerued death.

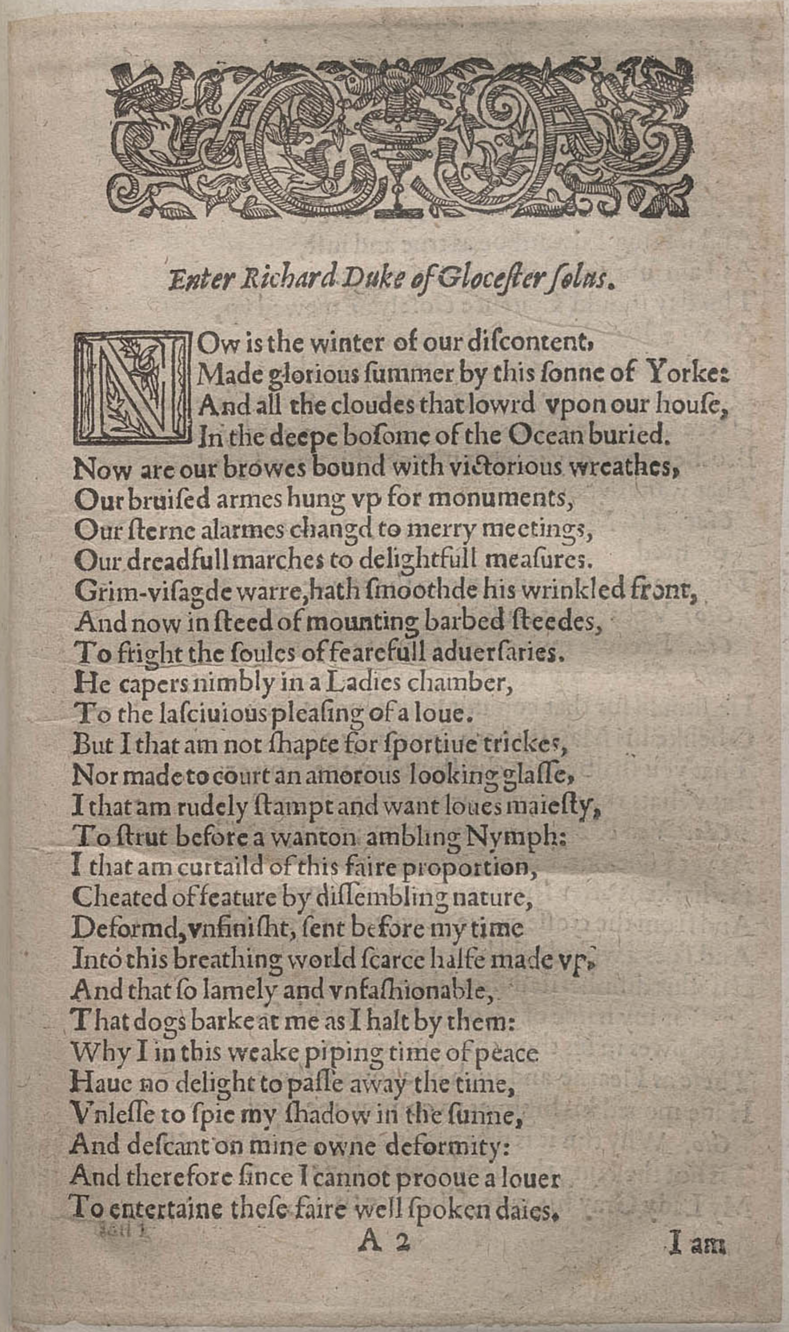
As it hath beene lately Acted by the
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his ſeruants.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

AT LONDON
¶ Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wiſe,
dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.
1597.



Lord Hunsdon
1580.



Enter Richard Duke of Glouceſter ſolus.

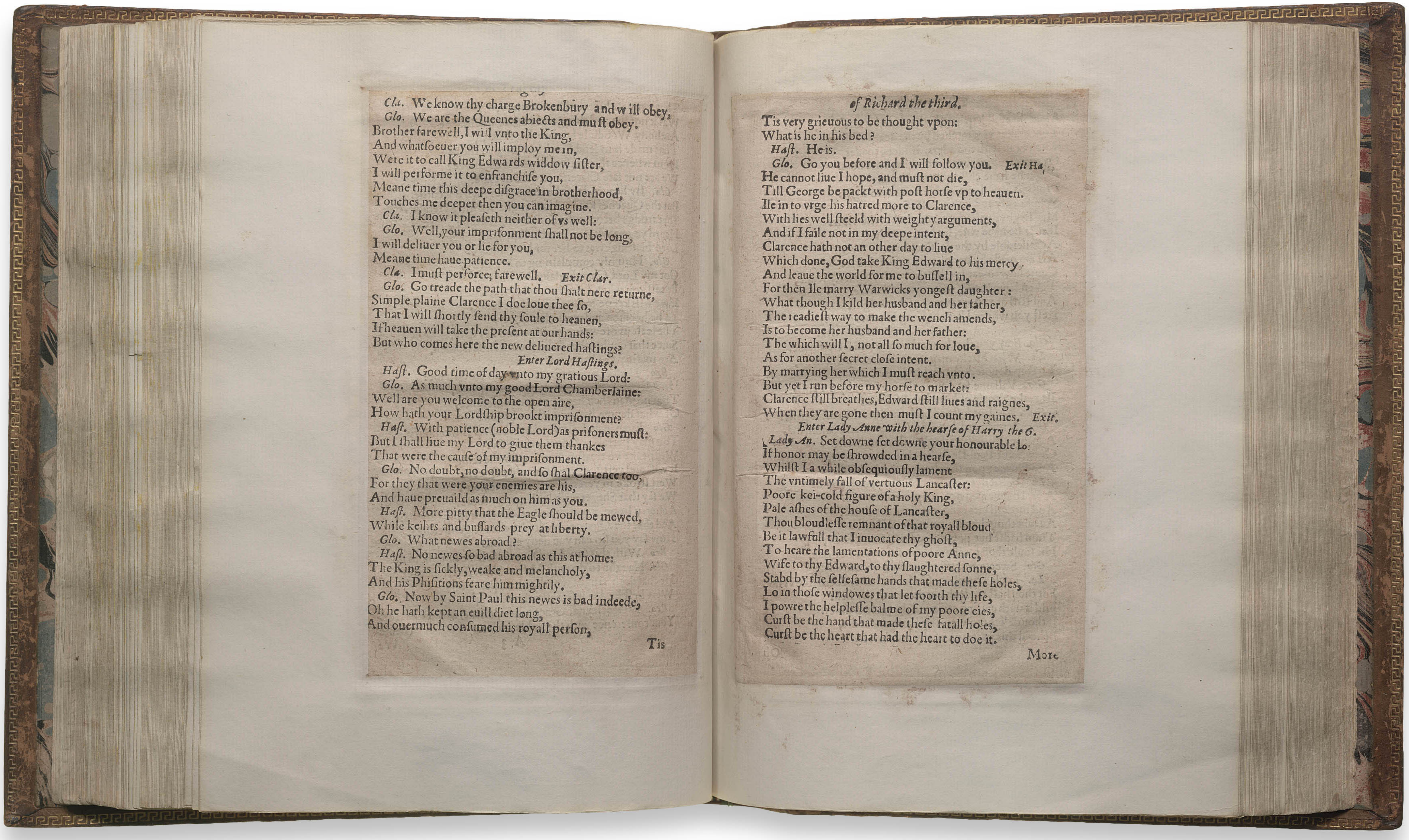
Now is the winter of our diſcontent,
Made glorious ſummer by this ſonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments,
Our ſterne alarmes changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meaſures.
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſmoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in ſteed of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries.
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſhapte for ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glaſſe,
I that am rudely ſtampt and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deformd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world ſcarce halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies.

I am

I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iuſt,
As I am ſubtile, falſe, and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which ſaies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere Clarence comes, *a gard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?
Clar. His Maieſty tendering my perſons ſafety hath ap-
pointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhalbe new chriſtened in the Tower.
But vvhats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wiſard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toies as theſe,
Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe,
Thas

That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhippe
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.
Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecurde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuery.
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſsips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maieſty hath ſtreightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtroke in yeres, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that Shores wife hath a prety foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a paſsing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtris Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were beſt he doe it ſecretly alone.
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withal for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare

We



Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow ſiſter,
I will performe it to enfranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well:
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce; farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Glo. Go treade the path that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here the new deliuered haſtings?
Enter Lord Haſtings.
Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gratious Lord:
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pitty that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While keihts and buſſards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,

Tis

Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon:
What is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. *Exit Ha*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die,
Till George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well ſteeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to liue
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy.
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks yongeſt daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent.
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, Edward ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*
Enter Lady Anne with the hearſe of Harry the 6.
Lady An. Set downe ſet downe your honourable lo:
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Thou bloudleſſe remnant of that royall bloud
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame hands that made theſe holes,
Lo in thoſe windowes that let foorth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe balme of my poore eies,
Curſt be the hand that made theſe fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart that had the heart to doe it.

More

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are weary of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King Henries corſe.

Enter Glocester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corſe and ſet it downe.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deedes.
Glo. Villaine ſet downe the corſe, or by S. Paule.
Ile make a corſe of him that diſobeies.
Gent. My Lord, ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher than my breſt,
Or by Saint Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What doe you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eies cannot endure the diuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweete Saint, for Charity be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule Diuell, for Gods ſake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with curſing cries and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede a freſh.
Bluſh bluſh thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this bloud,
From cold and empty veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madeſt, reuenge his death,
Oh earth which this bloud drinkſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
As thou doeſt ſwallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſsings for curſes.
Lady Villaine thou knoweſt no law of God nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
Lady Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the troth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry
Voutſafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.
La. Vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canſt make
No excuſe currant but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch deſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
Lad. And by deſpairing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay,he is dead,and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lieſt, Queene Margaret ſaw
Thy bloudy faulchion ſmoking in his bloud,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloudy minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didſt thou not kill this King. *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Doeſt grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maieſt be damnd for that wicked deede,
Oh he was gentle,milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keen incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the timeles deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.
La. Thou art the cauſe and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe:
To vndertake the death of all the world
So I might reſt one houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from my cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eies could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,

You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheered by the ſonne,
So I by that, it is my day,my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhade thy day,and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was hee.
Glo. The ſelfeſame name but one of better nature.
La. Where is he. *Shee ſpitteth at him.*
Glo. Heere,
Why doeſt thou ſpitte at me.
La. Would it were mortall poiſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poiſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung pbiſon on a fouler toade,
Out of my ſight thou doeſt infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies ſweete Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eies of thine from mine haue drawen ſalt teares,
Shamd their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops:
I neuer ſued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words:
But now thy beauty is propoſde my fee:
My proud heart ſues and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword:

Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets fall*
Take vp the ſword againe or take vp me. *the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue already.
Glo. Tuſh that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer was man true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But ſhall I liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Voutſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them for both of them are thine;
And if thy poore deuoted ſuppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gratious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happines for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,

And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue ſolemnly interred
At Chertſie monaſtery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Grant me this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſsill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell already. *Exit.*
Glo. Sirs take vp the corſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord.
Glo. No, to white Friers there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed, *Exeunt. manet Gl.*
Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me:
And I nothing to backe my ſuite at all,
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah
Hath ſhe forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I ſome three months ſince,
Stabd in my angry moode at Tewxbery,
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord:
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed,

On me whoſe all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen thus,
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier.
I doe miſtake my perſon all this while,
Vpon my life ſhe findes, although I cannot
My ſelfe, to be a merueilous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of taylers,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body.
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt:
But firſt Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire ſunne till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, theres no doubt his Maie-
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtomed health. (ſtie
Gray In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace quick and mery words,
Qu. If he were dead what would betide of me.
Ry. No other harme but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly ſonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of Rich. Glocester,
A man that loues not me nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he ſhall be protector?
Qu. It is determinde, not concluded yet,
But ſo it muſt be if the King miſcarry. (*Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buck. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maieſty ioyfull as you haue been.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good praiers will ſcarcely ſay, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithſtanding, ſhees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you good Lo. aſſurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I doe beſeech you either not beleeue
The enuious ſlaunders of her falſe accuſers,
Or if ſhe be accuſde in true report,
Beare with her weakenes which I thinke proceedes
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ry. Saw you the King to day, my Lo: of Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Came from viſiting his Maieſty.
Qu. With likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame good hope, his Grace ſpeakes cheerfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him.
Buc. Madame we did: He deſires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happines is at the higheſt. *Enter Glocester.*
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complaines vnto the King,
That I forſooth am ſterne and loue them not:
By holy Paul they loue his grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſcentious rumors:
Becauſe I cannot flatter and ſpeake faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmoothe, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with french nods and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rankerous enimy.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abuſde,
By ſilken ſlie inſinuating iackes?
Ry. To whom in all this preſence ſpeakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee that haſt nor honeſty nor grace,
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee or thee or any of your faction:
A plague vpon you all. His royall perſon
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,

But

But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glocester, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuiter elſe,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kindred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growen ſo bad
That wrens make pray where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come come, we know your meaning brother Gl.
You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you.
Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Ryu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may Lo: Ryuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marrie may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lo. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling, of the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I haue ſaid,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henrie in the Tower.
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packehorſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloud, then his or thine.
Glo, In all which time, you aud your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you Ws not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your minds, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Ma. A murtherous uillaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

30 Was not.

Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar . Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogither ioy leſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee go:
A husband, and a ſonne thou oweſt to me.
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

22 sharing that 35 sight?

His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounſt againſt thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the fouleſt deede to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northunberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heuen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdoms loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King.
Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſonne, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outliue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloudie daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Q. M. And leaue out the ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt hear me

12 And turn you all your hatred now on me?
28 in thy rights, as

If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou lothed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.
Glo. Margaret.
Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu. M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that bottled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:

32 poisonous.

O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace Maſter Marques, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarſe currant:
O that your yong nobilitie could iudge,
What twere to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell mary, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dor. It toucheth you (my Lo:) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more. but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu. M. And turnes the ſun to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſon, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenes foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aieries neſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand
In ſigne of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the aire.
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,

This portion is from
the 1598 ed

His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their marks on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell:
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Ryu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hoat to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Ryu. A vertuous and a Chriſtianlike concluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcathe to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſde,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Cateſ. Madam his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt man. Ri.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and firſt began to braule
The ſecret miſchiefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
I doe beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Name-

Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene and her allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuengde on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie,
With old odde ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell:
But ſoft, here comes my executioners. *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardie ſtout reſolued mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this deed?
Execu. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place;
But ſirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withall, obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps,
May, moue your harts to pitty if you marke him.
Exec. Tuſh feare not my Lo: we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Gl. Your eies drop milſtones when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your buſines. *Exeunt.*
Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.
Brok. Why lookes your grace ſo heauily to day?
Clar. Oh I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames,
That as I am a chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Brok. What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glocester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,
Vpon

This portion is from
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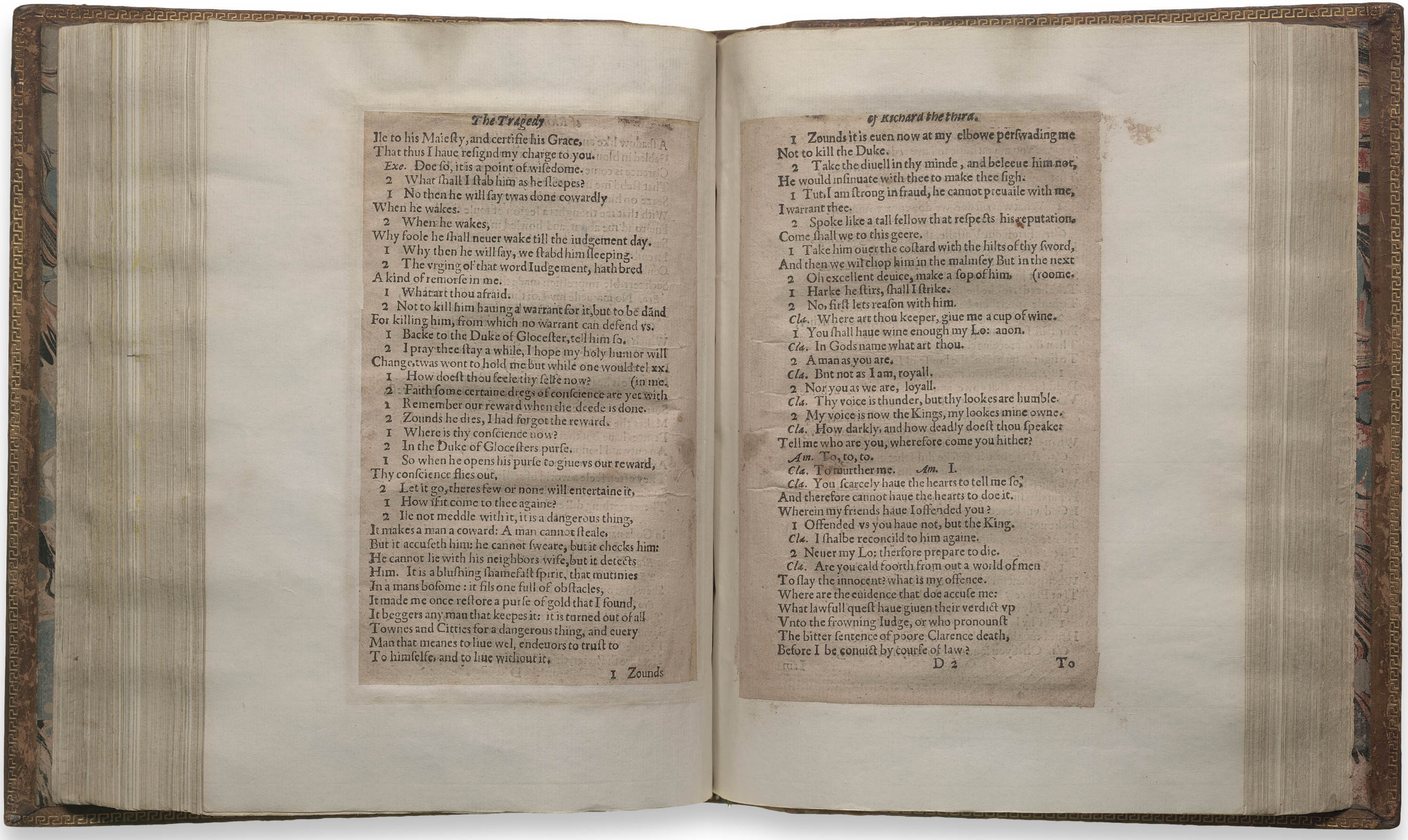
Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaſter:
That had befallen vs, as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Gloceſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of waters in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wracks,
Ten thouſand men, that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which woed the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Brok. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Clar. Methought I had, for ſtill the enuious floud
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To ſeeke the emptie vaſt and wandering aire,
But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agony.
Cla. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt me thought the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd what ſcourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy affoord falſe Clarence,
And ſo he vaniſht, then came wandring by,

A ſhadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſquakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenbury I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.
Bro. I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good reſt,
Sorrowe breake ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toile,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murtherers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Execu. I would ſpeake with Clarence, and I came hither
Bro. Yea, are you ſo briefe. (on my legs.
2 Exe. O ſir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commiſſion, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I wilbe guiltles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe,

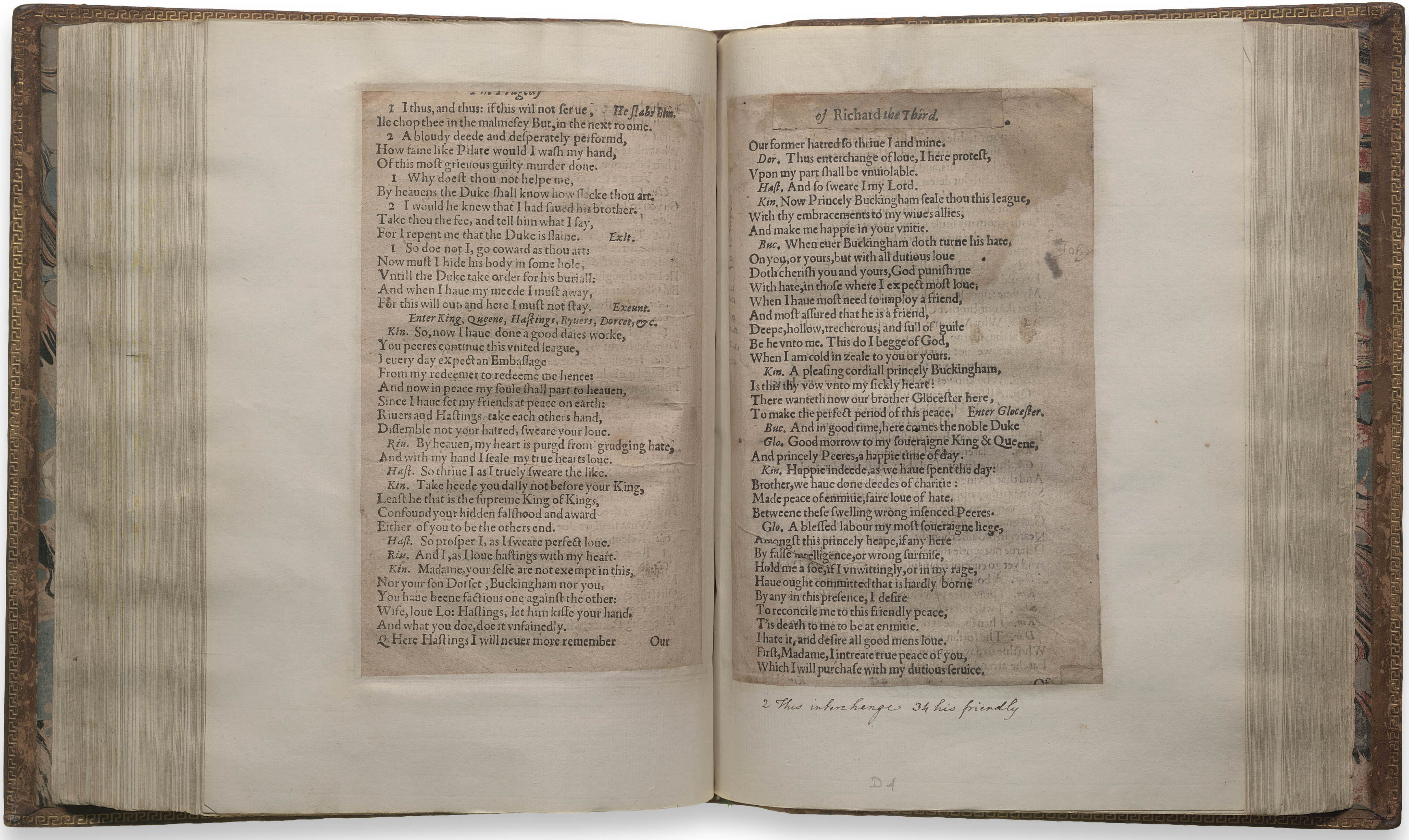


Ile to his Maieſty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my charge to you.
Exe. Doe ſo, it is a point of wiſedome.
2 What ſhall I ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1 No then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will ſay, we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorſe in me.
1 What art thou afraid.
2 Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be dãnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloceſter, tell him ſo.
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me.
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with
1 Remember our reward when the deede is done.
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloceſters purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out,
2 Let it go, theres few or none will entertaine it,
1 How if it come to thee againe?
2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward: A man cannot ſteale,
But it accuſeth him: he cannot ſweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects
Him. It is a bluſhing ſhamefaſt ſpirit, that mutinies
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turned out of all
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue wel, endeuors to truſt to
To himſelfe, and to liue without it,

1 Zounds it is euen now at my elbowe perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigh.
1 Tut, I am ſtrong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation.
Come ſhall we to this geere.
1 Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilts of thy ſword,
And then we wil chop him in the malmſey But in the next
2 Oh excellent deuice, make a ſop of him. (roome.
1 Harke he ſtirs, ſhall I ſtrike.
2 No, firſt lets reaſon with him.
Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You ſhall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou.
2 A man as you are.
Cla. Bnt not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doeſt thou ſpeake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me. *Am.* I.
Cla. You ſcarcely haue the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I ſhalbe reconcild to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therfore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you cald foorth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? what is my offence.
Where are the euidence that doe accuſe me:
What lawfull queſt haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounſt
The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of law?

To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Chriſts deare bloud ſhed for our grieuous ſinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
  1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command.
  2 And he that hath commanded, is the King.
  Clar. Erronious Vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath on the tables of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
  2 And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too:
Thou didſt receiue the holy ſacrament,
To fight in quarell of the houſe of Lancaſter.
  1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripſt the bowels of thy ſoueraignes ſonne.
  2 Whom thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.
  1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?
  Cla. Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
Why ſirs, he ſends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this ſinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawleſſe courſe,
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.
  1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was ſtroke dead by thee?
  Cla. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
  1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
  Cla. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for meede, go backe againe,
And I will ſend you to my brother Gloceſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
  2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloceſter hates you.
  Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
  Am. I, ſo we will.
  Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Bleſt his three ſonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his ſoule, to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendſhip.
Bid Gloceſter thinke of this, and he will weepe.
  Am. I, milſtones as he leſſond vs to weepe.
  Cla. O doe not ſlaunder him for he is kind.
  1 Right as ſnow in harueſt, thou deceiu'ſt thy ſelfe,
Tis he hath ſent vs hither now to ſlaughter thee.
  Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
  2 Why ſo he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioies of heauen,
  1 Makes peace with God, for you muſt die my Lo:
  Cla. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoule,
To counſell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne ſoule ſo blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdring me?
Ah ſirs, conſider, he that ſet you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.
  2 What ſhall we doe?
  Cla. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules.
  1 Relent, tis cowardly and womaniſh.
  Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diueliſh,
My friend, I ſpie ſome pitty in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?



1 I thus, and thus: if this wil not ſerue, *He ſtabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmeſey But, in the next roome.
2 A bloudy deede and deſperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I waſh my hand,
Of this moſt grieuous guilty murder done.
1 Why doeſt thou not helpe me,
By heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had ſaued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I muſt away,
For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good daies worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue.
Haſt. So thriue I as I truely ſweare the like.
Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſon Dorſet, Buckingham nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Q. Here Haſtings I will neuer more remember

Our

Our former hatred ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now Princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart!
There wanteth now our brother Glocester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace, *Enter Glocester.*
Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King & Queene,
And princely Peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeede, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate.
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſenced Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour my moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to this friendly peace,
T'is death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
First, Madame, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.

Of

2 Thus interchange 34 his friendly

Of you my noble coosen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lo. Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this.
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his corſe.
Riu. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buck. Looke I ſo paile Lo. Dorſet as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lo. and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But he (poore ſoule by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*
Dar. A boone (my ſoueraine) for my ſeruice done.
Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.
Dar. The forfait ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Latelie attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

20 pale 25 wingled

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who tolde me in the field by Teuxbery,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numbcold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defaſte
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I vngratious ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings help me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence,
Glo. This is the fruit of raſhnes: markt you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy. (breaſt,
Boy. Why doe you wring your hands, and beate your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
Gerl, Why doe you looke on vs and ſhake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prety Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I doe lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, not your fathers death:
It were loſt labour, to weepe for one thats loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vnckle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daily praiers, all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you wel,
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Gloceſter
Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuiſd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he tould me ſo, he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my checke,
And bad me rely on him as in my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his child.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous viſard hide foule guile:
He is my ſonne, yea, and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did diſſemble Granam?
Dut. I boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noiſe is this. *Enter the*
Qu. Oh who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe? *Quee.*
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioine with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſoule,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.
Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience.
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence:

Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwiftwinged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt,
Dut. Ah ſomuch intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.
Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.
Ambo Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What ſtay had I but Edward, and he is gone?
Am. What ſtay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
Dut. What ſtaies had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had ſo deare a loſſe.

Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer loſſe.
Du. Was neuer mother had a dearer loſſe:
Alas I am the mother of theſe mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and ſo doe I:
I for a Clarence weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for Clarence weepe, and ſo doe I:
I for an Edward weepe, ſo doe not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold diſtreſt,
Poure all your teares, I am your ſorrowes nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocest.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cauſe, *with others.*
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your bleſsing.
Du. God bleſſe thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mothers bleſsing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-ſorrowing peeres
That beare this mutuall heauy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſonne:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hearts,
But lately ſplinterd, knit, and ioynd etogether,
Muſt gently be preſeru'd, cheriſht and kept,
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine,
Who they ſhalbe that ſtraight ſhall poſt to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your cenſures in this waighty buſines,
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt man, Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My Lord who euer iourneies to the Prince,
For Gods ſake let not vs two ſtay behinde:
For by the way Ile ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory we late talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
Glo. My other ſelfe, my counſels conſiſtory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Coſen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not ſtay behinde.
Enter two Cittizens.
1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away ſo faſt?
2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarcely know my ſelfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, ſeldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublous world. *Ent. ano-*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours. *ther Citt.*
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then maſters looke to ſee a troublous world
1 No no, by Gods good grace his ſonne ſhall raigne.
3 Woe to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernement,
That in his nonage counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himſelfe,
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So ſtoode the ſtate when Harry the ſixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.
3 Stoode the ſtate ſo? no good my friend not ſo,
For then this land was famouſly enricht
With pollitike graue counſell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who ſhall be neereſt:
Will touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloceſter,
And the Queenes kindred hauty and proud,

And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.
2 Come come, we feare the worſt, all ſhalbe well.
3 When cloudes appeare, wiſe men put on their clokes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the ſunne ſets, who doth not looke for night:
Vntimely ſtormes, make men expect a darth:
All may be well: but if God ſort it ſo,
Tis more then we deſerue or I expect.
1 Truely the ſoules of men are full of dread:
Yee cannot almoſt reaſon with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change ſtill is it ſo:
By a diuine inſtinct mens mindes miſtruſt
Enſuing dangers, as by proofe we ſee.
The waters ſwell before a boiſtrous ſtorme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are ſent for to the Iuſtice.
3 And ſo was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.
Car. Laſt night I heare they lay at Northhampton,
At Stoniſtratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince,
I hope he is much growen ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
Hath almoſt ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it ſo.
Dut. Why my young Coſen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My Vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Nnckle Gloceſter,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And ſince me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt:
Becauſe ſweete flowers are ſlow, and weedes make haſte.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee:
He was the wretchedſt thing when he was young,

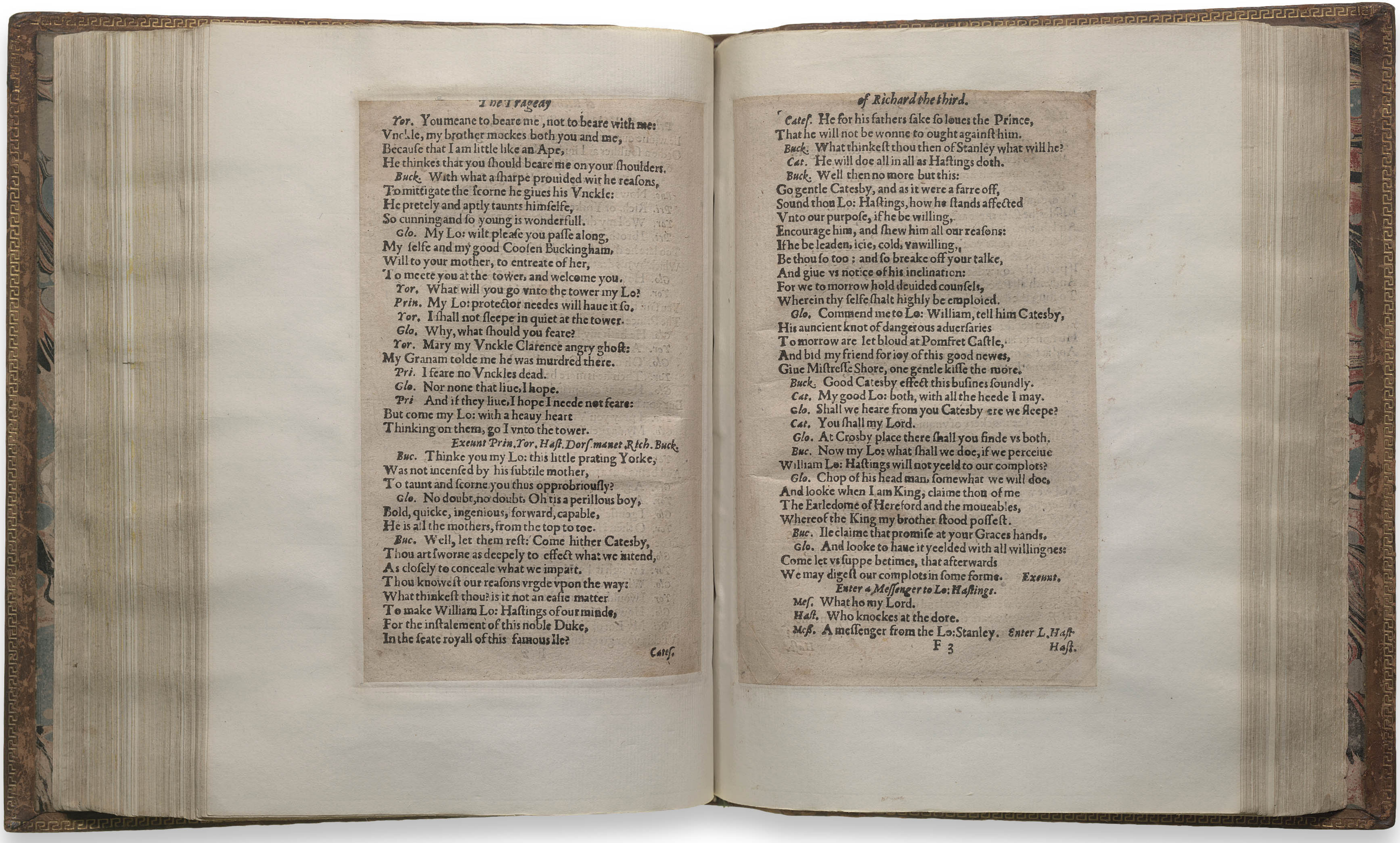
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That if this were a true rule, he ſhould be gratious.
Car. Why Madame, ſo no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope ſo too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prety Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Mary they ſay, my Vnckle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres olde:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue heene a biting ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee prety Yorke who tolde thee ſo.
Yor. Granam his nurſe.
Dut. His nurſe: why ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who tolde me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too ſhrewde.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorſet.*
Car. Here comes your ſonne, Lo: M. Dorſet.
What newes Lo: Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfolde.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is thy newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are ſent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mighty Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence.
Dor. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſed:
Why, or for what, theſe nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowen to me my gratious Lady.
Qu. Ay me I ſee the downfall of our houſe,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Inſulting tyranny beginnes to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawleſſe throane:
Welcome deſtruction, death and maſſacre,

I ſee as in a mappe the ende of all.
Du. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt:
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated and domeſtike broiles,
Cleane ouerblowne themſelues, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themſelues, bloud againſt bloud,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come come my boy, we will to ſanctuary.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the ſanctuary. *Exeunt.*
The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.
Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vnckle, but our croſſes on the way
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauy:
I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Pri. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they wer none.
Glo. My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo:M. God bleſſe your grace with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (*Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lo:
Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
Haue taken ſanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lo: Haſtings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of ſo deepe a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo:
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the groſſenes of this age.
You breake not ſanctuary in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerude the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

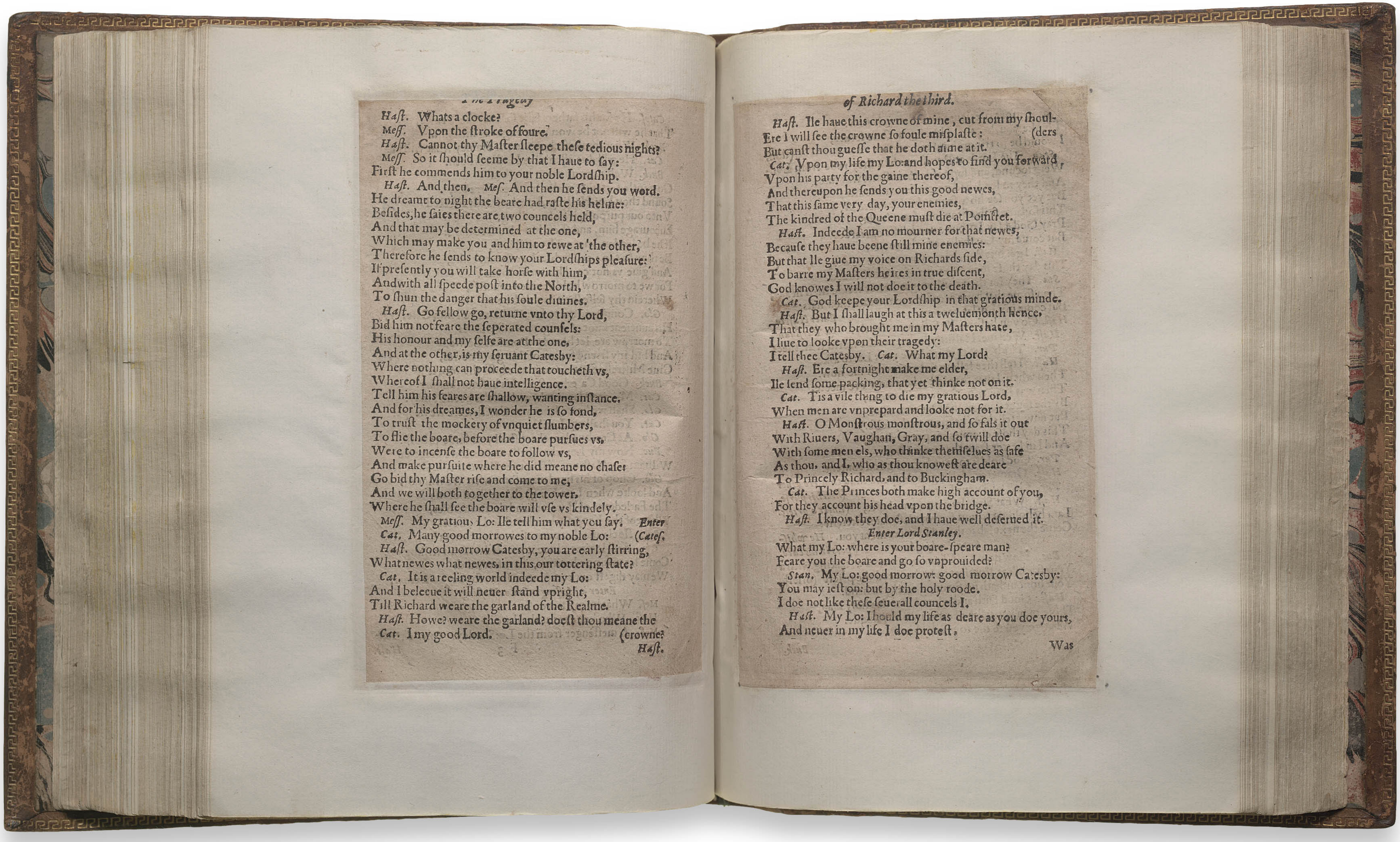
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of ſanctuary men,
But ſanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you ſhall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Haſtings will you go with me?
Haſt. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the ſpeedy haſt you may:
Say Vnckle Glocester, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our coronation?
Glo. Where it ſeemes beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may councell you, ſome day or two,
Your highnes ſhall repoſe you at the tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhalbe thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæſar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Succeſsiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Pri. But ſay my Lo: it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all poſterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay doe neuer liue long.
Pri. What ſay you Vnckle?
Glo. I ſay without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Ceſar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Coſen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a ſouldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short ſummers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: ſo muſt I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty.
Glo. How fares our Coſen noble Lo: of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You ſaid that idle weedes are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therfore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Coſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſeman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little Coſen, withall my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Coſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the ſword to it.
Glo. I gentle Coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too heauy for your Grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would, that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.



Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe,
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along,
My ſelfe and my good Cooſen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghoſt:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Pri And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare:
But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſ. manet, Rich. Buck.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them reſt: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter
To make William Lo: Haſtings of our minde,
For the inſtalement of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?

Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buck. What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Haſtings, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be emploied.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Miſtreſſe Shore, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this buſines ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what ſhall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Haſtings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, ſomewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs ſuppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*
Enter a Meſſenger to Lo: Haſtings.
Meſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes at the dore.
Meſ. A meſſenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L. Haſt.*



Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy Maſter ſleepe theſe tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
Andwith all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeperated counſels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy Maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindely.
Meſſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: *(Cateſ.*
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Howe? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (crowne?
Haſt.

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: (ders
But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my Maſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gratious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a tweluemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my Maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O Monſtrous monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and ſo twill doe
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knoweſt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the boare and go ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,

Was

Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure;
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-(don,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day ouercaſt,
This ſodaine ſcab of rancour I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needeleſſe coward:
But come my Lo: ſhall we to the tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes,
This day thoſe men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Haſtin.*
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow preſently. (*a Purſuant.*
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your Lo: to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.
Then when I met thee laſt where now vve meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe.)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings hold ſpend thou that, *He giues*
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. (*him his purſe.*
Haſt. What Sir Iohn, you are wel met, (*Enter a prieſt.*
I am beholding to you for your laſt daies exerciſe:
Come the next ſabaoth and I will content you. *He whiſ-*
Enter Buckingham. (*pers in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the prieſt (prieſt,
Your honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck. I doe, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buck. And ſupper too, although thou knoweſt it not:
Come ſhall we go along? *Exeunt.*
Enter Sir Rickard Ratliffe, with the Lo: Riuers,
Gray, and Vaughan priſoners.
Ratl. Come bring foorth the priſoners.
Ryu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudſuckers.
Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret, Oh thou bloudy priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble peeres.
Within the guilty cloſure of thy wals
Richatd the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads:
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne.
Riu. Then curſt ſhe Haſtings, then curſt ſhe Bucking-
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God, (ham:
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Come come diſpatch, the limit of your linea is out.
Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Lords to Councell.
Haſt. My Lords at once the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ryu. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happy time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?

Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke.
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know
Buc. Who I my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Haſtings you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation:
I haue not ſounded him nor he deliuerd
His Graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ile giue my voice,
Which I preſume he will take in Gentle part.
Biſh. Now in good time here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Coſens all, good morrow, *(Ent. Glo.*
I haue beene long a ſleeper, but I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue been concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L: Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lo: Haſtings no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
Haſt. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My Lo: of Elie. *Biſh.* My Lo:
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne:
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.
Biſh. I go my Lord.
Glo. Coſen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſines,
And findes the teſty Gentleman ſo hoat,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His Maſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the roialty of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: Ile follow you. *Ex Gl.*
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſodaine:

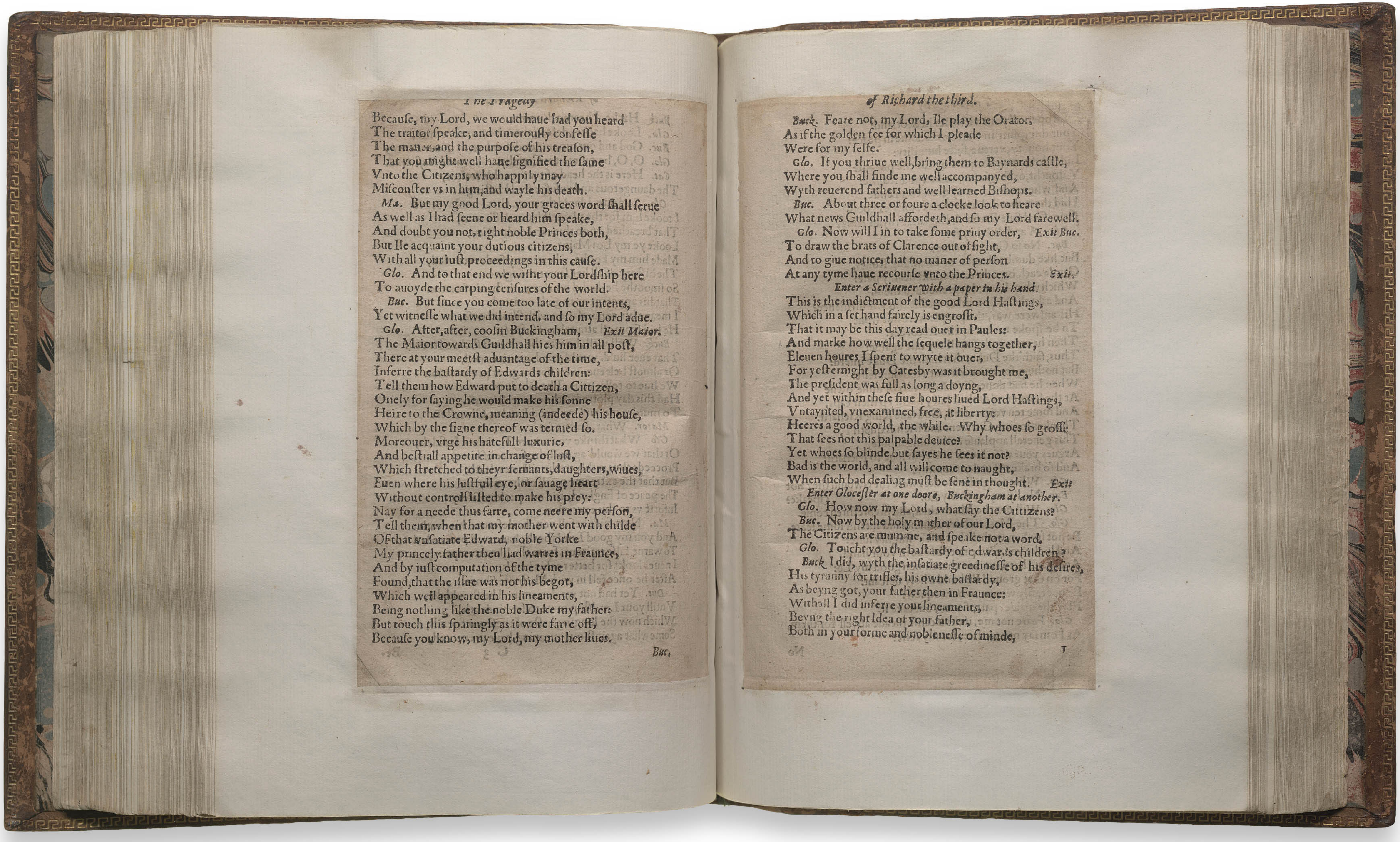
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided, *Enter B.*
As els I would be, were the day prolonged. *of Ely.*
By. Where is my L. protector, I haue ſent for theſe ſtrawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day, (ries.
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his lookes.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deſerue,
That doe conſpire my death with diueliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord.
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lo: they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eies the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore.
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes: thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done,
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt. manet*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Cat. with Ha.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

But I diſda'nd it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the tower,
As loath to beare me to the ſlaughterhouſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heauy curſe,
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who buildes his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me that ſhortly ſhalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Glocester and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come Coſen, canſt thou quake and change thy co-
Murther thy breath in middle of a word, (lour?
And then beginne againe, and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Maior,
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you,
Glo, Catesby ouerlooke the wals.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Haſt. head.*
Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnſuſpected Haſtings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe man,
That breathed vpon this earth a chriſtian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my ſoule recorded,
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
So ſmoothe he daubd his vice with ſhew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuerſation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of ſuſpect.
Buck. Well well, he was the couertſt ſheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almoſt beleeue, wert not by great preſeruation
We liue to tell it you? The ſubtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell houſe,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
Maior. What, had he ſo?
Glo. What thinke you we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would againſt the forme of lawe,
Proceede thus raſhly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſons ſafety
Inforſt vs to this execution.
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deſerued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne falſe traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe Shore.
Dut. Yet had not we determined he ſhould die,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his death,
Which now the longing haſte of theſe our friends,
Somewhat againſt our meaning haue preuented,



Because, my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor ſpeake, and timerouſly confeſſe
The maner, and the purpoſe of his treaſon,
That you might well haue ſignified the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. But my good Lord, your graces word ſhall ſerue
As well as I had ſeene or heard him ſpeake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your iuſt proceedings in this cauſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſht your Lordſhip here
To auoyde the carping cenſures of the world.
Buc. But ſince you come too late of our intents,
Yet witneſſe what we did intend, and ſo my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, cooſin Buckingham, *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt,
There at your meetſt aduantage of the time,
Inferre the baſtardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
Onely for ſaying he would make his ſonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his houſe,
Which by the ſigne thereof was termed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beſtiall appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretched to theyr ſeruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his luſtfull eye, or ſauage heart
Without controll liſted to make his prey:
Nay for a neede thus farre, come neere my perſon,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnſatiate Edward, noble Yorke
My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
And by iuſt computation of the tyme
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this ſparingly as it were farre off,
Becauſe you know, my Lord, my mother liues.

Buc,

Buck. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my ſelfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanyed,
Wyth reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke look to heare
What news Guildhall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuy order, *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of perſon
At any tyme haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is engroſſt,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the ſequele hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to wryte it ouer,
For yeſternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a doyng,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued Lord Haſtings,
Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Heeres a good world, the while. Why whoes ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet whoes ſo blinde but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſene in thought. *Exit*

Enter Glocester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what ſay the Cittizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of Edwards children?
Buck. I did, wyth the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles, his owne baſtardy,
As beyng got, your father then in Fraunce:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and nobleneſſe of minde,

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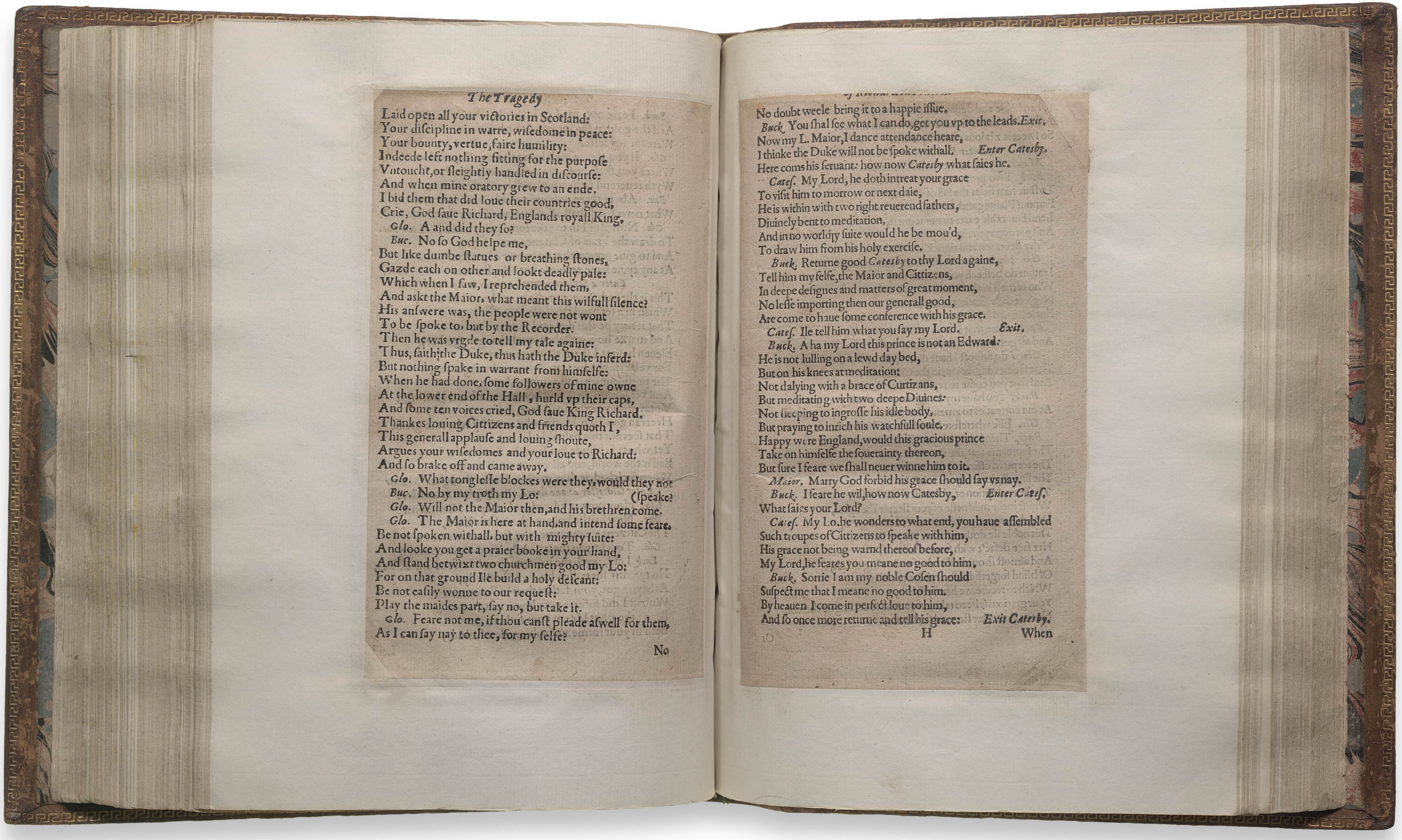


Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your diſcipline in warre, wiſedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Vntoucht, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe:
And when mine oratory grew to an ende.
I bid them that did loue their countries good,
Crie, God ſaue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A and did they ſo?
Buc. No ſo God helpe me,
But like dumbe ſtatues or breathing ſtones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwere was, the people were not wont
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing ſpake in warrant from himſelfe:
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their caps,
And ſome ten voices cried, God ſaue King Richard.
Thankes louing Cittizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applauſe and louing ſhoute,
Argues your wiſedomes and your loue to Richard:
And ſo brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongleſſe blockes were they, would they not (ſpeake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lo:
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend ſome feare,
Be not ſpoken withall, but with mighty ſuite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And ſtand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:
Be not eaſily wonne to our requeſt:
Play the maides part, ſay no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade aſwell for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee, for my ſelfe?

No doubt weele bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buck You ſhal ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Exit.*
Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance heare,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here coms his ſeruant: how now *Catesby* what ſaies he.
Cateſ. My Lord, he doth intreat your grace
To viſit him to morrow or next daie,
He is within with two right reuerend fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſuite would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buck. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cateſ. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buck. A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſouerainty thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Buck. I feare he wil, how now Catesby, *Enter Cateſ.*
What ſaies your Lord?
Cateſ. My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Cittizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorrie I am my noble Coſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*

When hollie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. with two biſhops a loſte.

Maior. See where he ſtands between two clergie men.
Buck. Two props of vertue for a chriſtian Prince,
To ſtaie him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantaganet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauorable eares to our requeſt,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleaſure?
Buck. Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned ile.
Glo. I do ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgracious in the Citties eies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance,
Buck. You haue my Lord, would it pleaſe your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buck. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The ſupreame ſeat, the throne maieſticall,
The ſceptred office of your aunceſtors,
The lineall glorie of your roiall houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whilſt in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily ſolicit,
Your gratious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraingtie thereof,
Not as Protector ſteward ſubſtitute,

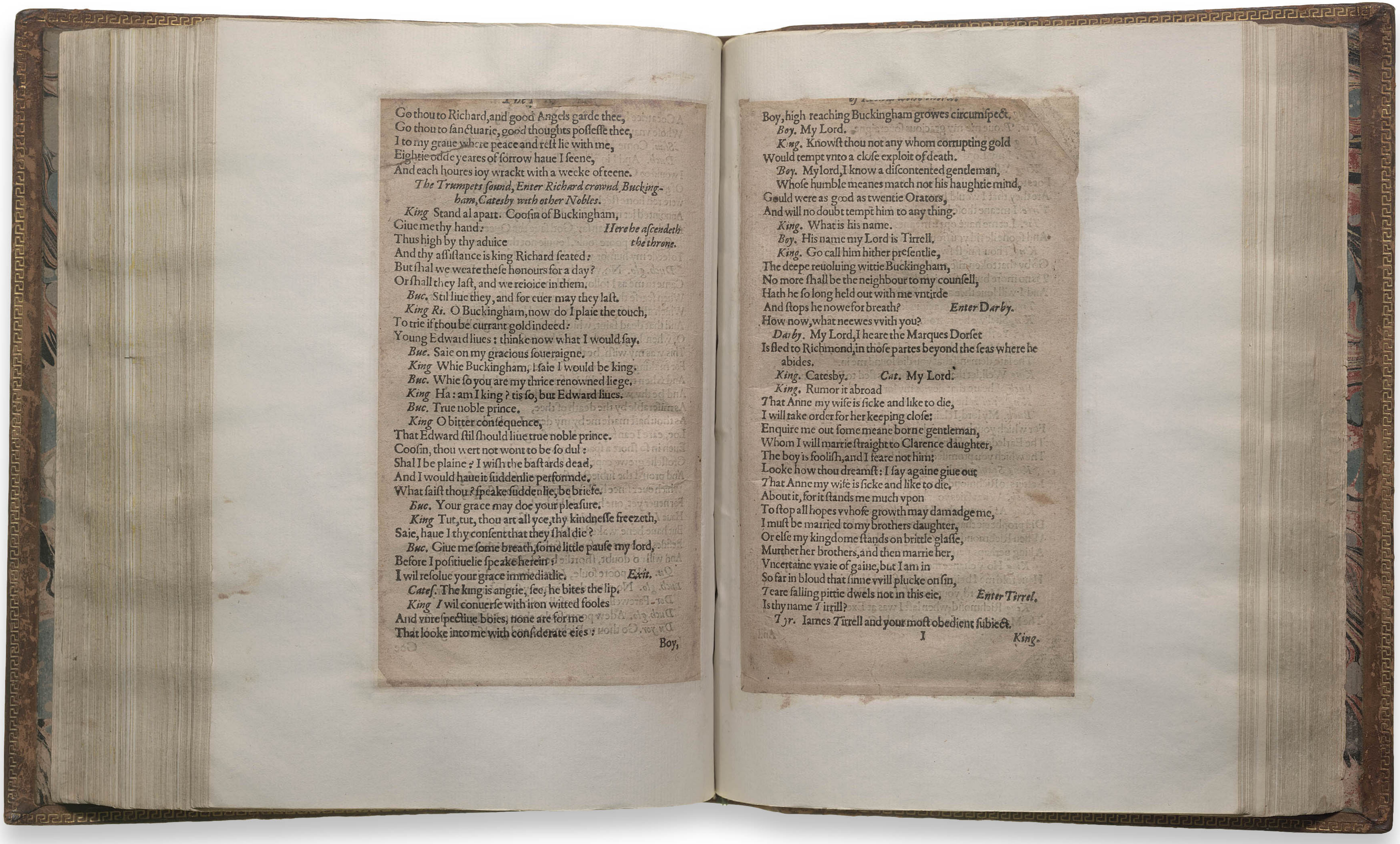
Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine:
But as ſucceſſiuelie from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens
Your verie worſhipfull and louing frinds,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſuite come I to moue your grace.
Glo. I know not whether to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterlie to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thanks, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunes your high requeſt,
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut awaie,
And that my path were euen to the crown,
As my ripe reuenew and dew by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouerty of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie ſmotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeat of maieſtie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtars,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered:
You ſaie that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſaie we to, but not by Edwards wiſe,
For firſt he was contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witneſſe to that vowe,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betrothed

To *Bona* ſiſter to the king of Fraunce,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner
A care-crazd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
Cateſ. O make them ioifull, grant their lawful ſuite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape theſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſuite or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Cateſ. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their ſuite
Ano. Doe, good my lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreates,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Cooſin of Buckingham, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke ſcandale or ſoule-fac't reproch
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance mee
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
Mayor. God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.
Mayor. Amen.
Buck. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd.
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewel good cooſine, farwel gentle friends. *Exeunt.*
Enter Quee. mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet, at one doore, Ducheſſe of Glocest. at another doore.
Duch. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Siſter well met, whether awaie ſo faſt?
Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I gheſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter al togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

I may not ſuffer you to viſite him,
The King hath ſtraightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The King? whie, whoſe that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he ſet boundes betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
Du.yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will ſee them.
Duch.glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart,
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorſet ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwiſe delaie:
Duch. yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,
A Coca-

A Cocatrice haſt thou hatch to the world,
Whoſe vnauoided eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſt was ſent.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge,
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadlie poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Duch.glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarſe the bloud was well waſht from his handes,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo olde a widow,
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo madde,
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, eare I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans hart,
Groſſelie grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
And prou'd the ſubiecte of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue *I* enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, ſhortlie be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Duch. glo. No more then from my ſoule *I* mourne for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Duch.glo. Adew poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du.yor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.
Goe



Go thou to Richard,and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crownd, Bucking-ham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King Stand al apart. Coofin of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is king Richard ſeated:
But ſhal we weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioice in them.
Buc. Stil liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would ſay.
Bue. Saie on my gracious ſoueraigne.
King Whie Buckingham, I ſaie I would be king.
Buc. Whie ſo you are my thrice renowned liege.
King Ha: am I king? tis ſo, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble prince.
King O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtil ſhould liue true noble prince.
Cooſin, thou wert not wont to be ſo dul:
Shal I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenlie performde.
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenlie, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleaſure.
King Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Saie, haue I thy conſent that they ſhal die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my lord,
Before I poſitiuelie ſpeake herein:
I wil reſolue your grace immediatlie. *Exit.*
Cateſ. The king is angrie, ſee, he bites the lip.
King I wil conuerſe with iron witted fooles
And vnreſpectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumſpect.
Boy. My Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My lord, I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie mind,
Gould were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name.
Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.
King. Go call him hither preſentlie,
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde
And ſtops he nowe for breath? *Enter Darby.*
How now, what neewes vvith you?
Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorſet
Is fled to Richmond, in thoſe partes beyond the ſeas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe:
Enquire me out ſome meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie ſtraight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamſt: I ſay againe giue out
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon
To ſtop all hopes vvhoſe growth may damadge me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or elſe my kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſſe,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud that ſinne vvill plucke on ſin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eie. *Enter Tirrel.*
Is thy name Tirrill?
Tyr. Iames Tirrell and your moſt obedient ſubiect.

I

King.

King Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious ſoueraigne,
King Darſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.
King Why there thou haſt it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel I meane thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone ile rid you from the feare of them.
King Thou ſingſt ſweet muſicke. Come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *he wiſpers in his eare.*
Tis no more but ſo, ſaie is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shal we heare from thee *Tirrel* ere we ſleep? *Enter Buc.*
Tir. Ye ſhall my lord,
Buck. My lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demand that you did ſound me in.
King Well, let that paſſe, Dorſet is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I heare that newes my lord.
King *Stanley* he is your wifes ſonnes. Wel looke to it.
Buck. My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promiſe,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe.
King *Stanley* looke to your wife, if ſhe conuay
Letters to Richmond you ſhall anſwere it.
Buck. What ſaies your highnes to my iuſt demand.
King As I remember, Henrie the ſixt
Did prophecie that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy:
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.
King Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curteſie ſhowd me the Caſtle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buck. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promiſd me.
King. Wel, but whats a clocke?
Buck. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buck. Whie let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buck. Whie then reſolue me whether you wil or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
Buck. Is it euen ſo, rewardſt he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made *I* him king for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings* and be gone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tyr. The tyrranous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſuborne,
To do this ruthles peece of butcherie,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling on another,
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſummer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my mind,
But ô the Diuell their the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeake and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Richard.*
And here he comes, all haile my ſoueraigne leige.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes.
Tyr. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrell?*
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
But how or in what place I do not know.
Tir. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrel.*
Farewel til ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrâhams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad that thou comſt in ſo bluntly?
Cateſ. Bad newes my lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitour to dull delaie,
Delaie leades impotent and ſnaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing,

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king:
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be brieſe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe to,
And wil to Fraunce, hoping the conſequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houer about me with your aierie winges,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſaie that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Quee. Wilt thou, O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe when ſuch a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortal liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawful earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt aſwel affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholie ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath anie cauſe to mourne but I!
Duch. So manie miſeries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied toong is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, whie art thou dead?
Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie,

And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admitte ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an *E*dward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
  Duch. *I* had a Richard to, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a Rutland to, thou hopſt to kill him.
  Qu.Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How doe *I* thanke thee, that this carnal curre,
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pueſellow with others mone.
  Duch. O, Harries wifes triumph not in my woes,
God witnes with me, I haue wept for thine.
  Qu.Mar. Beare with me, *I* am hungrie for reuenge,
And now *I* cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quitte my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reſerued their factor to buie ſoules,
And ſend them thether, but at hand at handes,
enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, ſaintes praie,
To haue him ſuddenly conueied away.

Cancell

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead.
  Qu. O thou didſt prophecie the time would come,
That *I* ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe,
That botteld ſpider, that foule bunch-backt toade.
  Qu Mar. *I* cald thee then, vaine flooriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what *I* was,
The flattering *I*ndex of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two ſweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euerie dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt onelie to fill the ſceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioye?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happie wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow,
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitiue crownd with care,
For one being ſued to, one that humblie ſues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me,
*T*hus hath the courſe of iuſtice whe'eld about,
And left thee but, a verie praie to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
*T*o torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not,
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I ſlippe my wearie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
*T*heſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in France.

Qu. O

Qu. O thou wel skild in curſes, ſtaie a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the nights, and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, wil teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine.
Q. Mar. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why ſhould calamitie be ful of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie atturnies to your Client woes,
A erie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Duch. *If* ſo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſons ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.

King Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From al the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tel me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike *I* ſaie. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or

Or with the clamorus report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my ſon?
King. I, *I* thanke God, my father and your ſelfe,
Du. Then patiently here my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeach.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Du. Art thou ſo haſtie *I* haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie,
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Du. No by the holie roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoele-daies frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed proud, ſubtile, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breake faſt once forth of my companie,
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me ſpeake for I ſhal neuer ſee thee more.
King. Come, come, you art too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Eeare from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauy curſe,
Which in the daie of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of Edwards children,
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victorie,
K b'

Bloudie thou art, bloudie wil be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſaie Amen to all.
King. Staie Maddam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no moe ſonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They ſhalbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her maners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe as falſe to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnskard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of roiall bloud.
Qu. To ſaue her life, ile ſaie ſhe is not ſo.
King Her life is onlie ſafeſt in hir birth.
Qu. And onlie in that ſafetie died her brothers.
King Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.
King All vnauoided is the doome of deſtinie,
Qu. True when auoided grace makes deſtinie,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
King Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile (armes
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with rhe face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good,
King The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie.
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor?

Canſt

Canſt thou demiſe to anie child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie ſoule,
Thou drown the ſadd remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindnes,
Laſt longer telling then thy kindnes doe.
King. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou loue her brothers,
And from my harts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Saie then, who doſt thou meane ſhal be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who ſhould be elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King I euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?
Qu. How canſt thou wooe her?
King That would I learne of you.
As one that are beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?
King Madam with al my hart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie ſhe wil weepe,
Therefore preſent to her as ſometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher ſteept in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtorie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madſt awaie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Riuers, yea, and for her ſake
Madſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie

To

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other waie
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.
King Saie that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.
King Saie ſhe ſhalbe a high and mightie Queene,
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King Saie I wil loue her euerlaſtinglie.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt.
King Sweetlie inforce vnto her faire lyues end.
Qu. But how long farely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King Saie I her ſoueraign am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraintie.
King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainlie told.
King Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is to harſh a ſtile.
King Madame your reaſons are too ſhallow & too quicke
Qu. O no my reaſons are to deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
King Harpe not one that ſtring Madam that is paſt.
Qu. Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I till hartſtriugs breake.
King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
Qu. Prophand, diſhonerd, and the third vſurped.
King I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand hath loſt his holie honor,
The Garter blemiſht pawnd his knightlie vertue,
The crown vſurpt diſgrac't his kinglie dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
King Now by the world.
Qu. Tis ful of thy foule wrongs.

King. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Whie, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all,
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now, two tender plaie-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe, haue manie teares to waſh,
Hereafter time, for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughterd,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt,
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Daye yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
Immaculate deuocion, holie thoughtes,
I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her conſiſtes my happines and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her ſelfe, and manie a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auoided but by this,

It will not be auoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by desertes, but what I will deſerue,
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not pieuiſh, fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall *I* be tempted of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance, wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie they ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happie mother by the deede,
Qu. I goe, write to me verie ſhortlie.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, farewell. *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Cateſbie, where is hee?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, poſt thou to Salisburie,
When thou comſt there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Whie ſtandſt thou ſtill? and goeſt not to the Duke.
Cat. Firſt mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I ſhall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Cateſbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſentlie at Salisburie.

Rat.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleaſure, I ſhall do at Salisbu
King. Whie? what wouldſt thou doe there before I goe? (ry,
Rat. Your highnes told me I ſhould poſt before.
King. My mind is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:
Why doeſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou maiſt tell thy tale a neerer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire emptie? is the ſword vnſwaied?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire,?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welſhman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,
Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar, No my good Lord, my friendes are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their Soueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie ſoueraigne.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,

Ile mu-

Ile muſter vp my friendes and meete your grace,
Where,and what time, your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I,I,thou wouldeſt be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was,nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well,go muſter men, but heare you,leaue behinde,
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as *I* proue true to you.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My gracious Soueraigne,now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friendes am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney,and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exceter, his brother there,
With manie mo confederates, are in armes.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Liege,in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euerie houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide,and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord,the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles,nothing but ſongs off death.
*T*ake that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your grace miſtakes, the newes *I* bring is good,
My newes is that by ſudden floud, and fall of water,
*T*he Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled,no man knowes whether.
King. O I crie you mercie,I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewardes for him that brings in Buckingham.
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir *T*homas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my liege,are vp in armes,
Yet

Yet this good comfort bring I to,your grace,
The Brittaine nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him,they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie, he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſale,and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on,march on,ſince we are vp in armes,
*I*f not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, theſe rebels here at home.
Enter Cateſbie.
Cat. My liege,the Duke of Buckingham is taken.
Thats the beſt newes, that the *E*arle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they muſt be told.
King. Away towardes Salisburie,while we reaſon here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loſt.
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought,
To Salisburie,the reſt march on with me. *Exeunt.*
Entee Darbie, Sir Chriſtopher.
Dar. Sir Chriſtapher,tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie bore,
My ſonne George Stanlie is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt,off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that,with holdes my preſent aide,
But tell me,where is princelie Richmond now?
Chriſt. At Pembroke,or at Harford-weſt in Wales.
Dar. What men of name reſort to him.
S.Chriſt. Sir Walter Herbert,a renowned ſouldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot,Sir William Stanlie,
Oxford,redoubted Pembroke,Sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towardes London they doe bend their courſe,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.
Dar. Retourne vnto thy Lord,commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartelie conſented,
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter,

These letters will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me ſpeake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings,and Edwards children,Riuers,Gray,
Holie king Henrie,and thy faire ſonne Edward,
Vaughan,and all that haue miſcarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniuſtice,
If that your moodie diſcontented ſoules,
Doe through the cloudes, behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my deſtruction.
This is Alſoules day fellowes,is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buck. Whie then Alſoules day,is my bodies domeſday:
This is the day,that in king Edwards time,
I wiſht might fall on me,when I was found,
Falſe to his children,or his wiues allies:
This is the day,wherein I wiſht to fall,
By the falſe faith,of him I truſted moſt:
This, this Alſoules day, to my fearefull ſoule,
Is the determind reſpit of my wrongs:
That high al-ſeer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt what *I* begd in ieſt.
Thus doeth he force the ſwordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Maiſters boſome:
Now Margarets curſe, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth ſhe,ſhall ſplit thy hart with ſorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Propheteſſe,
Come ſirs,conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong,and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my moſt louing friendes,
Bruiſd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment,
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines of faire comfort,and incouragement,
The wretched,bloudie,and vſurping bore,
That ſpoild your ſomer-fieldes,and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like waſh,and makes his trough,
In your inboweld boſomes, this foule ſwine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leyceſter as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerelie on, couragious friendes,
To reape the harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of ſharpe warre.
1 *Lo.* Euerie mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwordes,
To fight againſt that bloudie homicide.
2 *Lo.* I doubt not but his friendes will flie to vs,
3 *Lo.* He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for feare,
Which in his greateſt neede will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exit.*

Enter King Richard,Norffolke,Ratcliffe,
Cateſbie,with others.

King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Boſworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookſt thou ſo bad.
Cat, My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke,come hether.
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes,ha,muſt we not?
Norff. We muſt both giue,and take,my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there,here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well,all is one for that.
Who hath diſcried the number of the foe.
Norff. Sixe or ſeuen thouſand is their vtmoſt number.
King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Beſides,the Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want,
Vp with my tent there,valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline,make no delaie,

to morrow is a buſie day. *exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſonne hath made a golden ſete,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doeſt thou know.

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his coulers much,
Which well *I* am aſſur'd, *I* haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. *If* without perrill it be poſſible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needefull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe
Cateſbie, &c.

King. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time.

King. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What ? is my beuer eaſier then it was?,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat, It is my Liege, and all thinges are in readines.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. *I* goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a *Purſiuant* at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy Ratliffe.

Rat. My lord.

King. Sawſt thou the melancholie Lo. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army cheering vp the ſoldiors.

King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit, Ratliffe*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie ſet on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy perſon noble father in law,
Tel me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continuallie for Richmonds good,
So much for that the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earelie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortal ſtaring war,
I as I may, that which I would, *I* cannot,

With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aid thee in this doubful ſhocke of armes,
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewel, the leaſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundried friends ſhould dwel vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exunt.*
O thou whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie:
*P*ut in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
*T*hat they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
*T*o thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Eare *I* let fal the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill!
Enter the ghoſt of young Prince Edward, ſonne
Harry the ſixt, to Ri.
Ghoſt to Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *T*eukesburie, diſpaire therefore and die,
To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged ſoules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt to Ri. When *I* was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me diſpaire and die,
Harrie

Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and floriſh.
Enter the Ghoaſt af Clarence.
Ghoaſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou offſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and floriſh.
Enter the ghoaſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
King. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.
All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. boſome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.
Enter the ghoaſts of the two young Princes.
Ghoſt to *Ri.* Dreame on thy Coſens ſmothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy boſome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond ſleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie ſonnes do bid thee floriſh.
Enter the ghoaſt of Haſtings.
Ghoaſt. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Haſtings, diſpaite and die.
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands ſake.
Enter the Ghoaſt of Ladie Anne his wife.
Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife.

11 Lancester 20 Richards bosom. 21 Well
24 be lead

That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe and happie victorie,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire, diſpairing yeeld thy breath.
To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not diſmaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarteth vp out of a dreame.

K.Ri. Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Ieſu: ſoft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conſcience, how doeſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What do I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my ſelfe? great reaſon why?
Leaſt I reuenge. What my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe?
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my ſelfe haue done vnto my ſelfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my ſelfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well, foole do not flatter,
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a ſeuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

2 preturbations 17 Richmons 23 it is now dead
26 I and I

Periurie, periurie, in the higheſt degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyreſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no ſoule will pittie me:
And wherefore ſhould they, ſince that I my ſelfe,
Finde in my ſelfe, no pittie to my ſelfe.
Me thought the ſoules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

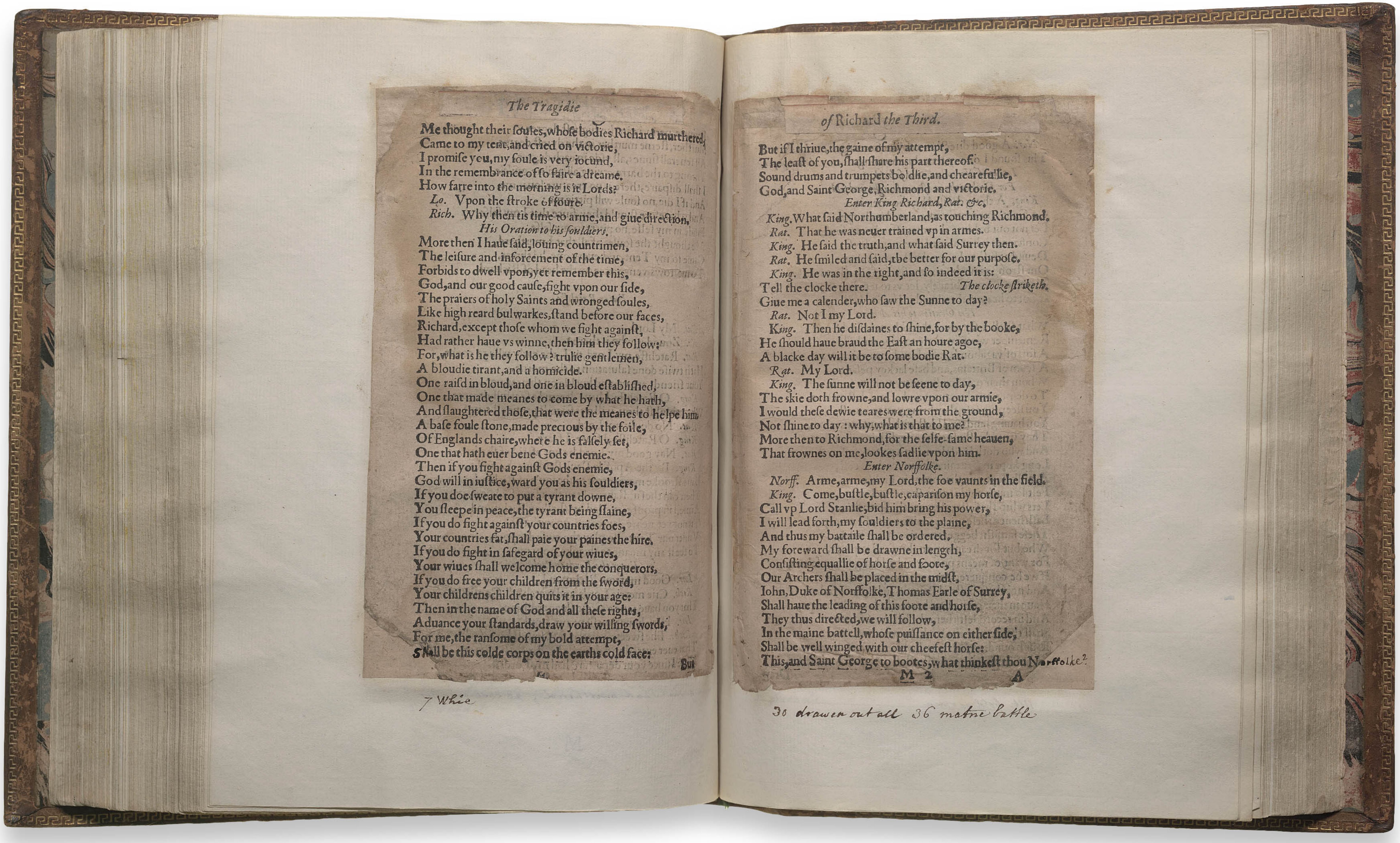
Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke,
Hath twiſe done ſalutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkſt thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadowes.
King. By the Apoſtle Paul, ſhadowes to night,
Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewſe dropper,
To ſee if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.

9 that I had murthered, 28 ease-dropper

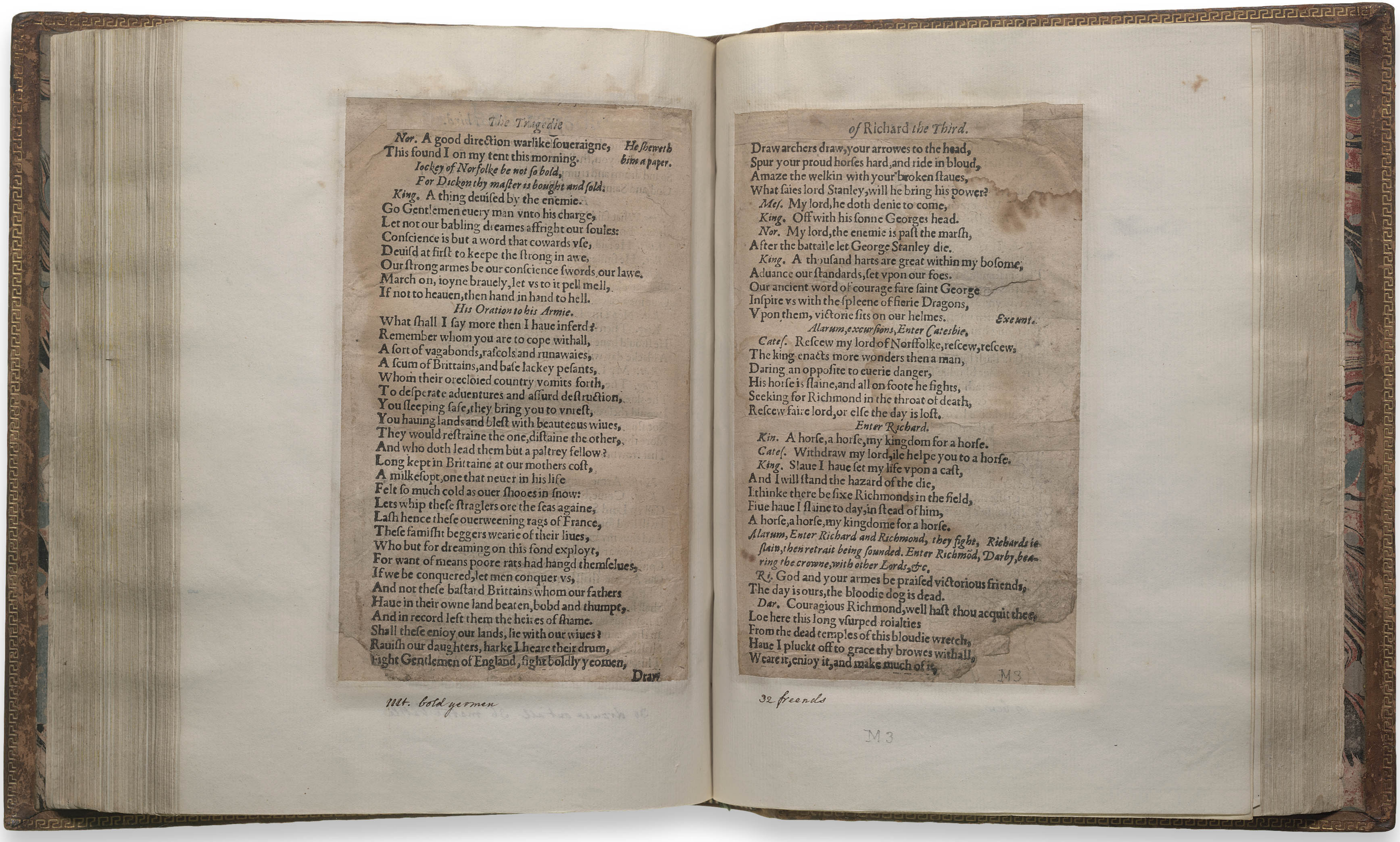


Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promiſe you, my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction,
His Oration to his ſouldiers.
More then I haue ſaid, louing countrimen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard, except thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? trulie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe, that were the meanes to helpe him,
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire,
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

7 Whie

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you, ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and chearefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.
Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.
King. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He ſaid the truth, and what ſaid Surrey then.
Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a calender, who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke,
He ſhould haue braud the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The ſunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe dewie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the ſelfe-ſame heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes ſadlie vpon him.
Enter Norffolke.
Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my ſouldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equallie of horſe and foote,
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide,
Shall be well winged with our cheefeſt horſe:
This, and Saint George to bootes, what thinkeſt thou Norffolke?

30 drawen out all 36 maine battle



Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne,
This found I on my tent this morning. *He ſheweth him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules:
Conſcience is but a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience ſwords,our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely,let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen,then hand in hand to hell.
His Oration to his Armie.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds,raſcols and runawaies,
A ſcum of Brittains,and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To deſperate aduentures and aſſurd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe,they bring you to vnreſt,
You hauing lands and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one,diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſopt,one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themſelues,
If we be conquered,let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten,bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England,fight boldly yeomen,
Draw

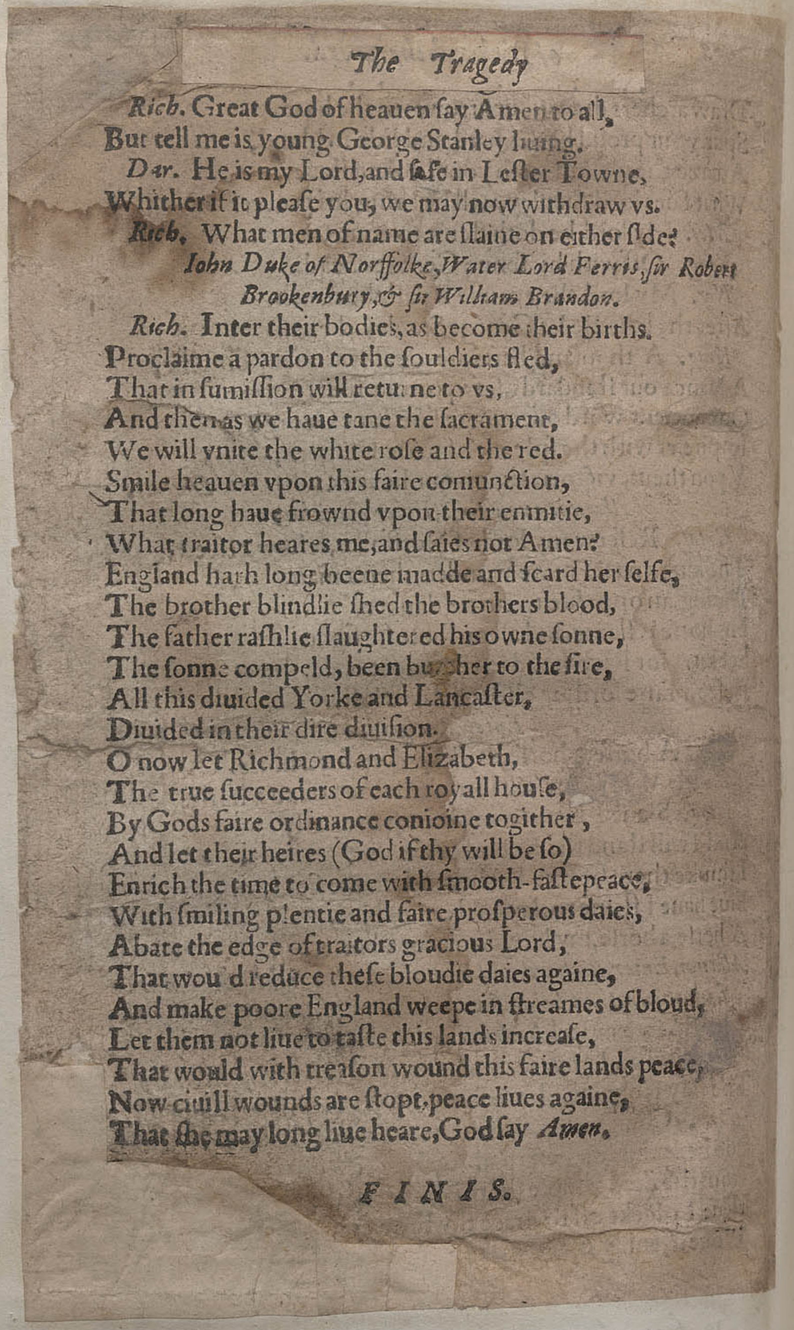
1st. bold yeomen

Draw archers draw,your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard,and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,
What ſaies lord Stanley,will he bring his power?
Meſ. My lord,he doth denie to come,
King. Off with his ſonne Georges head.
Nor. My lord,the enemie is paſt the marſh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.
King. A thouſand harts are great within my boſome,
Aduance our ſtandards,ſet vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare ſaint George
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie ſits on our helmes. *Exeunt.*
Alarum,excurſions,Enter Catesbie.
Cateſ. Reſcew my lord of Norffolke,reſcew,reſcew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euerie danger,
His horſe is ſlaine,and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Reſcew faire lord,or elſe the day is loſt.
Enter Richard.
Kin. A horſe,a horſe,my kingdom for a horſe.
Cateſ. Withdraw my lord,ile helpe you to a horſe.
King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day,in ſtead of him,
A horſe,a horſe,my kingdome for a horſe.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richards is ſlain,then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmōd, Darby,bearing the crowne,with other Lords,&c.
Ri. God and your armes be praiſed victorious friends,
The day is ours,the bloodie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond,well haſt thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vſurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it,enioy it,and make much of it,

M3

32 freends

M3



The Tragedy

Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all,
But tell me is young George Stanley liuing.
Dar. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſter Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Water Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brookenbury, & ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births.
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſumiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the ſacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and ſaies not Amen?
England hath long beene madde and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindlie ſhed the brothers blood,
The father raſhlie ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, been butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine togither,
And let their heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-faſt peace,
With ſmiling plentie and faire proſperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay *Amen.*

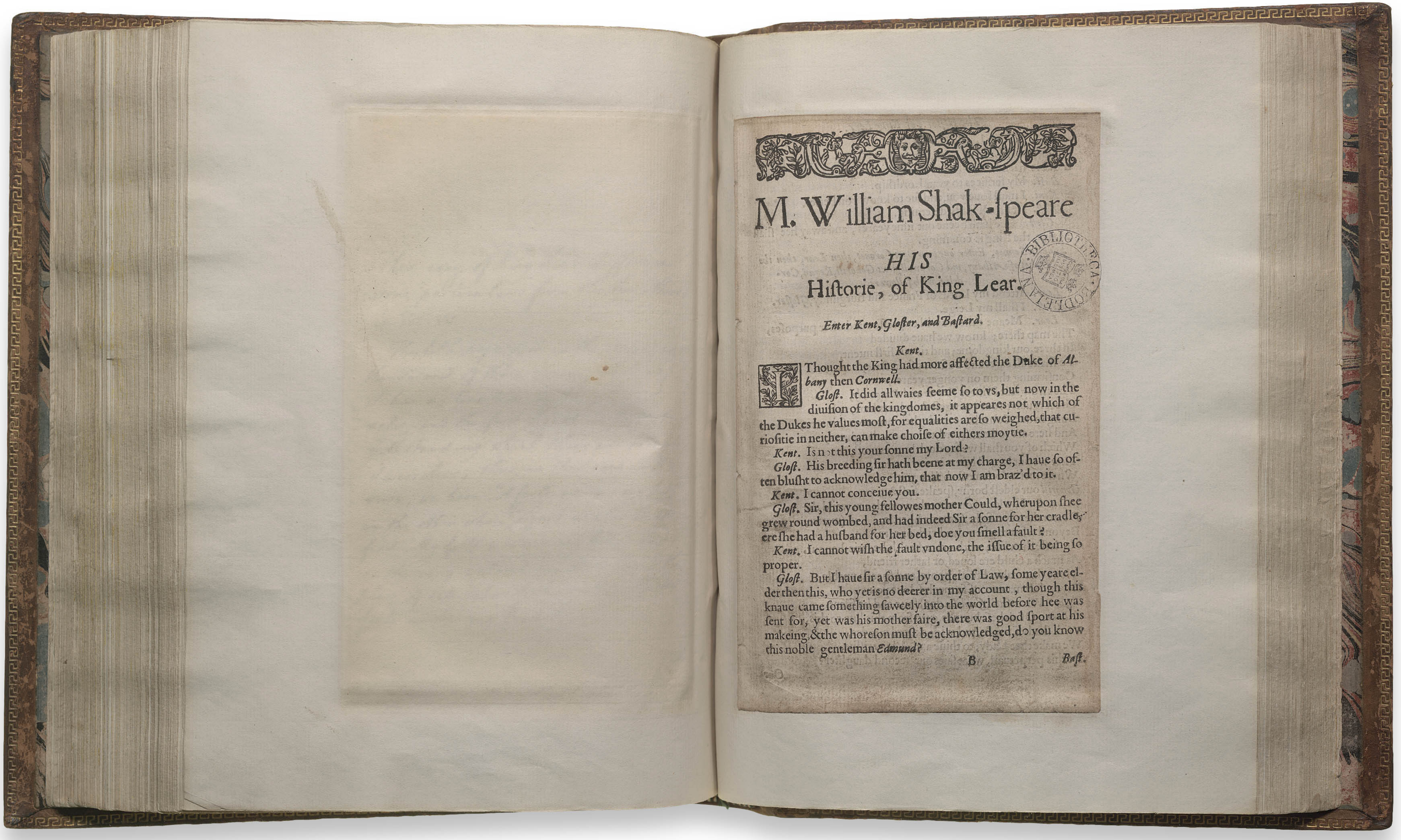
FINIS.

19 ben

There are in King Richard the Third
about [illegible] 3480 lines.

This copy of King Lear differs in some particulars from the two others in Vol. IV.

The title page of it is the same as the second of those copies, that is, it has a direction to the place of sale, and the first Signat. is B; not-withstanding which there are minute diversities; thus, in this copy in H 3 verso, we have—"A foole usurps my bed;" in the other whose first signat. is also B. we find—My foole usurps my body;" and in the copy without any direction to the place of sale (whose first signat. is A)—"My foole usurps my head."



M. William Shak-ſpeare

HIS
Hiſtorie, of King Lear.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Enter Kent, Gloſter, and Baſtard.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* then *Cornwell.*

Gloſt. It did allwaies ſeeme ſo to vs, but now in the diuiſion of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for equalities are ſo weighed, that curioſitie in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your ſonne my Lord?

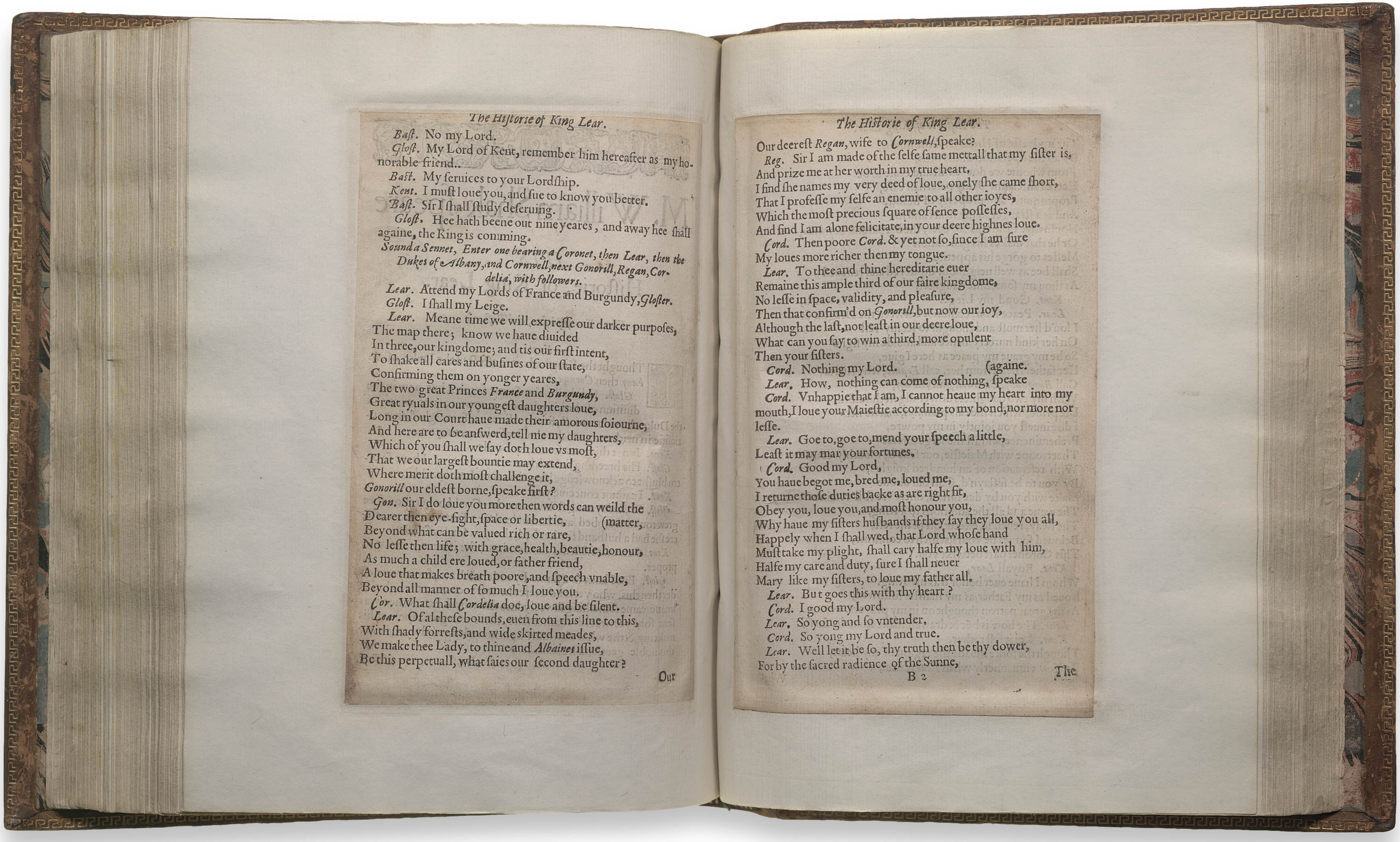
Gloſt. His breeding ſir hath beene at my charge, I haue ſo often bluſht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloſt. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon ſhee grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a ſonne for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed, doe you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Gloſt. But I haue ſir a ſonne by order of Law, ſome yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came ſomething ſawcely into the world before hee was ſent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good ſport at his makeing, & the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman *Edmund*?



Baſt. No my Lord.

Gloſt. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate,
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great ryuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bountie may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it,
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt?

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie, (matter,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide ſkirted meades,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall, what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, ſpeake?

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettall that my ſiſter is,
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhe came ſhort,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemie to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue.

Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loues more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cord. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake (againe.

Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my mouth, I loue your Maieſtie according to my bond, nor more nor leſſe.

Lear. Goe to, goe to, mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands if they ſay they loue you all,
Happely when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong and ſo vntender,

Cord. So yong my Lord and true.

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,

The miſtreſſe of *Heccat*, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whome we doe exſiſt and ceaſe to be
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquitie and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythyan*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite
Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittyed and relieued
As thou my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrath,
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my ſight?
So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainnes, marrie her:
I doe inueſt you iointly in my powre,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſtie, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtayn'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the addicions to a King,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my maiſter followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
Lear. The bow is bẽt & drawen make from the ſhaft,
Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly when *Lear* is man,

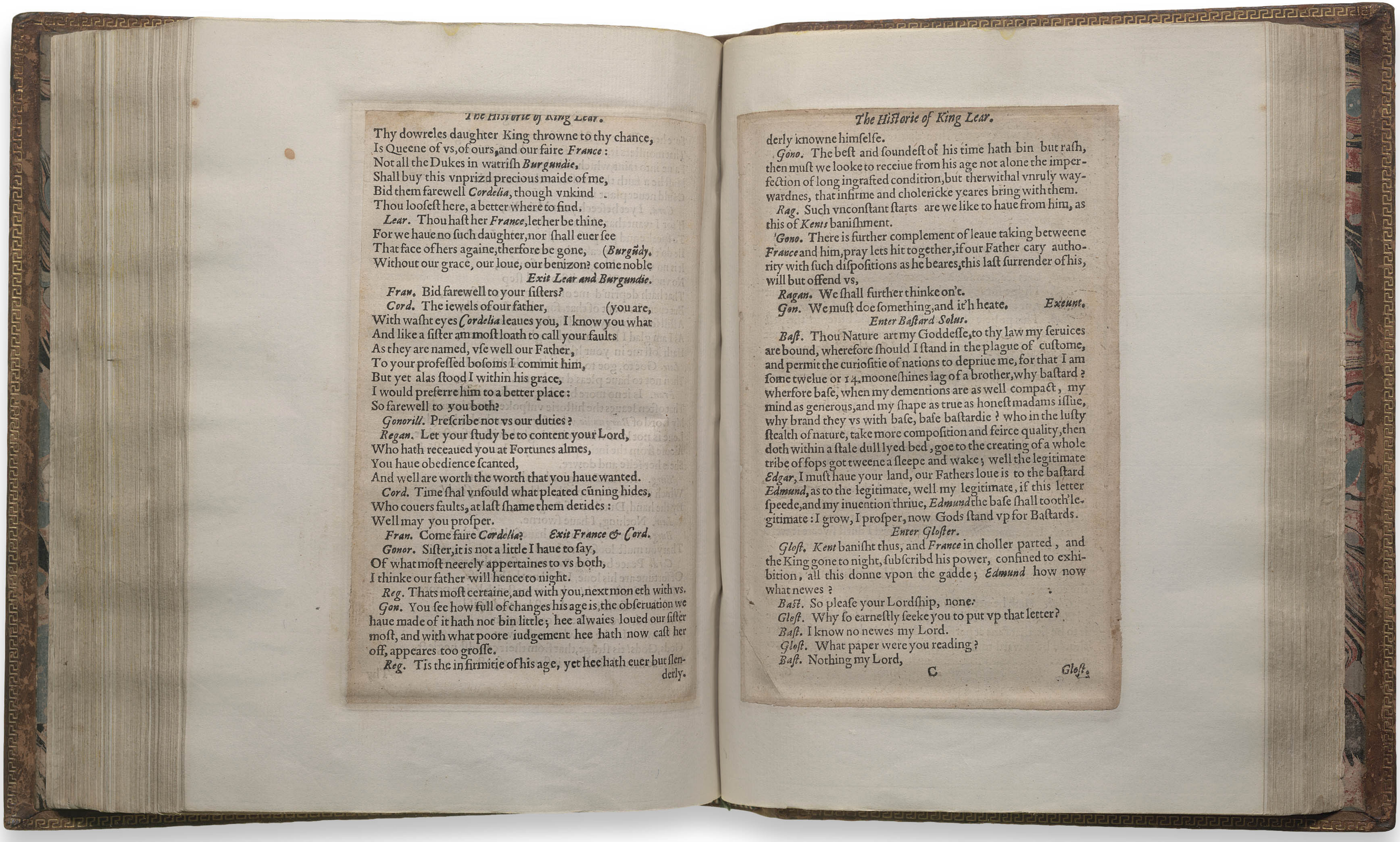
What wilt thou doe ould man, think'ſt thou that dutie
Shall haue dread to ſpeake, when power to flatterie bowes,
To plainnes honour's bound when Maieſty ſtoops to folly,
Reuerſe thy doome, and in thy beſt conſideration
Checke this hideous raſhnes, anſwere my life
My iudgement, thy yongeſt daughter does not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty harted whoſe low, ſound
Reuerbs no hollownes.
Lear. *Kent* on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it
Thy ſafty being the motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear* and let me ſtill remaine,
The true blanke of thine eye,
Lear. Now by *Appollo*,
Kent. Now by *Appollo* King thou ſweareſt thy Gods
Lear. Vaſſall, recreant. (in vaine.
Kent. Doe, kill thy Phyſicion,
And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lear. Heare me, on thy allegeance heare me?
Since thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtraied pride,
To come betweene our ſentence and our powre,
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
Our potency made good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht truncke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away, by *Iupiter*
This ſhall not be reuokt. (appeare,
Kent. Why fare thee well king, ſince thus thou wilt
Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here,
The Gods to their protection take the maide,

That rightly thinks, and haſt moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may ſpring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele ſhape his old courſe in a countrie new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloſter.

Gloſt. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.
Lear. My L. of *Burgũdie*, we firſt addres towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?
Burg. Royall maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leſſe? (vs
Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when ſhe was deere to
We did hold her ſo, but now her priſe is fallen,
Sir there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtãce, or al of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your grace,
Shees there, and ſhe is yours.
Burg. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Sir will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oth,
Take her, or leaue her.
Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions. (me
Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whome nature is aſhamed
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe, that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monſtrous to diſmantell ſo many foulds of fauour,

Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plant in me.
Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſtie,
If for I want that glib and oyly Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well entend
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,
No vncleane action or diſhonord ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou hadſt not bin borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtorie vnſpoke that it intends to
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what ſay you to the Lady? (do,
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that
Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (ſtãds
She is her ſelfe and dowre.
Burg. Royall *Leir*, giue but that portion
Which your ſelfe propoſd, and here I take *Cordelia*
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
Leir. Nothing, I haue ſworne.
Burg. I am ſory then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt looſe a huſband.
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue, I ſhall not be his wife.
Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia* that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt loued deſpiſd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp whats caſt away,
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrãge, that from their couldſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect,



Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watriſh *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
Thou looſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, (*Burgũdy*.
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon? come noble

Exit Lear and Burgundie.

Fran. Bid farewell to your ſiſters?

Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a ſiſter am moſt loath to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him,
But yet alas ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties?

Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time ſhal vnfould what pleated cũning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

Gonor. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

Reg. Thats moſt certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but ſlen-

derly knowne himſelfe.

Gono. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Rag. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.

Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his, will but offend vs,

Ragan. We ſhall further thinke on't.

Gon. We muſt doe ſomething, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſtard Solus.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy law my ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I ſtand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit the curioſitie of nations to depriue me, for that I am ſome twelue or 14. mooneſhines lag of a brother, why baſtard? wherfore baſe, when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my ſhape as true as honeſt madams iſſue, why brand they vs with baſe, baſe baſtardie? who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take more compoſition and feirce quality, then doth within a ſtale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a ſleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the baſtard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter ſpeede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the baſe ſhall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I proſper, now Gods ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Gloſter.

Gloſt. *Kent* baniſht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, ſubſcribd his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Gleſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?

Baſt. I know no newes my Lord.

Gloſt. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord,

Gloſt. No, what needes then that terribe diſpatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it bee nothing I ſhall not neede ſpectacles.

Ba. I beſeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I find it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir,

Baſt, I ſhall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Gloſt, Lets ſee, lets ſee?

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrot this but as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot reliſh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more, if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar.*

Hum, conſpiracie, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew, my ſonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this, a hart, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the Caractar to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord I durſt ſweare it were his but in reſpect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

Gloſt. It is his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heretofore ſoũded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorred villaine, vnnaturall deteſted brutiſh villaine, worſe then brutiſh, go ſir ſeeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine where is he?

Baſt. I doe not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of this intent: you ſhould run a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, & ſhake in peeces the heart of his obediẽce, I dare pawn downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatiſfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt, He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and intirely loues him, heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, wind mee into him, I pray you frame your buſines after your own wiſedome, I would vnſtate my ſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Gloſt. Theſe late eclipſes in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects, loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Citties mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; find out this villaine *Edmund*, it ſhal looſe thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true harted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt, ſtrange ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfeit of our owne behauiour, we make guiltie of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres, as if we were Villaines by neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his gotiſh diſpoſition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and lecherous, Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy *Edgar*; and out hee comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſith like them of Bedlam; O theſe eclipſes doe portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and nobles, needles diffidences, baniſhment of friẽds, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbeare his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe, of your parſon it would ſcarce allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. Thats my feare brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, goe arm'd, I am no honeſt man if there bee any good meaning towards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeene & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Baſt. I doe ſerue you in this buſines: *Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee the buſines,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime or other
That ſets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,
His Knights grow ryotous, and him ſelfe obrayds vs,
On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall doe well, the fault of it ile anſwere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you pleaſe, you and your fellow ſeruants, i'de haue it come in queſtion, if he diſlike it, let him to our ſiſter, whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one, not to be ouerruld; idle old man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles are babes again, & muſt be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abuſd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hould my very courſe, goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Kent, If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech deſuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue for which I raz'd my likenes, now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou loueſt ſhall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truly that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thar't poore enough, what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear, How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,

wher's

---

whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now, wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to mee when I cal'd him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſwered mee in the roundeſt maner, hee would not. *Lear.* A would not?

ſeruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgemẽt, your highnes is not ẽtertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo?

ſeruant. I beſeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be miſtaken, for my dutie cannot bee ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ielous curioſitie, then as a very pretence & purport of vnkindneſſe, I will looke further into't, but wher's this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two dayes.

ſeruant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeake with her, goe you cal hither my foole, O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horeſon dog, you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck my Lord,

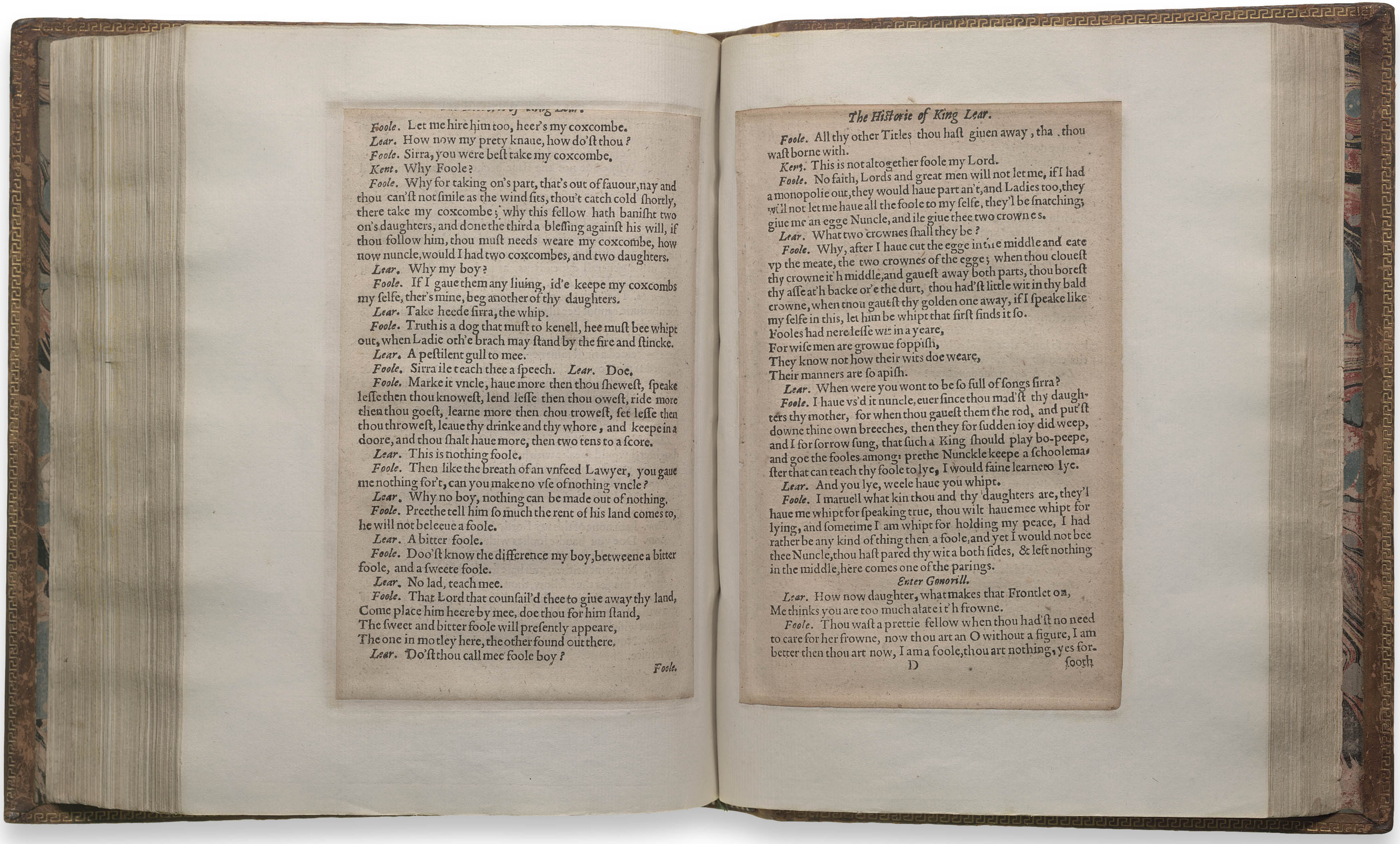
Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away, you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earneſt of thy ſeruice. *Enter Foole.*

Foole.



Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou't catch cold ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two on's daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my ſelfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heede ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that muſt to kenell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtincke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Doe.

Foole. Marke it vncle, haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Preethe tell him ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doo'ſt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. That Lord that counſail'd thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do'ſt thou call mee foole boy?

Foole.

Foole. All thy other Titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and Ladies too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my ſelfe, they'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou cloueſt thy crowne it'h middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe at'h backe or'e the durt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away, if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?

Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine own breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethe Nunckle keepe a ſchoolemaſter that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on, Me thinks you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a prettie fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for-

ſooth

ſooth I will hould my tongue, ſo your face bids mee, though you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruſt nor crum,
Wearie of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe, ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholſome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie muſt call diſcreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge ſparrow fed the Cookow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late tranſforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know when the cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear,* doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his diſcernings are lethergie, ſleeping, or wakeing; ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of ſoueraintie, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould bee falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes, I doe beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright, as you are old and reuerend, ſhould be wiſe, here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men ſo diſordred, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, ſhowes

like a riotous Inne, epicuriſme, and luſt make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake for inſtant remedie, be thou deſired by her, that elſe will take the thing ſhee begs, a little to diſquantitie your traine, and the remainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to bee ſuch men as may beſort your age, that know themſelues and you.

Lear. Darkenes and Deuils! ſaddle my horſes, call my traine together, degenerate baſtard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſordred rabble, make ſeruants of their betters. *Enter Duke.*

Lear. We that too late repent's, O ſir, are you come? is it your will that wee prepare any horſes, ingratitude! thou marble harted fiend, more hideous when thou ſheweſt thee in a child, then the Sea-monſter, deteſted kite, thou liſt my traine, and men of choiſe and rareſt parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhips of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhewe, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!* beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement out, goe goe, my people?

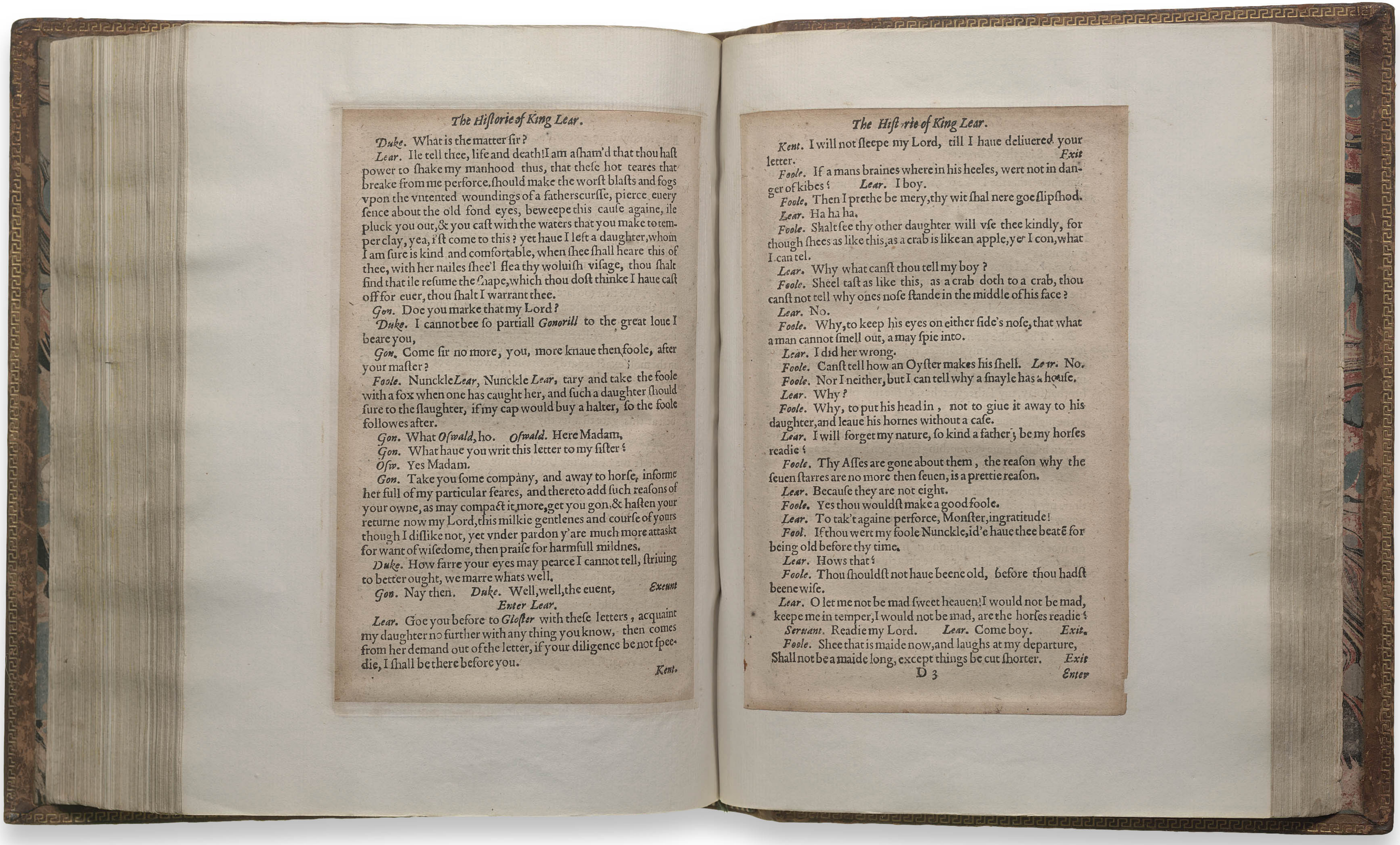
Duke, My Lord, I am giltles as I am ignorant.

Leir. It may be ſo my Lord, harke *Nature,* heare deere Goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend to make this creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey ſterility, drie vp in hir the organs of increaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honour her, if ſhee muſt teeme, create her childe of ſpleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt diſuetur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, that ſhe may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe child, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?



Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fatherscurſſe, pierce euery ſence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cauſe againe, ile pluck you out, & you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, i'ſt come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kind and comfortable, when ſhee ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt find that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam,

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, & haſten your returne now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more attaskt for want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, ſtriuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit*

Foole. If a mans braines where in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy wit ſhal nere goe ſlipſhod.

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tel.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

Foole. Sheel taſt as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, a may ſpie into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell. *Lear.* No.

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kind a father; be my horſes readie?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about them, the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a prettie reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, Monſter, ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene old, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horſes readie?

Seruant. Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut ſhorter. *Exit*

Enter Baſt. and Curan meeting.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee here with him to night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Baſt. Not a word.

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well ſir.

dgar

Baſt. The Duke be here to night! the better beſt, this weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſines, my father hath ſet gard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a queſie queſtion, which muſt aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, diſcend brother I ſay, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not ſpoken gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haſt, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing ſaid vpon his partie againſt the Duke of *Albany*, aduiſe your---

Edg. I am ſure on't not a word.

Baſt. I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeeme to defend your ſelfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell; ſome bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I haue ſeene drunckards doe more then this in ſport, father, father, ſtop, ſtop, no, helpe? *Enter Gloſt.*

Gloſt. Now *Edmund* where is the villaine?

Baſt. Here ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe ſword out, warbling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to ſtand's auſpicious Miſtris. *Gloſt.* But where is he?

Baſt. Looke ſir, I bleed.

Gloſt. Where is the villaine *Edmund*?

Baſt. Fled this way ſir, when by no meanes he could---

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murder of your Lordſhip, but that I told him the reuengiue Gods, gainſt Paracides did all their thunders bend, ſpoke with how many fould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father, ſir in a fine, ſeeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood, to his vnnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword, hee charges home my vnprouided body, lancht mine arme, but when he ſaw my beſt alarumd ſpirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, rouſd to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

Gloſt, Let him flie farre, not in this land ſhall hee remaine vncaught and found, diſpatch, the noble Duke my maiſter, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoritie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes, bringing the murderous caytife to the ſtake, hee that conceals him, death.

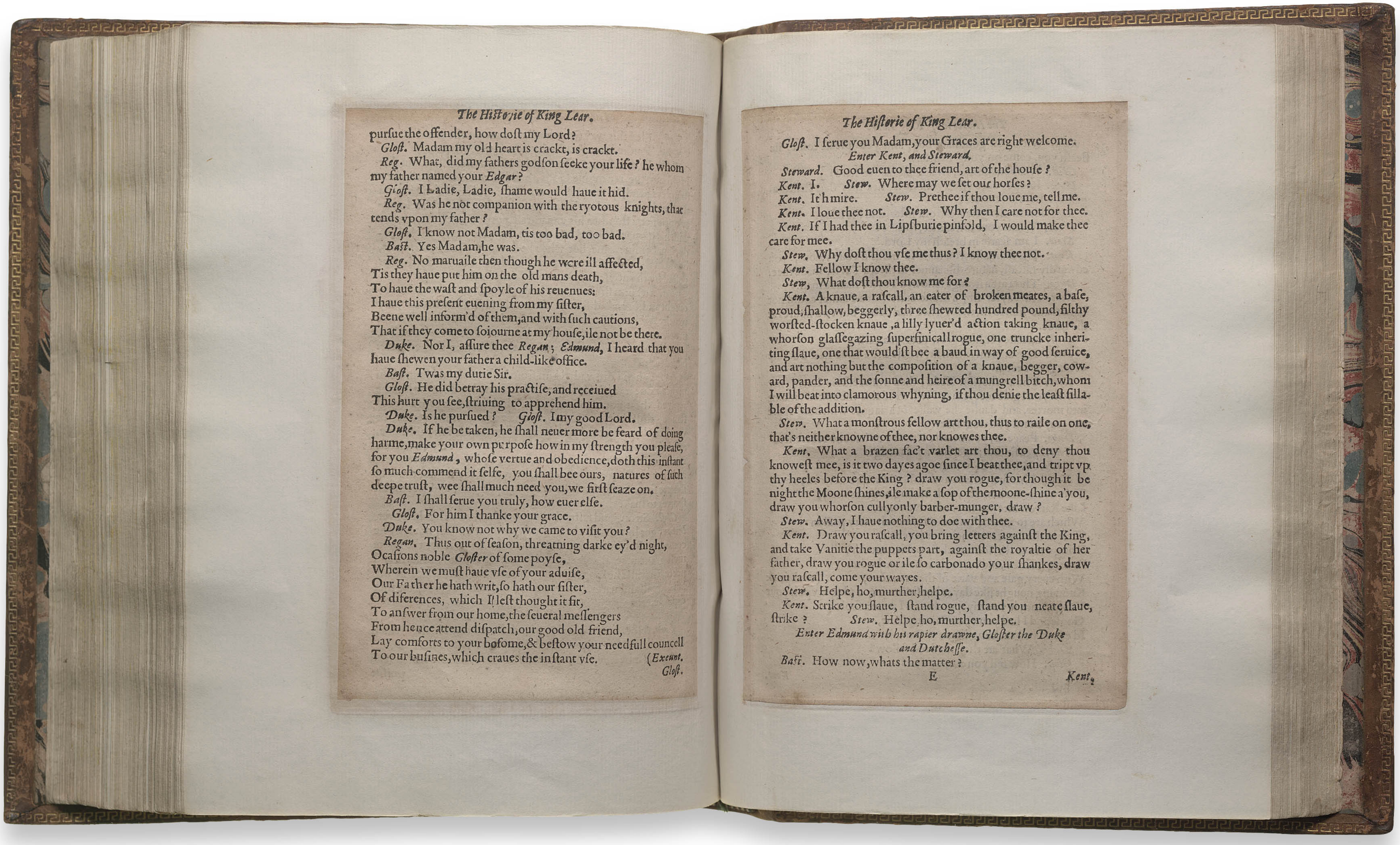
Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him, he replyed, thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words fayth'd no. what I ſhould denie, as this I would, I, though thou didſt produce my very character, id'e turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall ſpurres to make thee ſeeke it.

Gloſt. Strong and faſtned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neuer got him, harke the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the Duke muſt grant mee that, beſides, his picture I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can



purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord?

Gloſt. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Ladie, Ladie, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my dutie Sir.

Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued? *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme, make your own purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe, for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience, doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall bee ours, natures of ſuch deepe truſt, wee ſhall much need you, we firſt ſeaze on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truly, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke ey'd night,
Ocaſions noble *Gloſter* of ſome poyſe,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe,
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diferences, which I leſt thought it fit,
To anſwer from our home, the ſeueral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull councell
To our buſines, which craues the inſtant vſe. (*Exeunt.*

Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. It'h mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pinfold, I would make thee care for mee.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew, What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one truncke inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent, What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt mee, is it two dayes agoe ſince I beat thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a'you, draw you whorſon cullyonly barber-munger, draw?

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bring letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the royaltie of her father, draw you rogue or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtrike? *Stew.* Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloſter the Duke
and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, whats the matter?

Kent. With you goodman boy, and you pleaſe come, ile fleaſh you, come on yong maiſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that ſtrikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarſe in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler ſir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him ſo ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen ſir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorſon Zedd, thou vnneceſſarie letter, my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, ſpare my gray beard you wagtayle.

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a ſword,
That weares no honeſty, ſuch ſmiling roges as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite thoſe cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to ſtir, ſnow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and varie of their maiſters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
Viſage, ſmoyle you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e ſend you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more, antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence.

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time
That ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing beene prayſd
For bluntnes doth affect a ſawcy ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will tak't ſo,
If not he's plaine, theſe kind of knaues I know
Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twentie ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties niſely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere veritie,
Vnder the allowance of your graund aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

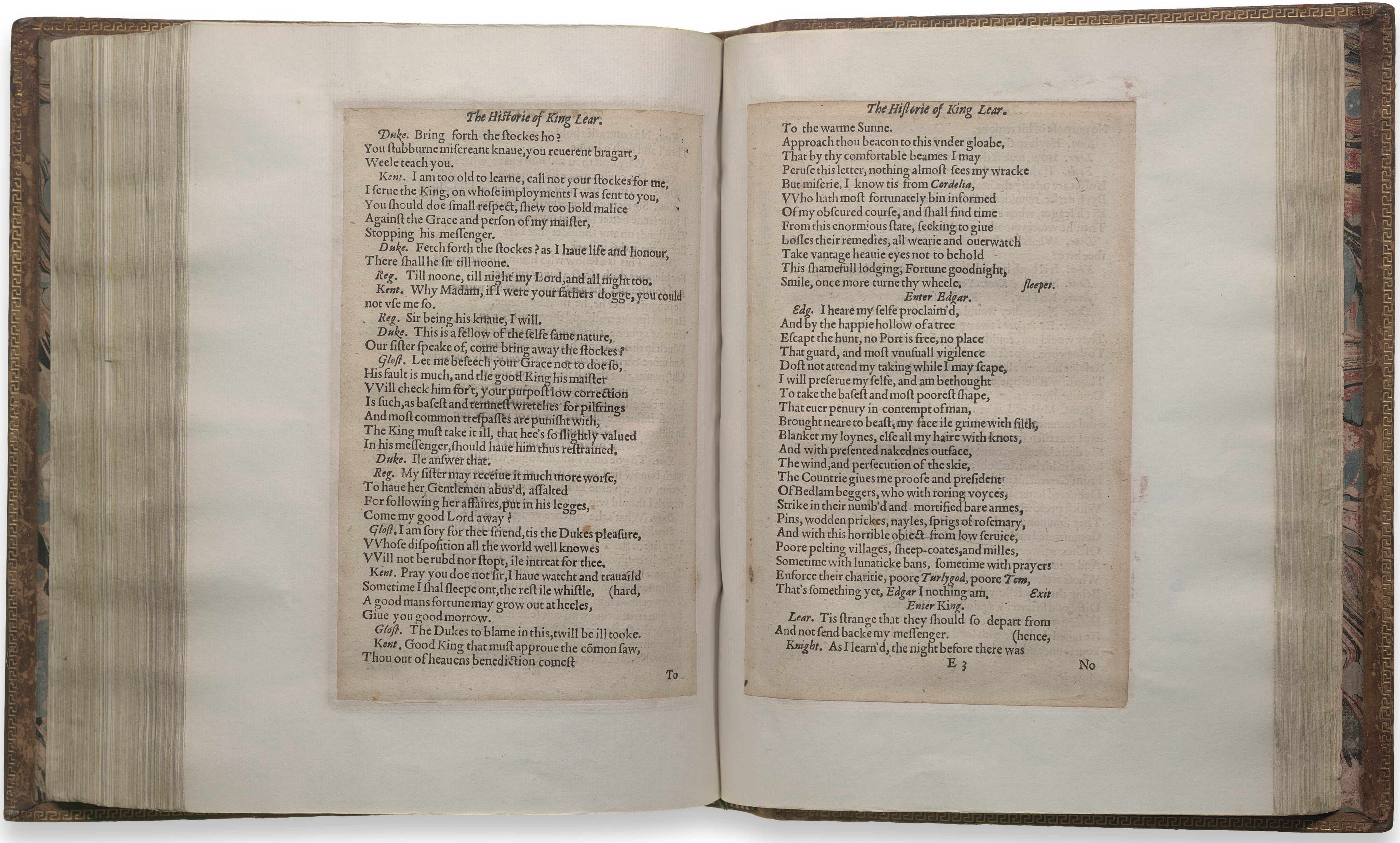
Duke. What mean'ſt thou by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much, I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure, to intreat mee too't.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maiſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind, being downe, inſulted, rayld,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that,
That worthied him, got prayſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & cowards but *A'Iax* is their foole.



Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubburne miſcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.
Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imployments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maiſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.
Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes? as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.
Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could
not vſe me ſo.
Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.
Duke. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeake of, come bring away the ſtockes?
Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to doe ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his maiſter
VVill check him for't, your purpoſt low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.
Duke. Ile anſwer that.
Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, aſſalted
For following her affaires, put in his legges,
Come my good Lord away?
Gloſt. I am ſory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
VVhoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
VVill not be rubd nor ſtopt, ile intreat for thee.
Kent. Pray you doe not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild
Sometime I ſhal ſleepe ont, the reſt ile whiſtle, (hard,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.
Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cõmon ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſerie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
VVho hath moſt fortunately bin informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch
Take vantage heauie eyes not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *ſleepes.*
Enter Edgar.
Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happie hollow of a tree
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neare to beaſt, my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my haire with knots,
And with preſented nakednes outface,
The wind, and perſecution of the skie,
The Countrie giues me proofe and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with prayers
Enforce their charitie, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*
Enter King.
Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from
And not ſend backe my meſſenger. (hence,
Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was

No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maiſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
Byt'h legges, when a mans ouer luſty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neatherſtockes.

Lear. Whats he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhee, your ſonne & daugter.

Lear. No. *Kent*. Yes.

Lear. No I ſay, *Kent*. I ſay yea.

Lear. No no, they would not. *Kent*. Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do't,
They would not, could not do't, tis worſe then murder,
To doe vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage,
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſt, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Coming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stewd in his haſt, halfe breathles, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read, on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leaſure
Of their anſwere, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceau'd had poyſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit, about me drew,
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpas worth

This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my hart,
Hiſtorica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle ſir within,

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there?

Knight. Made you no more offẽce then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou ha'dſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Weele ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a noſe among a 100. but can ſmell him thats ſtincking, let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee after, when a wiſe man giues thee better councell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a foole giues it.

That Sir that ſerues for gaine,
And followes but for forme:
Will packe when it begin to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme.
But I will tarie, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Lear and Gloſter.

Lear. Denie to ſpeake with mee, th'are ſicke, th'are
They traueled hard to night, meare Iuſtice, (weary,
I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch mee a better anſwere.

Gloſt. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Courſe.

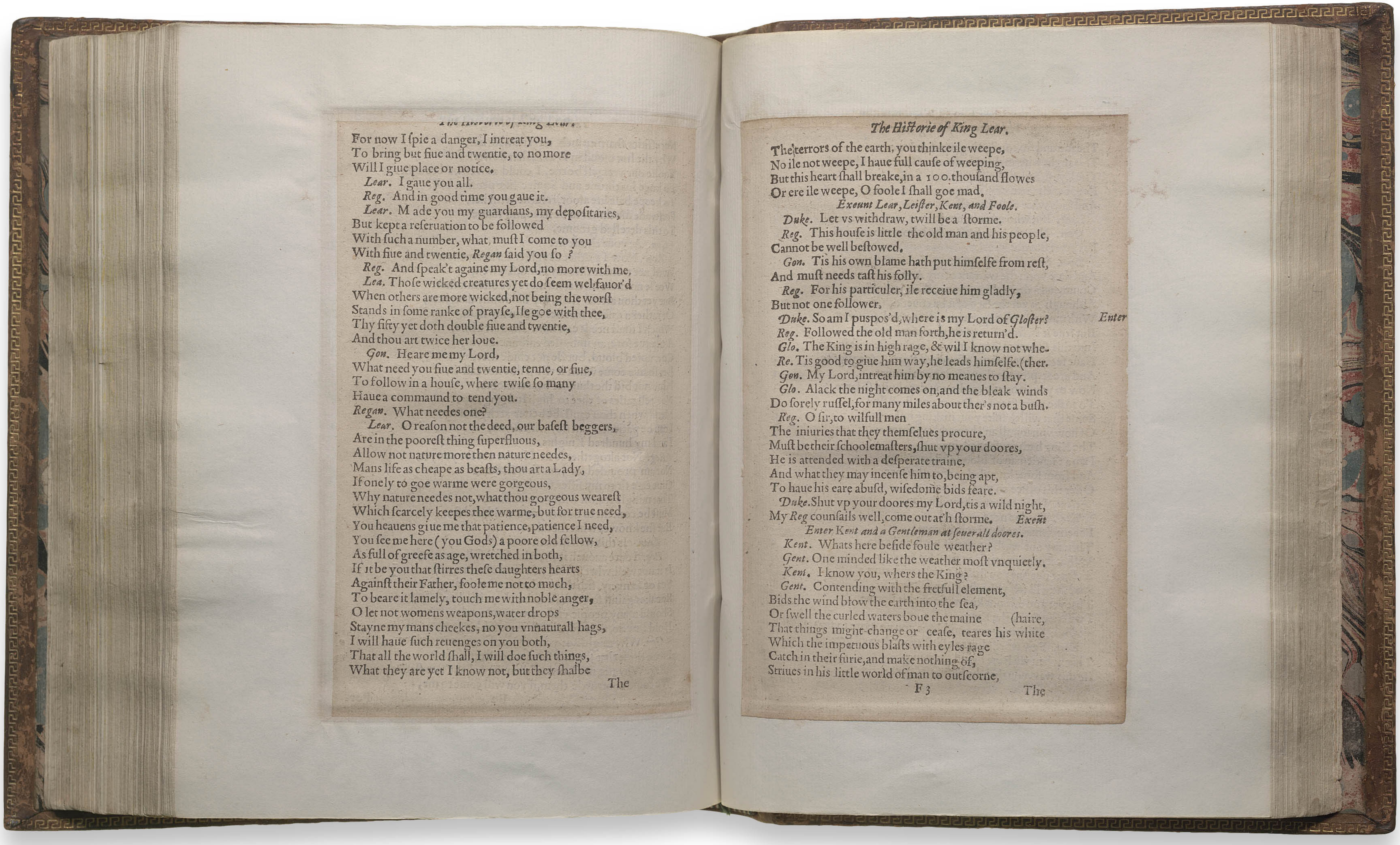
Lear. Vengeance, death, plague, confuſion, what fierie quality,

why *Gloster*, *Gloster*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and
his wife.
Gloſt. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornewal*, the deare father
Would with his daughter ſp eake, commands her ſeruice,
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is boũd, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
Cõmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.
Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.
Lear. O my heart, my heart.
Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when ſhe put vm it'h pâſt aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay.
Enter Duke and Regan.
Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Duke. Hayle to your Grace.
Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.
Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorſe me from thy mothers tombe
Sepulchring an adultreſſe, yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Belóued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thout not beleeue,
Of how depriued a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her dutie.
Lear. My curſſes on her.
Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine,
Nature on you ſtandes on the very verge of her con-
You ſhould be rul'd and led by ſóme diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better thẽ you your ſelfe,
Therfore I pray that to our ſiſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?
Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
Doe you marke how this becomes the houſe,
Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed and food.
Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.
Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt blacke vpon me, ſtrooke mee with her tongue
Moſt Serpent-like vpon the very heart, (top,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.
Duke. Fie fie ſir.
You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
Into her ſcornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood--.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tẽder heſted nature ſhall not giue the or'e (burne
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cõfort & not
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes, (traine,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in, thou better knoweſt,
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,

Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.
Reg. Good ſir too'th purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes ?
Duke. What trumpets that ? *Enter Steward.*
Reg. I know't my ſiſters, this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your Lady come ?
Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her, a followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace ? *Enter Gon.*
Gon. Who ſtruck my ſeruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here ? O heauens !
If you doe loue old men, if you ſweet ſway allow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard ?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand ?
Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended ?
Als not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
Lear. O ſides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold ? how came my man it'h ſtockes ?
Duke. I ſet him there ſir, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement,
Lear. You, did you ?
Reg. I pray you father being weake ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiorne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion,
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fiftie men diſmiſt,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,

Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot bloud in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and Squire-like penſion bag,
To keepe baſe life afoot, returne with her,
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choiſe ſir.
Lear. Now I prithee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,
Wee'le no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies within my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid the thunder bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leaſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo ſir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare ſir to my ſiſter, for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you are old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhee does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken now ?
Reg. I dare auouch it ſir, what fiftie followers,
Is it not well, what ſhould you need of more,
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number, how in a houſe
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amytie, tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendāce
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants, or from mine ?
Reg. Why not my Lord ? if then they chanc'ſt to ſlacke you,
We could controwle them, if you will come to me,



For now I ſpie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number, what, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twentie, *Regan* ſaid you ſo ?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeem wel-fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of prayſe, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twentie,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fiue and twentie, tenne, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twiſe ſo many
Haue a commaund to tend you.
Regan. What needes one?
Lear. O reaſon not the deed, our baſeſt beggers,
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needes,
Mans life as cheape as beaſts, thou art a Lady,
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous weareſt
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall, I will doe ſuch things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhalbe

The

The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,
No ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
But this heart ſhall breake, in a 100. thouſand flowes
Or ere ile weepe, O foole I ſhall goe mad.
Exeunt Lear, Leiſter, Kent, and Foole.
Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a ſtorme.
Reg. This houſe is little the old man and his people,
Cannot be well beſtowed.
Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſt his folly.
Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloſter*? *Enter*
Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
Re. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himſelfe. (ther.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruſſel, for many miles about ther's not a buſh.
Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolemaſters, ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt,
To haue his eare abuſd, wiſedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
My *Reg* counſails well, come out at'h ſtorme. *Exeūt*
Enter Kent and a Gentleman at ſeuerall doores.
Kent. Whats here beſide foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather moſt vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, whers the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
That things might change or ceaſe, teares his white
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to outſcorne,

The

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent, Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdome, who alreadie wiſe in our
Haue ſecret feet in ſome of our beſt Ports, (negligēce,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to Douer, you ſhall find
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine,
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my out-wall, open this purſe and take
VVhat it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia,*
As feare not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet:
That when we haue found the King,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights

Enter

On him, hollow the other. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios ſpout til you haue drencht,
The ſteeples drown'd the cockes, you ſulpherous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, ſinge my white head,
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a drie houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſing,
Heers a night pities nether wiſe man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription, why then let fall your horrible
Here I ſtād your ſlaue, a poore infirme weak & (pleſure
Deſpis'd ould man, but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with 2. pernitious daughters ioin'd
Your high engēdred battel gainſt a head ſo old & white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole, Hee that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good headpeece, the Codpeece that will houſe before the head, has any the head and hee ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers mary many, the man that makes his toe, what hee his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue a corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for there was neuer yet faire woman but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Whoſe there?

Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent, Alas ſir, ſit you here?

Things

Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheets of fire,
Such burſts of horred thunder, ſuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiſe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demaunding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange that can,
Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart,
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

Enter Gloſter and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,

Vnnaturall dealing when I deſir'd their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke me from me
The vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him,
Intreat for him, nor any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall.

Gloſt. Go toe ſay you nothing, ther's a diuiſiō betwixt (the Dukes,
And a worſe matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be ſpoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my cloſet, theſe iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home
Ther's part of a power already landed,
We muſt incline to the King, I will ſeeke him, and
Priuily releeue him, goe you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
To bed, though I die for't, as no leſſe is threatned me,
The King my old maſter muſt be releeued, there is
Some ſtrãge thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Exit.*

Baſt. This curteſie forbid thee, ſhal the Duke inſtãly
And of that letter to, this ſeems a faire deſeruing (know
And muſt draw me that which my father looſes, no leſſe
Then all, then yonger riſes when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this tempeſtious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt
The leſſer is ſcarce felt, thoud'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roring ſea,
Thoud'ſt meet the beare it'h mouth, whẽ the mind's free
The bodies delicate, this tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe
Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,

Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to't, but I will puniſh ſure,
No I will weepe no more, in ſuch a night as this !
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
Let me ſhun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy one eaſe
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou mayſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whoſe there.

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw, come forth ?

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traytor, bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-winds, ſtarre-bluſting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom

the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paſſe,
Couldſt thou ſaue notning, didſt thou giue them all ?

Foole. Nay he reſeru'd a blanket, elſe we had beene all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traytor, nothing could haue ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Fdg. Take heede at'h foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans ſworne ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,

Lear. What haſt thou beene ?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the act of darkenes with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wakt to doe it, wine loued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in ſloth, Fox in ſtealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon in pray, let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſlngs of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend, ſtill through the hathorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caeſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no more, but this cõſider him well, thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's three ons are ſo phiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe, vnaccomodated man, is no more but ſuch a poore bare forked Animall as thou art, off off you lendings,come on

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to ſwim in,now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers heart, a ſmall ſparke,all the reſt in bodie cold,looke here comes a walking fire. *Enter Gloſter.*

Edg. This is the foule fiend *fliberdegibek*, hee begins at curphew, and walks till the firſt cocke, he giues the web,& the pin, ſquemes the eye, and makes the hare lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, ſwithald footed thrice the old,he met the night mare and her nine fold bid her,O light and her troth plight and arint thee, witch arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Lear. Whats hee ?

Kent. Whoſe there, what i'ſt you ſeeke ?

Gloſt. What are you there? your names ?

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the ſwimming frog, the tode,the tod pole, the wall-newt , and the water, that in the furie of his heart,when the foule fiend rages,eats cow-dung for ſallets,ſwallowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge,drinkes the greene mantle of the ſtanding poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing, and ſtock-puniſht and impriſoned,who hath had three ſutes to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his bodie, horſe to ride, and weapon to weare.

But miſe and rats,and ſuch ſmall Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* foode for ſeuen long yeare-
Beware my follower, peace ſnulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloſt. What hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled and ma hu---

Gloſt. Our fleſh and bloud is growne ſo vild my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it,

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

Gloſt. Go in with me,my dutie cānot ſuffer to obay in all your daughters hard commaunds,though their iniunction be to barre my doores,and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come ſeeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is readie.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of thunder ?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moſt learned Theban, what is your ſtudie ?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend,and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord,his wits begin (to vnſettle.

Gloſt. Canſt thou blame him,
His daughters ſeeke his death, O that good *Kent*,
He ſaid it would be thus, poore baniſht man,
Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe, I had a ſonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud,a ſought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
No father his ſonne deerer, true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this ? I doe beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O crie you mercie noble Philoſopher,your com- (pany.

Edg. *Toms* a cold.

Gloſt. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme,

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I wil keep ſtil, with my Philoſopher.

Ken, Good my Lord ſooth him,let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on, goe along with vs ?

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.

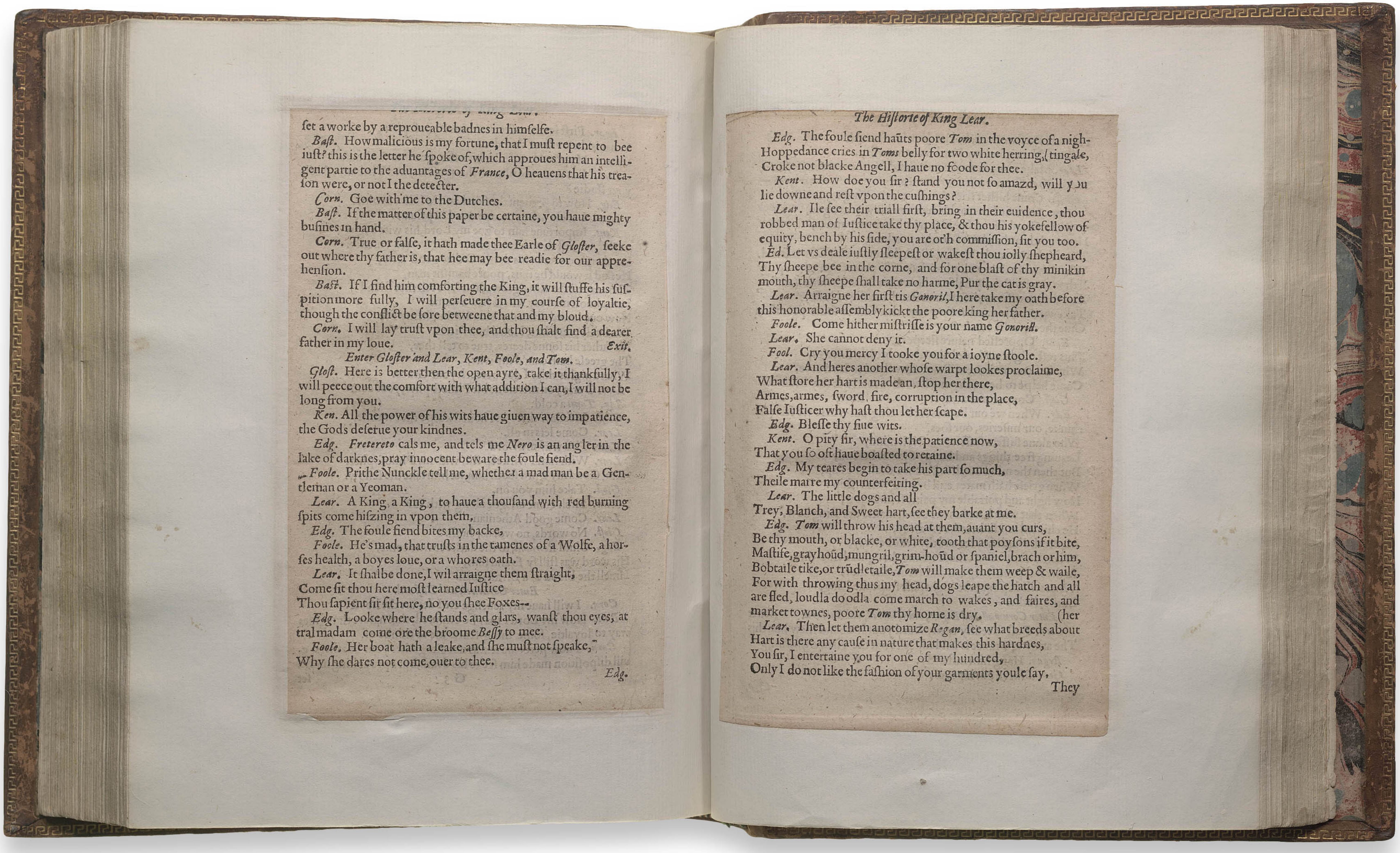
Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fy fo and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornewell and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyaltie, ſome thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death,but a prouoking merit,



ſet a worke by a reproueable badnes in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the letter he ſpoke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treaſon were, or not I the detector.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſines in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyaltie, though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Ken. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deſerue your kindnes.

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſzing in vpon them,

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,

Foole. He's mad, that truſts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a horſes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It ſhalbe done, I wil arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou here moſt learned Iuſtice
Thou ſapient ſir ſit here, no you ſhee Foxes--

Edg. Looke where he ſtands and glars, wanſt thou eyes, at tral madam come ore the broome *Beſſy* to mee.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeake,
Why ſhe dares not come, ouer to thee.

Edg.

Edg. The foule fiend hau̅ts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amazd, will you lie downe and reſt vpon the cuſhings?

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of Iuſtice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of equity, bench by his ſide, you are ot'h commiſſion, ſit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard, Thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firſt tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before this honorable aſſembly kickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither miſtriſſe is your name *Gonorill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne ſtoole.

Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt lookes proclaime,
What ſtore her hart is made an, ſtop her there,
Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falſe Iuſticer why haſt thou let her ſcape.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pity ſir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
Theile marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, ſee they barke at me.

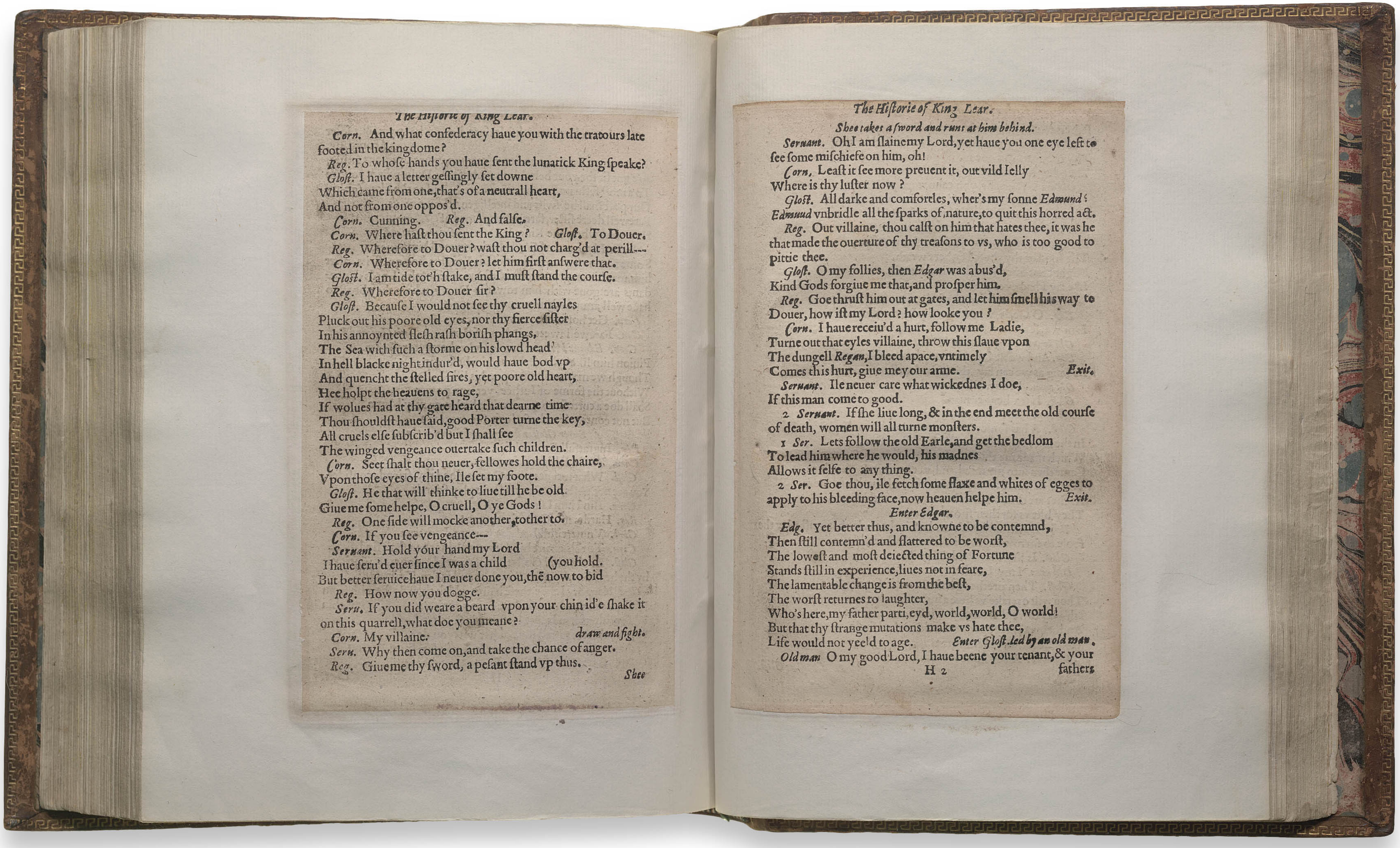
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs,
Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poyſons if it bite,
Maſtife, grayhou̅d, mungril, grim-hou̅d or ſpaniel, brach or him,
Bobtaile tike, or tru̅dletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about her
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardnes,
You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Only I do not like the faſhion of your garments youle ſay,

They

They are Perſian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noiſe,make no noiſe,draw the curtains,ſo,ſo,ſo,
Weele go to ſupper it'h morning,ſo,ſo,ſo, *Enter Gloſter.*
Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maiſter.
Kent. Here ſir,but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Gloſt. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't,& driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou ſhalt meet both welcome & protection,take vp thy
If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre,his life with thine (maſter,
And all that offer to defend him ſtand in aſſured loſſe,
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow ſtand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maiſter, thou muſt not ſtay behind.
Gloſt, Come,come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes: we ſcarcely
thinke, our miſeries, our foes.
Who alone ſuffers ſuffers, moſt it'h mind,
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behind,
But then the mind much ſufferance doth or'e ſcip,
When griefe hath mates,and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered,*Tom* away,
Marke the high noyſes and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night,ſafe ſcape the King,
Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall,and Regan,and Gonorill,and Baſtard. (letter
Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your husband ſhew him this
The army of France is landed,ſeeke out the vilaine *Gloſter.*
Regan. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure,*Edmũd* keep you our ſiſter
(company.
The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduiſe the Duke where you are
To a moſt feſtuant preparatiõ we are bound to the like, (going
Our poſt ſhall be ſwift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere ſiſter, farewell my Lord of *Gloſter,*
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* hath conueyd him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirtie of his Knights hot queſtrits after him,met him at gate,who with ſome other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.
Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord and ſiſter. *Exit Gon.and Baſt.*
Corn. *Edmund* farewell. goe ſeeke the traytor *Gloſter.*
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice, yet our power
Shall doe a curteſie to our wrath,which men may blame
But not controule, whoſe there, the traytor?
Enter Gloſter brought in by two or three,
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind faſt his corkie armes.
Gloſt. What meanes your Graces,good my friends conſider,
You are my geſts, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I ſay,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou ſhalt find---
Gloſt. By the kind Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to pluck me
by the beard. *Reg.* So white and ſuch a Traytor.
Gloſt. Naughty Ladie,theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt. (my chin
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France?*
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.



Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late footed in the kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands you haue ſent the lunatick King ſpeake?
Gloſt. I haue a letter geſſingly ſet downe
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King? *Gloſt.* To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer? waſt thou not charg'd at perill---
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him firſt anſwere that.
Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer ſir?
Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his annoynted fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The Sea with ſuch a ſtorme on his lowd head'
In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue bod vp
And quencht the ſtelled fires, yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key,
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.
Corn. Seet ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old,
Giue me ſome helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance---
Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue ſeru'd euer ſince I was a child (you hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, thẽ now to bid
Reg. How now you dogge.
Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e ſhake it on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine. *draw and fight.*
Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus.

Shee takes a ſword and runs at him behind.
Seruant. Oh I am ſlaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh!
Corn. Leaſt it ſee more preuent it, out vild Ielly
Where is thy luſter now?
Gloſt. All darke and comfortles, wher's my ſonne *Edmund*?
Edmuud vnbridle all the ſparks of nature, to quit this horred act.
Reg. Out villaine, thou calſt on him that hates thee, it was he that made the ouerture of thy treaſons to vs, who is too good to pittie thee.
Gloſt. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell his way to Douer, how iſt my Lord? how looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this ſlaue vpon
The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*
Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.
2 *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, & in the end meet the old courſe of death, women will all turne monſters.
1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
To lead him where he would, his madnes
Allows it ſelfe to any thing.
2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſome flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*
Enter Edgar.
Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered to be worſt,
The loweſt and moſt deiected thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter,
Who's here, my father parti, eyd, world, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Gloſt. led by an old man.*
Old man O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your

fathers tenant this foreſcore---
Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.
Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities, ah deere ſonne *Edgar,*
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'e ſay I had eyes againe.
Old man. How now whoſe there?
Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom.*
Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.
Old man. Fellow where goeſt?
Gloſt. Is it a begger man?
Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
Gloſt. A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others, bleſſe thee maiſter.
Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?
Old man. I my Lord.
Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who Ile intreate to leade me.
Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt.

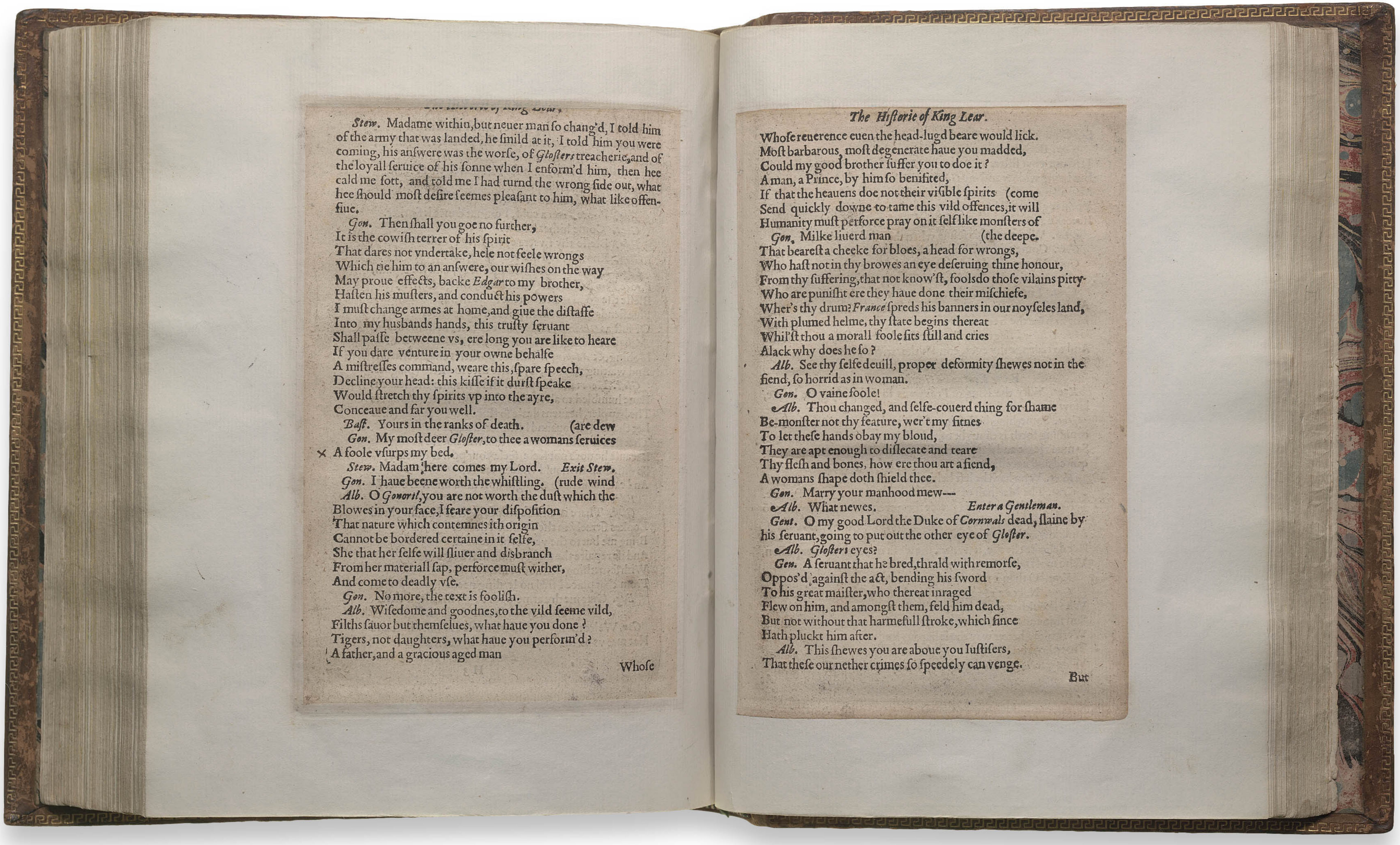
Gloſt. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleaſure, (blind,
Aboue the reſt, be gon.
Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.
Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.
Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.
Gloſt. Come hither fellow.
Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.
Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut, Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
Mobing, & *Mobing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maiſter. (plagues.
Gloſt. Here take this purſe, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill, (thee
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough, doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I maſter.
Gloſt. There is a cliffe whoſe high & bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place I ſhal no leading need.
Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Baſtard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild huſband
Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maiſter?

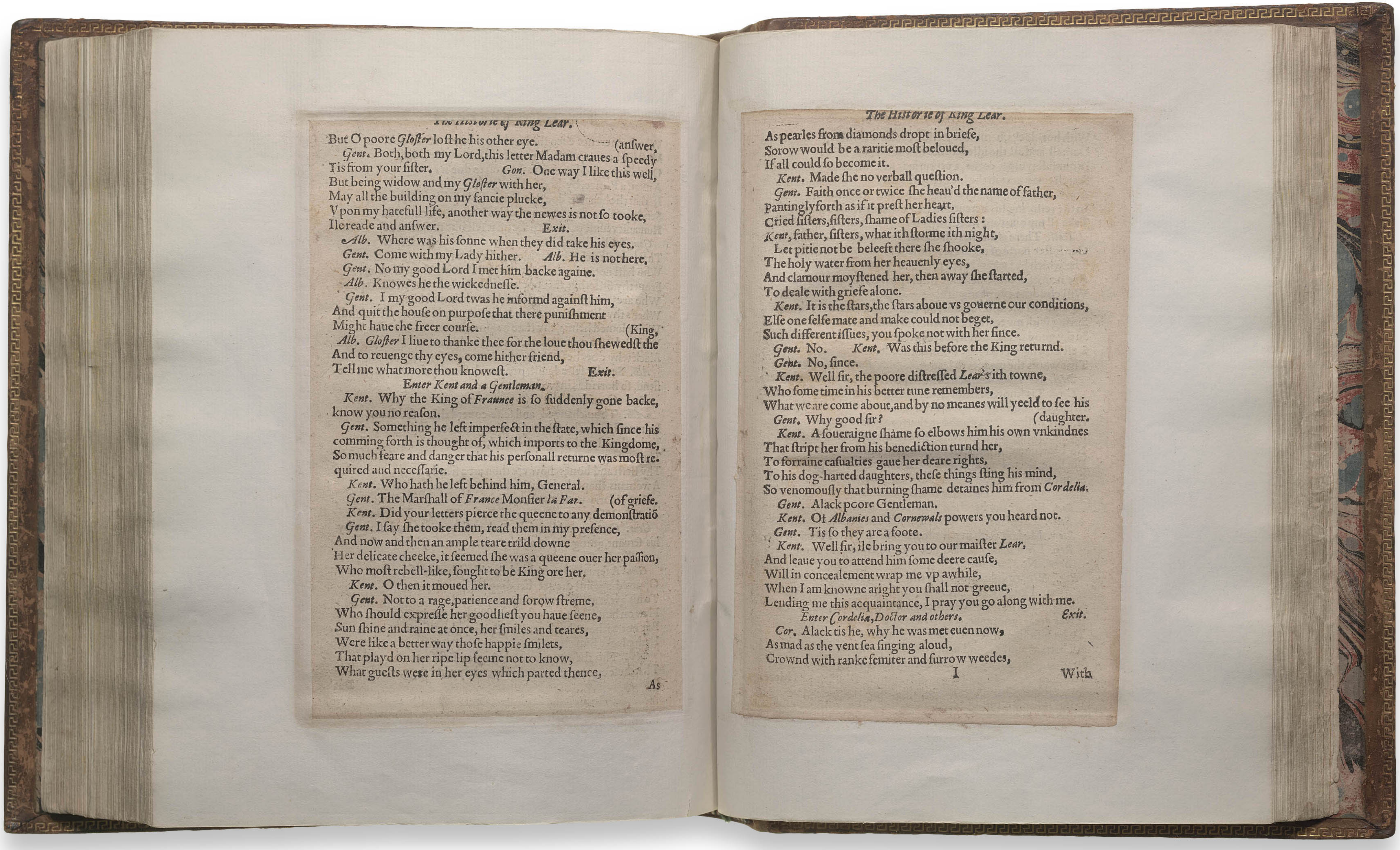
Enter Steward.

Stew.



Stew. Madame within, but neuer man ſo chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he ſmild at it, I told him you were coming, his anſwere was the worſe, of *Gloſters* treacherie, and of the loyall ſeruice of his ſonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me ſott, and told me I had turnd the wrong ſide out, what hee ſhould moſt deſire ſeemes pleaſant to him, what like offenſiue.
Gon. Then ſhall you goe no further,
It is the cowiſh terrer of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwere, our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers
I muſt change armes at home, and giue the diſtaffe
Into my husbands hands, this truſty ſeruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
A miſtreſſes command, weare this, ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head: this kiſſe if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits vp into the ayre,
Conceaue and far you well.
Baſt. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew
Gon. My moſt deer *Gloſter*, to thee a womans ſeruices
× A foole vſurps my bed.
Stew. Madam here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*
Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtling. (rude wind
Alb. O *Gonoril*, you are not worth the duſt which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition
That nature which contemnes ith origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and disbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.
Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.
Alb. Wiſedome and goodnes, to the vild ſeeme vild,
Filths ſauor but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man
Whoſe

Whoſe reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother ſuffer you to doe it?
A man, a Prince, by him ſo benifited,
If that the heauens doe not their viſible ſpirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
Humanity muſt perforce pray on it ſelf like monſters of
Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.
That beareſt a cheeke for bloes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt, foolsdo thoſe vilains pitty
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Wher's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noyſeles land,
With plumed helme, thy ſtate begins thereat
Whil'ſt thou a morall foole ſits ſtill and cries
Alack why does he ſo?
Alb. See thy ſelfe deuill, proper deformity ſhewes not in the fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vaine foole!
Alb. Thou changed, and ſelfe-couerd thing for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
To let theſe hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlecate and teare
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.
Gon. Marry your manhood mew---
Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Gent. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, ſlaine by his ſeruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloſter*.
Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?
Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thrald with remorſe,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his ſword
To his great maiſter, who thereat inraged
Flew on him, and amongſt them, feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue you Iuſtiſers,
That theſe our nether crimes ſo ſpeedely can venge.
But



But O poore *Gloſter* loſt he his other eye. (anſwer,
Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a ſpeedy
Tis from your ſiſter. *Gon.* One way I like this well,
But being widow and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not ſo tooke,
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eyes.
Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here,
Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe.
Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe that there puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe. (King,
Alb. *Gloſter* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou ſhewedſt the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. *Exit.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe, know you no reaſon.

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome, So much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſarie.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.
Gent. The Marſhall of *France* Monſier *la Far.* (of griefe.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonſtratiō
Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemed ſhe was a queene ouer her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moued her.
Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt you haue ſeene,
Sun ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way thoſe happie ſmilets,
That playd on her ripe lip ſeeme not to know,
What gueſts were in her eyes which parted thence,

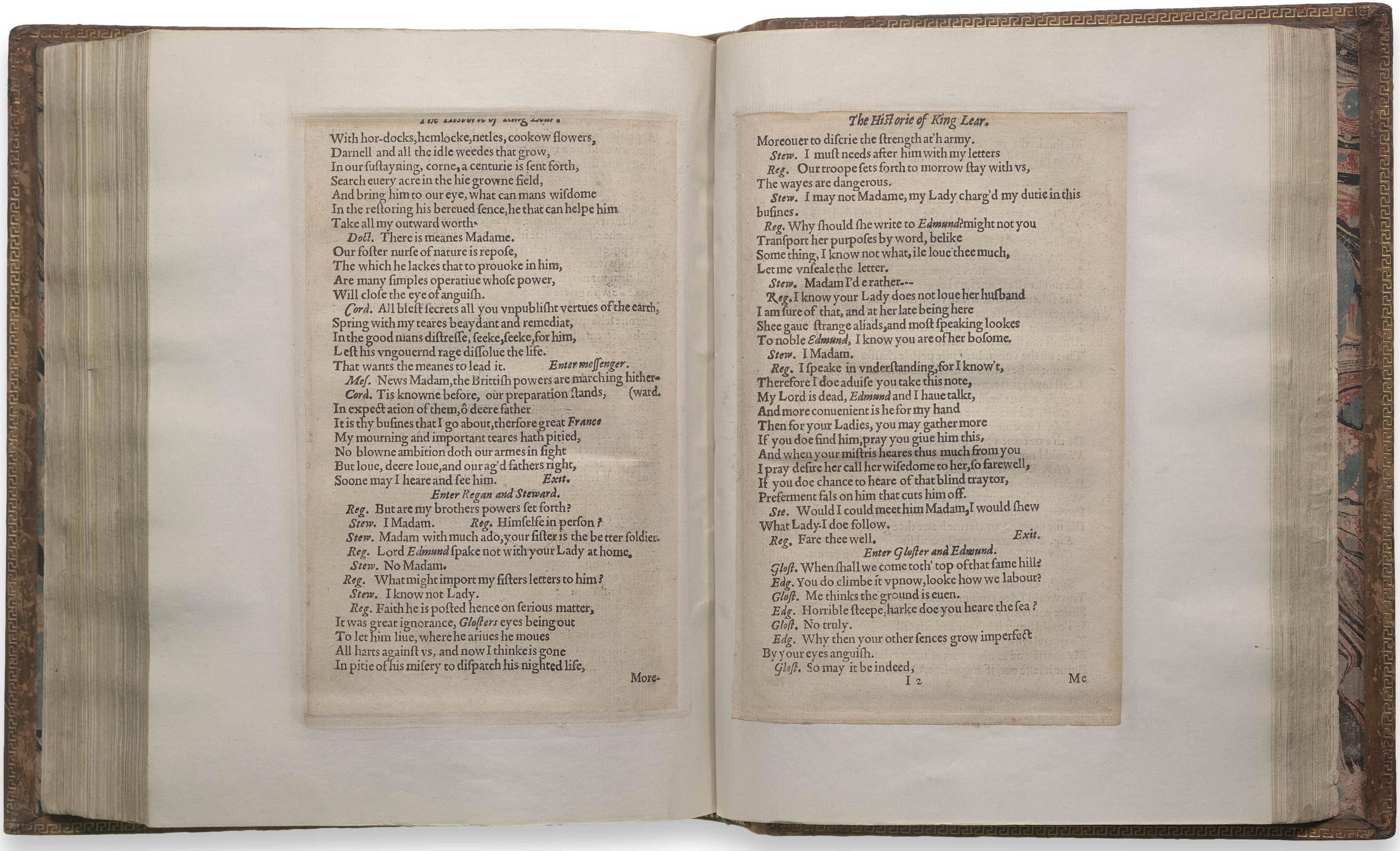
As

As pearles from diamonds dropt in briefe,
Sorow would be a raritie moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.
Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion.
Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters:
Kent, father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night,
Let pitie not be beleeft there ſhe ſhooke,
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moyſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.
Kent. It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
Elſe one ſelfe mate and make could not beget,
Such different iſſues, you ſpoke not with her ſince.
Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.
Gent. No, ſince.
Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear's* ith towne,
Who ſome time in his better tune remembers,
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to ſee his
Gent. Why good ſir? (daughter.
Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhàme ſo elbows him his own vnkindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction turnd her,
To forraine caſualties gaue her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters, theſe things ſting his mind,
So venomouſly that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia.*
Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.
Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.
Gent. Tis ſo they are a foote.
Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maiſter *Lear,*
And leaue you to attend him ſome deere cauſe,
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others. *Exit.*

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent ſea ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes,

I With



With hor-docks,hemlocke,netles, cookow flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our ſuſtayning, corne, a centurie is ſent forth,
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wiſdome
In the reſtoring his bereued ſence,he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is meanes Madame.
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,
Are many ſimples operatiue whoſe power,
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt ſecrets all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat,
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke,ſeeke,for him,
Leſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life.
That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter meſſenger.*
Meſ. News Madam,the Brittiſh powers are marching hither.
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands, (ward.
In expect ation of them,ô deere father
It is thy buſines that I go about,therfore great *France*
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
But loue, deere loue,and our ag'd fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himſelfe in perſon ?
Stew. Madam with much ado,your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home.
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſters letters to him ?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloſters* eyes being out
To let him liue, where he ariues he moues
All harts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,

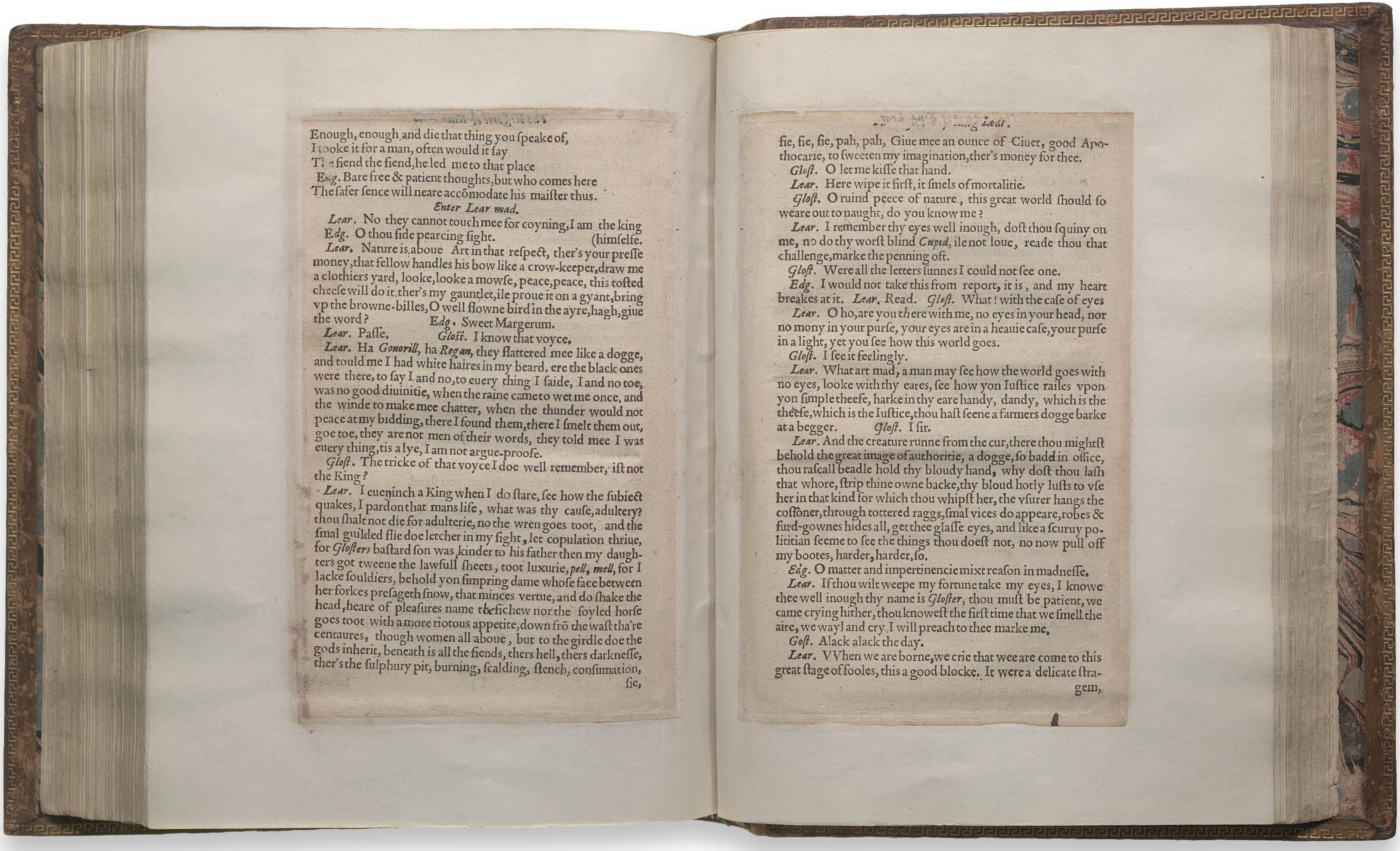
Moreouer to diſcrie the ſtrength at'h army.
Stew. I muſt needs after him with my letters
Reg. Our troope ſets forth to morrow ſtay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this
buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Some thing, I know not what, ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the letter.
Stew. Madam I'd e rather.---
Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her huſband
I am ſure of that, and at her late being here
Shee gaue ſtrange aliads,and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding,for I know't,
Therefore I doe aduiſe you take this note,
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
If you doe find him,pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her,ſo farewell,
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.
Ste. Would I could meet him Madam,I would ſhew
What Lady I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Gloſt. When ſhall we come toth' top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe it vpnow,looke how we labour?
Gloſt. Me thinks the ground is euen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe,harke doe you heare the ſea ?
Gloſt. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other ſences grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Gloſt. So may it be indeed,

Me thinks thy voyce is altered,and thou ſpeakeſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful
Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low
The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles,halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire,dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head,
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe,and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight,the murmuring ſurge
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its ſo hie ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne,and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand ?
Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge,for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Gloſt. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another purſſe, in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking,Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell,and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Gloſt. VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
Edg. Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done
Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
This world I doe renounce,and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great opposſes wils
My ſnurff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now fellow fare thee well. *He fals.*
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my robbe the treaſurie of life, when life it ſelfe yealds to the theft, had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene paſt, aliue or dead,ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeak,thus might he paſſe indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir ?
Gloſt. Away and let me die.
Edg. Hadſt thou beene ought but goſmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an egge, but thou doſt breath
Haſt heauy ſubſtance,bleedſt not,ſpeakeſt,art ſound,
Ten maſts at each, make not the altitude,
VVhich thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle,ſpeake yet againe.
Gloſt. But haue I fallen or no l
Edg. From the dread ſommons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight, the ſhrill gorg'd larke ſo farre
Cannot bee ſeene or heard, doe but looke vp ?
Gloſt. Alack I haue no eyes
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death twas yet ſome comfort
When miſery could beguile the tyrants rage]
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme ?
Vp,ſo, how feele you your legges, you ſtand.
Gloſt. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangenes
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
Which parted from you.
Gloſt. A poore vnfortunate bagger.
Edg. As I ſtood here below me thoughts his eyes
VVere two full Moones, a had a thouſand noſes
Hornes,welk't and waued like the enridged ſea,
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods,who made their honours
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Gloſt. I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare
Affliction till it doe crie out it ſelfe



Enough, enough, and die that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it ſay
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place

Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here
The ſafer ſence will neare accõmodate his maiſter thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king (himſelfe.

Edg. O thou ſide pearcing ſight.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowſe, peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue the word? *Edg*. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Paſſe. *Gloſt*. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge, and tould me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there, to ſay I and no, to euery thing I ſaide, I and no toe, was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out, goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the King?

Lear. I eueninch a King when I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubiect quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cauſe, adultery? thou ſhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the ſmal guilded flie doe letcher in my ſight, let copulation thriue, for *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets, toot luxurie, *pell, mell*, for I lacke ſouldiers, behold yon ſimpring dame whoſe face between her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the head, heare of pleaſures name the fichew nor the ſoyled horſe goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down frõ the waſt tha're centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneſſe, ther's the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumation,

fie,

fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothocarie, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Gloſt. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels of mortalitie.

Gloſt. O ruind peece of nature, this great world ſhould ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well inough, doſt thou ſquiny on me, no do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning oft.

Gloſt. Were all the letters ſunnes I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear*. Read. *Gloſt*. What! with the caſe of eyes

Lear. O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe, your eyes are in a heauie caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.

Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad, a man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Iuſtice railes vpon yon ſimple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuſtice, thou haſt ſeene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloſt*. I ſir.

Lear. And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightſt behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, ſo badd in office, thou raſcall beadle hold thy bloudy hand, why doſt thou laſh that whore, ſtrip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her, the vſurer hangs the coſſoner, through tottered raggs, ſmal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcuruy polititian ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, ſo.

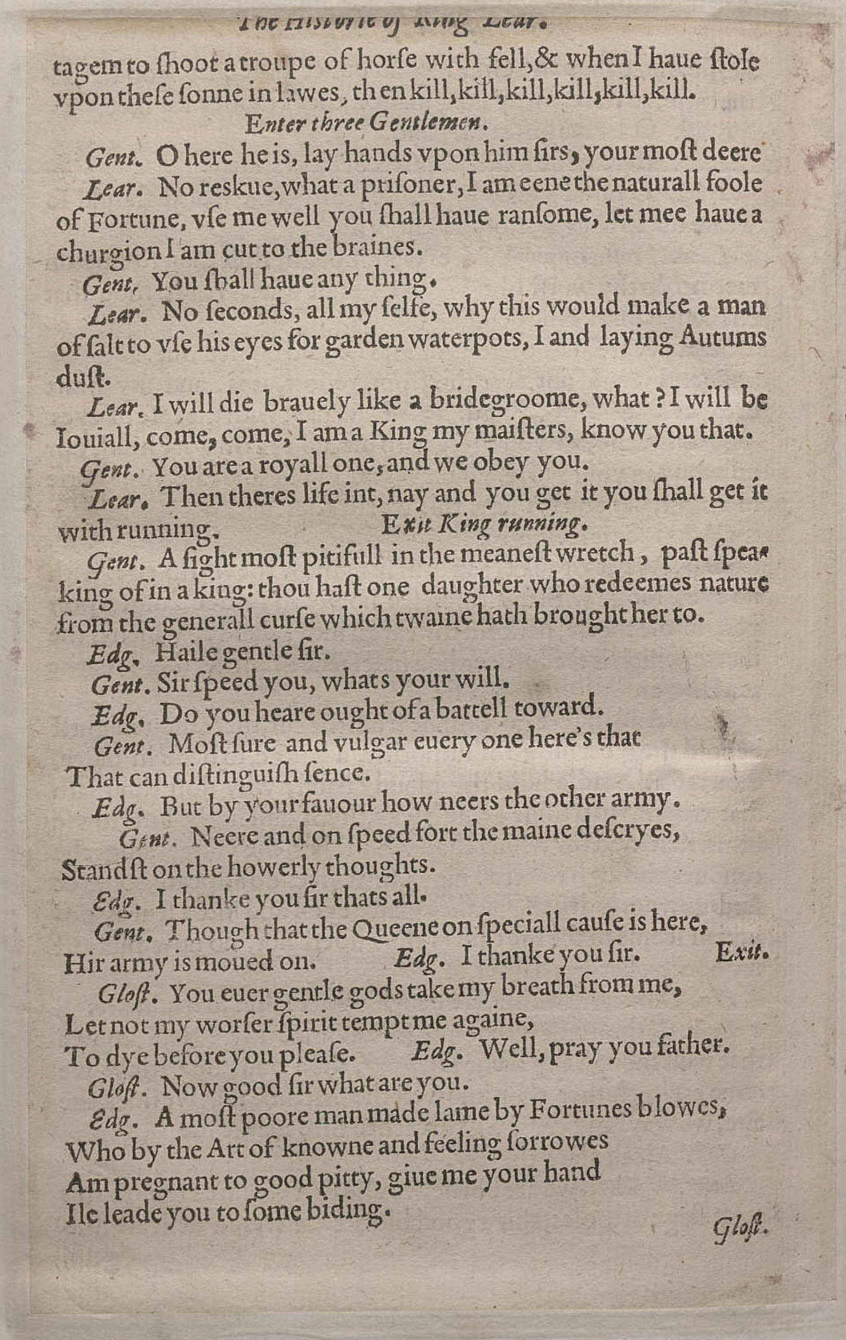
Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloſter*, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither, thou knoweſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.

Goſt. Alack alack the day.

Lear. VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtra-

gem,



tagem to ſhoot a troupe of horſe with fell, & when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs, your moſt deere

Lear. No reskue, what a priſoner, I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vſe me well you ſhall haue ranſome, let mee haue a churgion I am cut to the braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe, why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums duſt.

Lear. I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what? I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maiſters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar euery one here's that
That can diſtinguiſh ſence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army.

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed fort the maine deſcryes,
Standſt on the howerly thoughts.

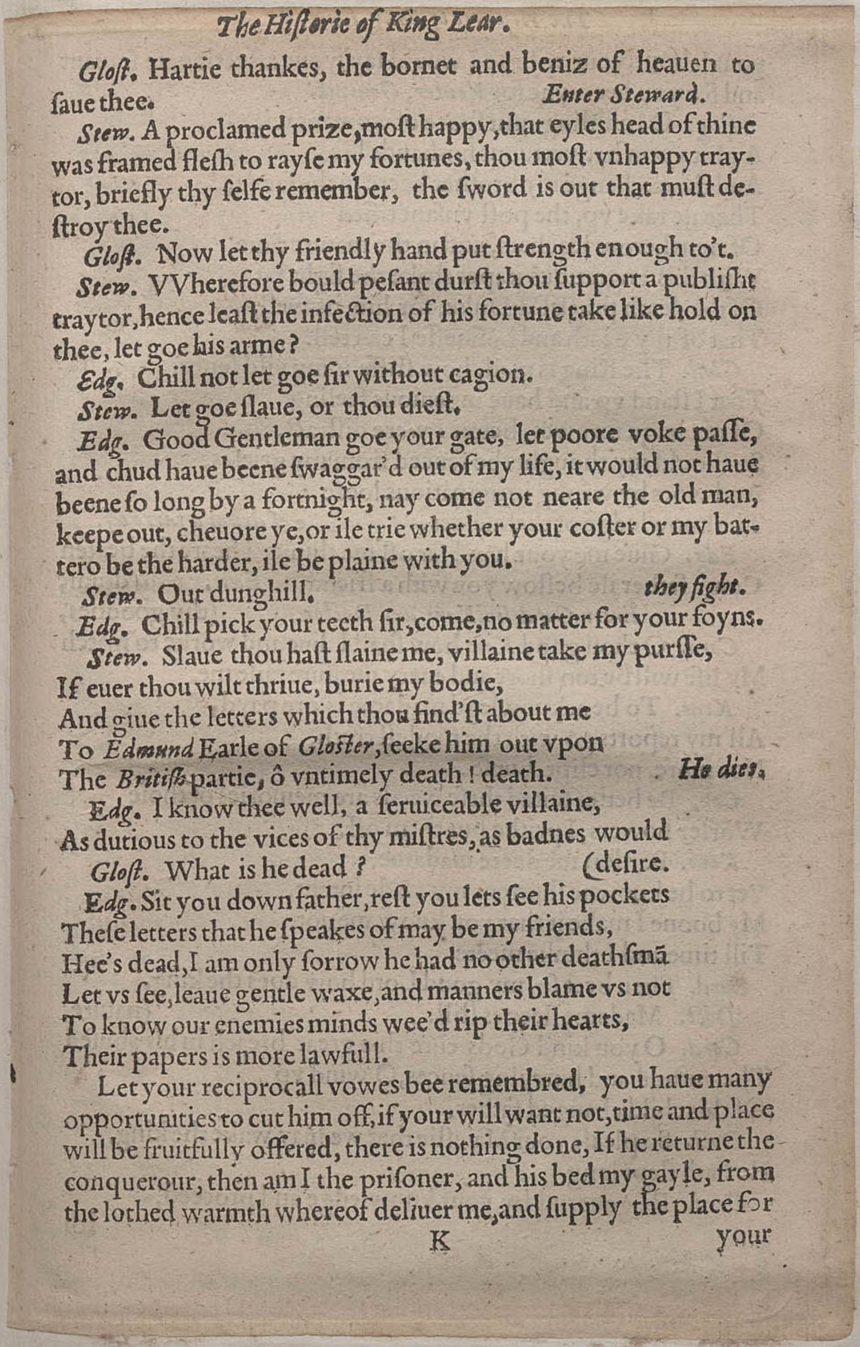
Edg. I thanke you ſir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is here,
Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Gloſt. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you pleaſe. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

Gloſt. Now good ſir what are you.

Edg. A moſt poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes,
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes
Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand
Ile leade you to ſome biding.



Gloſt. Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heauen to ſaue thee. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclamed prize, moſt happy, that eyles head of thine was framed fleſh to rayſe my fortunes, thou moſt vnhappy traytor, briefly thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. VVherefore bould peſant durſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme?

Edg. Chill not let goe ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paſſe, and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue beene ſo long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coſter or my battero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *they fight.*

Edg. Chill pick your teeth ſir, come, no matter for your foyns.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſſe,
If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,
And giue the letters which thou find'ſt about me
To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke him out vpon
The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely death! death. *He dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy miſtres, as badnes would deſire.

Gloſt. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down father, reſt you lets ſee his pockets
Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am only ſorrow he had no other deathſmā
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the conquerour, then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gayle, from the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and ſupply the place for

your labour,your wite(ſo I would ſay)your affectionate ſeruant
and for you her owne for *Venter, Gonorill.*
Edg. O Indiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother heere in the ſands,
Thee ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſ'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſſe I can tell.
Gloſt. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vild ſence,
That I ſtand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations looſe
The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*
Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
Come father ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,
Enter Cordelia,Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,
Cord. O thou good *Kent* how ſhall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too ſhort and euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited theſe weeds are memories of thoſe
Worſer howers, I prithe put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.
Cord. Then beet ſo, my good Lord how does the king.
Doct. Madame ſleepes ſtill. (nature,
Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abuſed
The vntund and hurrying ſences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.
Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſtie that we may wake the king,
He hath ſlept long.
Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed,
Ith

Ith ſway of your owne will,is he arayd,
Doct. I madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him,
Gent. Good madam be by,when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere, louder the muſicke there,
Cor. O my deer father reſtoratiõ hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire thoſe violent harmes that my two ſiſters
Haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Klnd and deere Princeſſe,
Cord. Had you not bene their father theſe white flakes,
Had challengd pitie of them,was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring winds,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick croſſe lightning to watch poore *Per du,*
With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire, and waſt thou faine poore father,
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſtie ſtraw, alack, alack,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all, he wakes ſpeake to him.
Doct. Madam doyou, tis fitteſt.
Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maieſtie.
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir know me,
Lear. Yar a ſpirit I know, where did you dye.
Cord. Still,ſtill, farre wide.
Doct. Hees ſcarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,
I am mightily abuſd, I ſhould ene dye with pitie,
To ſee another thus, I know not what to ſay,
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, lets ſee,

I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my condition.
Cord. O looke vpon me ſir, and hold your hands in benedicti.
on or'e me, no ſir you muſt not kneele.
Lear. Pray doe not mocke,
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Foureſcore and vpward, and to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
Mee thinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night, doe not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie
To be my child *Cordelia.* *Cord.* And ſo I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,
If you haue poyſon for mee I will drinke it,
I know you doe not loue me, for your ſiſters
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.
Cord. No cauſe, no cauſe. *Lear.* Am I in *France*?
Kent. In your owne kingdome ſir.
Lear. Doe not abuſe me?
Doct. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you ſee is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time hee has loſt, deſire him to goe in, trouble him no more till further ſetling. *Cord.* Wilt pleaſe your highnes walke?
Lear. You muſt beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt.* *Manet Kent and Gent.*
Gent. Holds it true ſir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlaine?
Kent. Moſt certaine ſir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As tis ſaid, the baſtard ſonne of *Gloſter.*
Gent. They ſay *Edgar* his baniſht ſonne is with the Earle of *Kent* in *Germanie.*
Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.
Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well ſir.
Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courſe, he's full of abdication
And ſelfe reprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our ſiſters man is certainly miſcaried,
Baſt. Tis to be doubted Madam,
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Doe you not loue my ſiſter? *Baſt.* I, honor'd loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forfended place? *Baſt.* That thought abuſes you.
Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and boſom'd with hir, as far as we call hirs.
Baſt. No by mine honour Madam.
Reg. I neuer ſhall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar (with her.
Baſt. Feare me not, ſhee and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troupes.

Gono. I had rather looſe the battaile, then that ſiſter ſhould looſen him and mee.
Alb. Our very louing ſiſter well be-met
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
With others, whome the rigour of our ſtate
Forſt to crie out, where I could not be honeſt
I neuer yet was valiant, for this buſines
It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land
Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare,
Moſt iuſt and heauy cauſes make oppoſe.
Baſt. Sir you ſpeake nobly. *Reg.* Why is this reaſon'd?
Gono. Combine togither gainſt the enemy,
For theſe domeſtique dore particulars
Are not to queſtion here.
Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our proceedings. *Baſt.* I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Reg. Siſter you'l goe with vs? *Gon.* No.
Reg. Tis moſt conuenient, pray you goe with vs.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar*
Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word. *Exeunt.*
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it, wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a champion that will proue
What is auowched there, if you miſcary,
Your buſines of the world hath ſo an end,
Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it, when time ſhall ſerue let but the Herald
cry,and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.
Enter Edmund.
Baſt. The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers
Hard is the queſſe of their great ſtrength and forces
By diligent diſcouery, but your haſt is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe ſiſtershaue I ſworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other as the ſting are of the Adder,
Which of them ſhall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow (inioy'd
Exaſperates,makes mad her ſiſter *Gonorill,*
And hardly ſhall I cary out my ſide
Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vſe
His countenadce for the battaile, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuiſe
His ſpeedie taking off, as for his mercy
Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia:*
The battaile done,and they within our power
Shall neuer ſee his pardon, for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate, *Exit.*
Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the ſtage, Cordelia with her father in her hand.
Enter Edgar and Gloſter.
Edg. Here father, take the ſhaddow of this buſh
For your good hoaſt, pray that the right may thriue

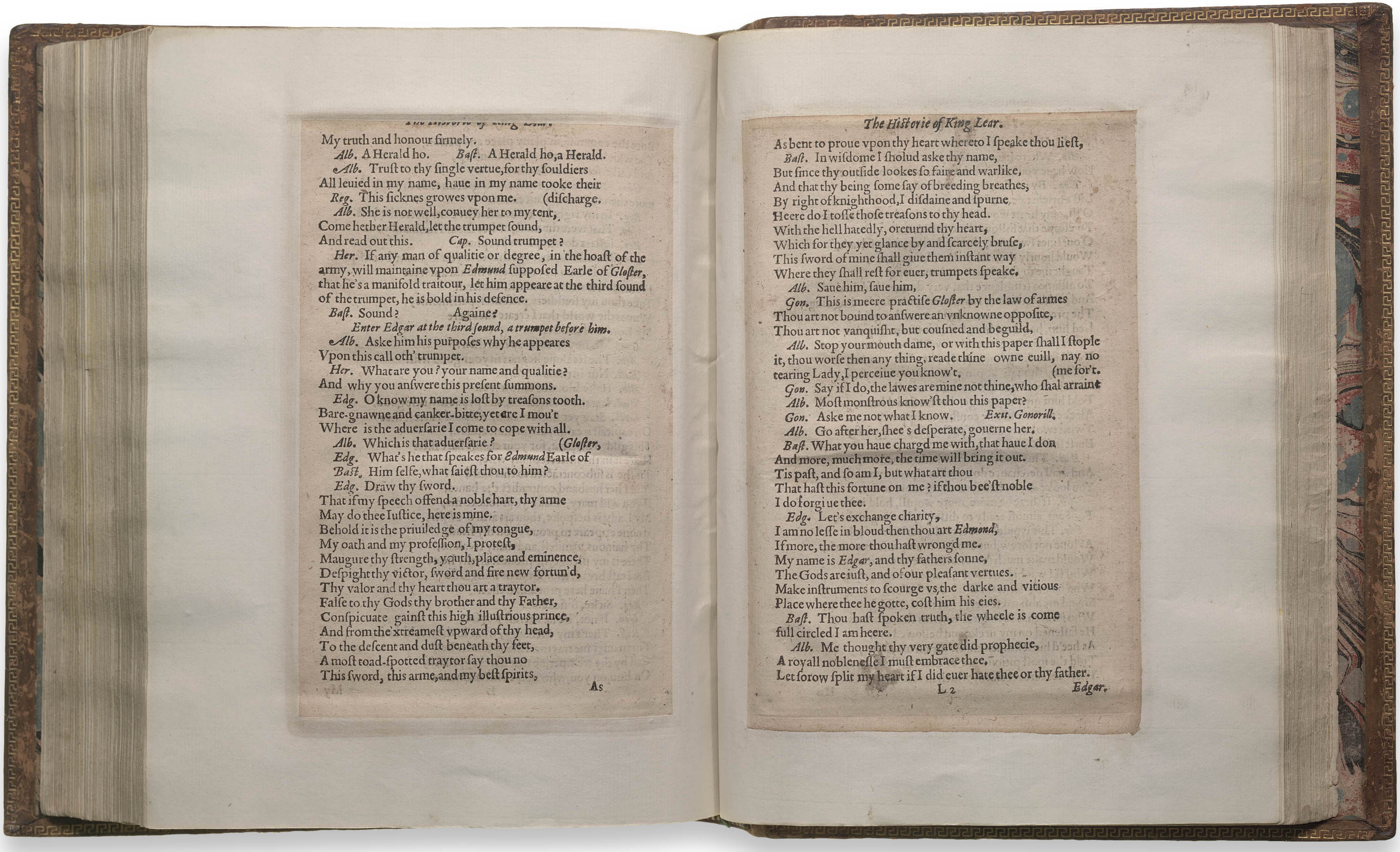
If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*
Gloſt. Grace goe with you ſir. *Alarum and retreat.*
Edg. Away old man,giue me thy hand,away,
King *Lear* hath loſt,he and his daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand,come on.
Gloſt. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen here.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe men muſt indure,
Their going hence,euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all come on.
Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.
Baſt, Some officers take them away,good guard
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them. (incurd
Cor. We are not the firſt who with beſt meaning haue
The worſt, for thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe outfrowne falſe Fortunes frowne,
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?
Lear. No,no, come lets away to priſon
We two alone will ſing like birds it'h cage,
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing,ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenes,ſo weele liue
And pray,and ſing and tell old tales and laugh
At guilded butterflies,and heare poore rogues
Talke of Court newes,and weele talke with them to,
Who looſes,and who wins,whoſe in,whoſe out,
And take vpon's the miſtery of things
As if we were Gods ſpies,and weele weare out
In a wal'd priſon,packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia,*
The Gods thēſelues throw incenſe, haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes,wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em,fleach and fell
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? wele ſee vm ſtarue firſt,
Baſt. Come hither Captaine,harke. (come.
Take thou this note,goe follow them to priſon,

And ſtep, I haue aduanct thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded
Does not become a ſword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion, either ſay thout do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
Cap. Ile do't my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy when thou haſt don,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carie it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.
Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
If it bee mans worke ile do't.

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue ſhewed to day your valiant ſtrain,
And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues
That were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtri fe,
We doe require then of you, ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits, and our ſafty
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir I thought it fit,
To ſaue the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age has charmes in it, whoſe title more
To pluck the coren boſſom of his ſide,
And turne our impreſt launces in our eyes
Which doe commaund them, with him I ſent the queen
My reaſon, all the ſame and they are readie to morrow,
Or at further ſpace, to appeare where you ſhall hold
Your ſeſſion at this time, mee ſweat and bleed,
The friend hath loſt his friend, and the beſt quarrels
In the heat are curſt, by thoſe that feele their ſharpes,
The queſtion of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him,
Me thinkes our pleaſure ſhould haue beene demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre, he led our powers,

Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which imediate may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your brother.
Gono. Not ſo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himſelfe
more then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inueſted he com-peers the beſt.
Gon. That were the moſt, if hee ſhould husband you.
Reg. Ieſters doe oft proue Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you ſo, lookt but a ſquint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, els I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack, Generall
Take thou my ſouldiers, priſoners, patrimonie,
Witnes the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maiſter.
Gon. Meane you to inioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.
Baſt. Let the drum ſtrike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon, *Edmund* I arreſt thee
On capitall treaſon, and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire ſiſter
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will mary, make your loue to me,
My Lady is beſpoke, thou art arm'd *Gloſter*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taſt bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue here proclaimd thee.
Reg. Sicke, ô ſicke.
Gon. If not, ile ne're truſt poyſon.
Baſt. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine



My truth and honour firmely.

Alb. A Herald ho. *Baſt.* A Herald ho,a Herald.

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle vertue,for thy ſouldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their

Reg. This ſicknes growes vpon me. (diſcharge.

Alb. She is not well,conuey her to my tent,
Come hether Herald,let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?

Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoaſt of the army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* ſuppoſed Earle of *Gloſter*, that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third ſound of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound? Againe?

Enter Edgar at the third ſound, a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes why he appeares
Vpon this call oth' trumpet.

Her. What are you? your name and qualitie?
And why you anſwere this preſent ſummons.

Edg. O know my name is loſt by treaſons tooth.
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte,yet are I mou't
Where is the aduerſarie I come to cope with all.

Alb. Which is that aduerſarie? (*Gloſter*,

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of

Baſt. Him ſelfe,what ſaieſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword.
That if my ſpeech offend a noble hart, thy arme
May do thee Iuſtice, here is mine.
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and my profeſſion, I proteſt,
Maugure thy ſtrength, youth,place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor, ſword and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.
Falſe to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
Conſpicuate gainſt this high illuſtrious prince,
And from the'xtreameſt vpward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traytor ſay thou no
This ſword, this arme,and my beſt ſpirits,

As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I ſpeake thou lieſt,

Baſt. In wiſdome I ſholud aske thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood,I diſdaine and ſpurne,
Heere do I toſſe thoſe treaſons to thy head.
With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and ſcarcely bruſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way
Where they ſhall reſt for euer, trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him,

Gon. This is meere practiſe *Gloſter* by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to anſwere an vnknowne oppoſite,
Thou art not vanquiſht, but couſned and beguild,

Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper ſhall I ſtople it, thou worſe then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no tearing Lady,I perceiue you know't. (me for't.

Gon. Say if I do,the lawes are mine not thine,who ſhal arraint

Alb. Moſt monſtrous know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her,ſhee's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue chargd me with,that haue I don
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I, but what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? if thou bee'ſt noble
I do forgiue thee.

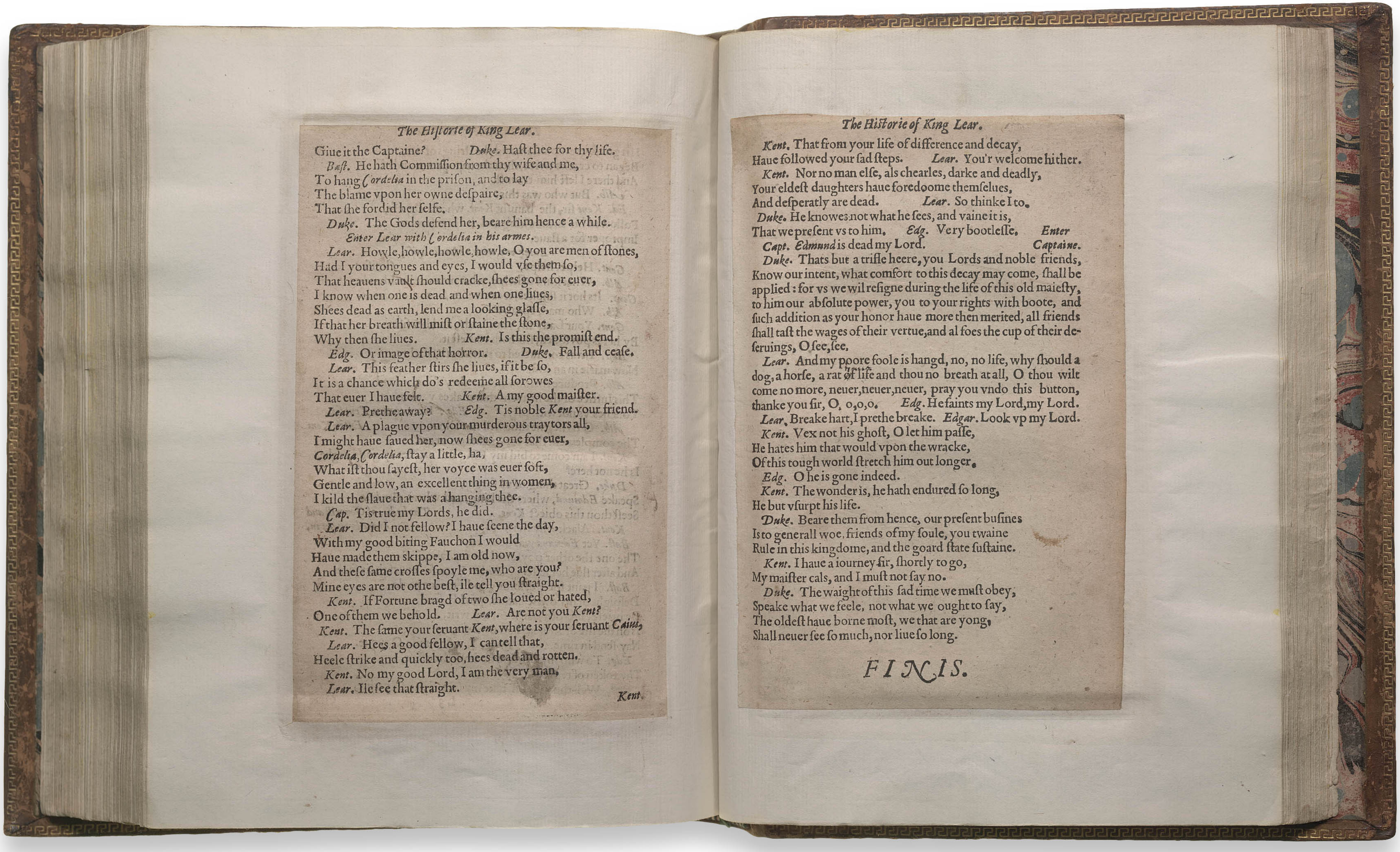
Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leſſe in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more thou haſt wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers ſonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vertues.
Make inſtruments to ſcourge vs,the darke and vitious
Place where thee he gotte, coſt him his eies.

Baſt. Thou haſt ſpoken truth, the wheele is come full circled I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall nobleneſſe I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorow ſplit my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord,
Liſt a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burſt the bloudy proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
O our liues ſweetnes, that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt, when I was armed,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,
Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake, the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extreames of paſſion, ioy and griefe,
Burſt ſmillingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay,
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue, hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue ſeemd a periode to ſuch
As loue not ſorow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extreamitie.
Whil'ſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety, but then finding
Who twas that ſo indur'd with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke and bellowed out,
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the moſt pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His griefe grew puiſſant and the ſtrings of life,
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded.
And there I left him traunſt.
Alb. But who was this.
Ed. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*, who in diguiſe,
Followed his enemie king and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.
Enter one with a bloudie knife,
Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?
Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy
Gent. Its hot it ſmokes, it came euen from the heart of-
Alb. Who man, ſpeake?
Gent. Your Lady ſir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poyſoned, ſhe hath confeſt it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marie in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead,
This Iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* ſir.
Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*
The complement that very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come to bid my King and maiſter ay good night,
Is he not here?
Duke. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*. *The bodies of Gonorill and*
Kent. Alack why thus. *Regan are brought in.*
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
The one the other poyſoned for my ſake,
And after ſlue her ſelfe. *Duke.* Euen ſo, couer their faces.
Baſt. I pant for life, ſome good I meane to do,
Deſpight of my owne nature, quickly ſend,
Be briefe, int toth' caſtle for my writ,
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,
Nay ſend in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.
Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office, ſend
Thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword the Captaine,



Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne deſpaire,
That ſhe fordid her ſelfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke, ſhees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues. *Kent.* Is this the promiſt end.
Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs ſhe liues, if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maiſter.
Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little, ha,
What iſt thou ſayeſt, her voyce was euer ſoft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue ſeene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not othe beſt, ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, where is your ſeruant *Caius*,
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe, als chearles, darke and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters haue foredoome themſelues,
And deſperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.
Duke. He knowes not what he ſees, and vaine it is,
That we preſent vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootleſſe. *Enter*
Capt. *Edmund* is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*
Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends, Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, ſhall be applied: for vs we wil reſigne during the life of this old maieſty, to him our abſolute power, you to your rights with boote, and ſuch addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends ſhall taſt the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their deſeruings, O ſee, ſee.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat ~~of~~ haue life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button, thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.

Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe,
He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
Of this tough world ſtretch him out longer.
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſines
Is to generall woe, friends of my ſoule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the goard ſtate ſuſtaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly to go,
My maiſter cals, and I muſt not ſay no.
Duke. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay,
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

FINIS.

– Langbaine appears to have possessed an edition of this play printed in 4to in 1594. "This play (says he) was first printed 4to Lond 1594, and acted by the Earls of Darby, Pembroke and Essex, their servants." Doubtless he had it before him.
The description of the Companies by whom it was plaied, is different both from the enumeration of the edit. in 1600 and that at the head of 1611.
In the year 1800, a copy of this play, printed in 1600, was discovered in the Duke of Bridgewater's Library at Ashridge, which has been since removed to London. I have collated the present copy with it, and the variations are set down. No other copy of the edition of 1600, except this of the D. of B.'s, is known to exist; nor was it ever seen by any of the editors of Shakspeare before 1800.

The title of the edition of 1600, which is in 4to, is as follows:

The most lamenta
ble Romaine Tragedie of Titus
Andronicus.
As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr
Servants.

AT LONDON.

Printed by I. R. for Edward White
and are to be solde at his shoppe at the little
North doore of Paules, at the signe of
the Gun 1600.

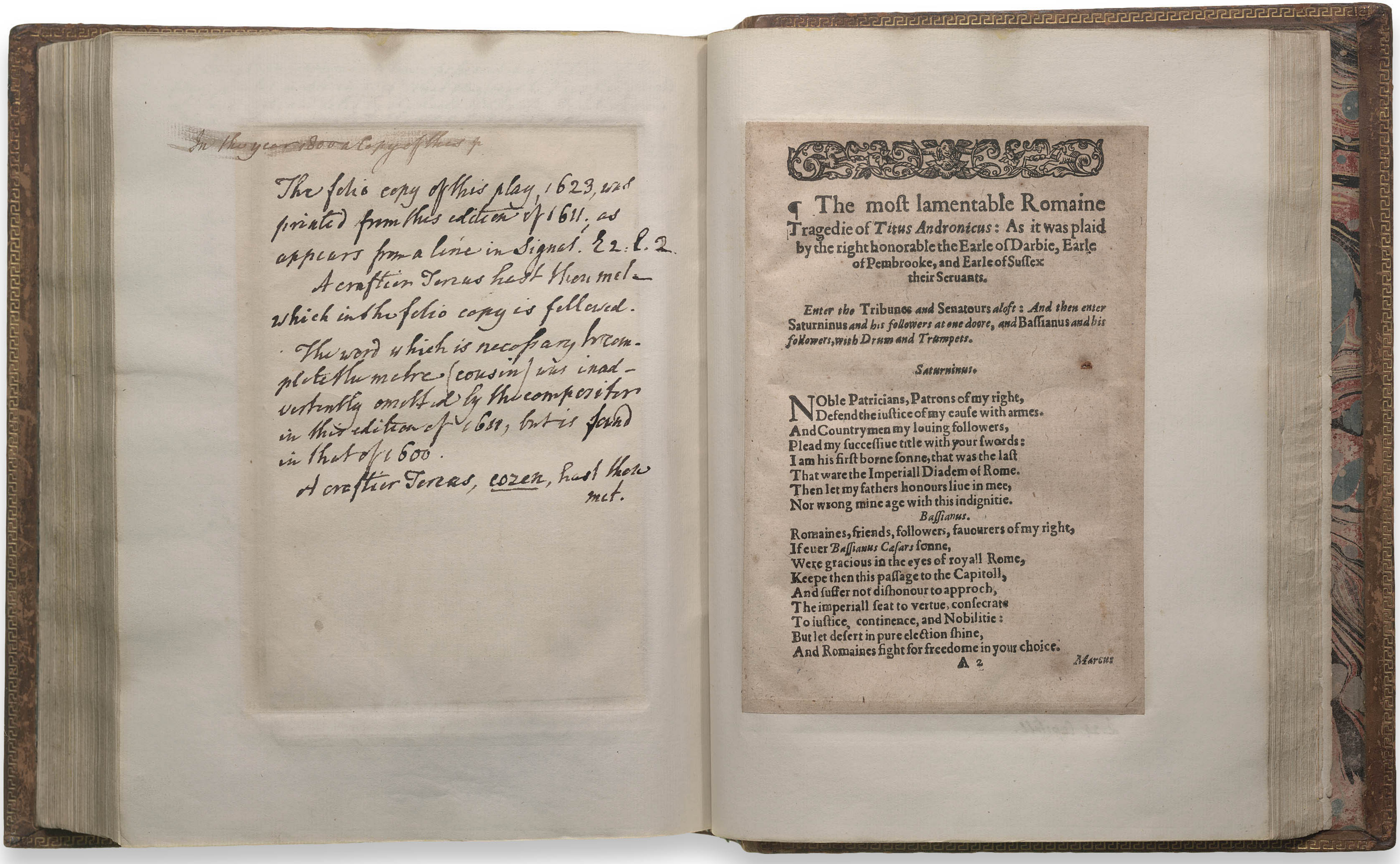
3

THE
MOST LAMEN-
TABLE TRAGEDIE
of Titus Andronicus.

AS IT HATH SUNDRY
times beene plaide by the Kings
Maieſties Seruants.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed for Eedward White, and are to be ſolde
at his ſhoppe, nere the little North dore of
Pauls, at the ſigne of the
Gun. 1611.



~~In the year 1600 a copy of this p~~

The folio copy of this play, 1623, was printed from this edition of 1611, as appears from a line in Signat. E2: l. 2.

A craftier Tereus hast thou met—

which in the folio copy is followed.

The word which is necessary to complete the metre (cousin) was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in this edition of 1611, but is found in that of 1600.

A craftier Tereus, cozen, hast thou met.

¶ The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Suſſex their Seruants.

Enter the Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft: And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one doore, and* Baſſianus *and his followers, with Drum and Trumpets.*

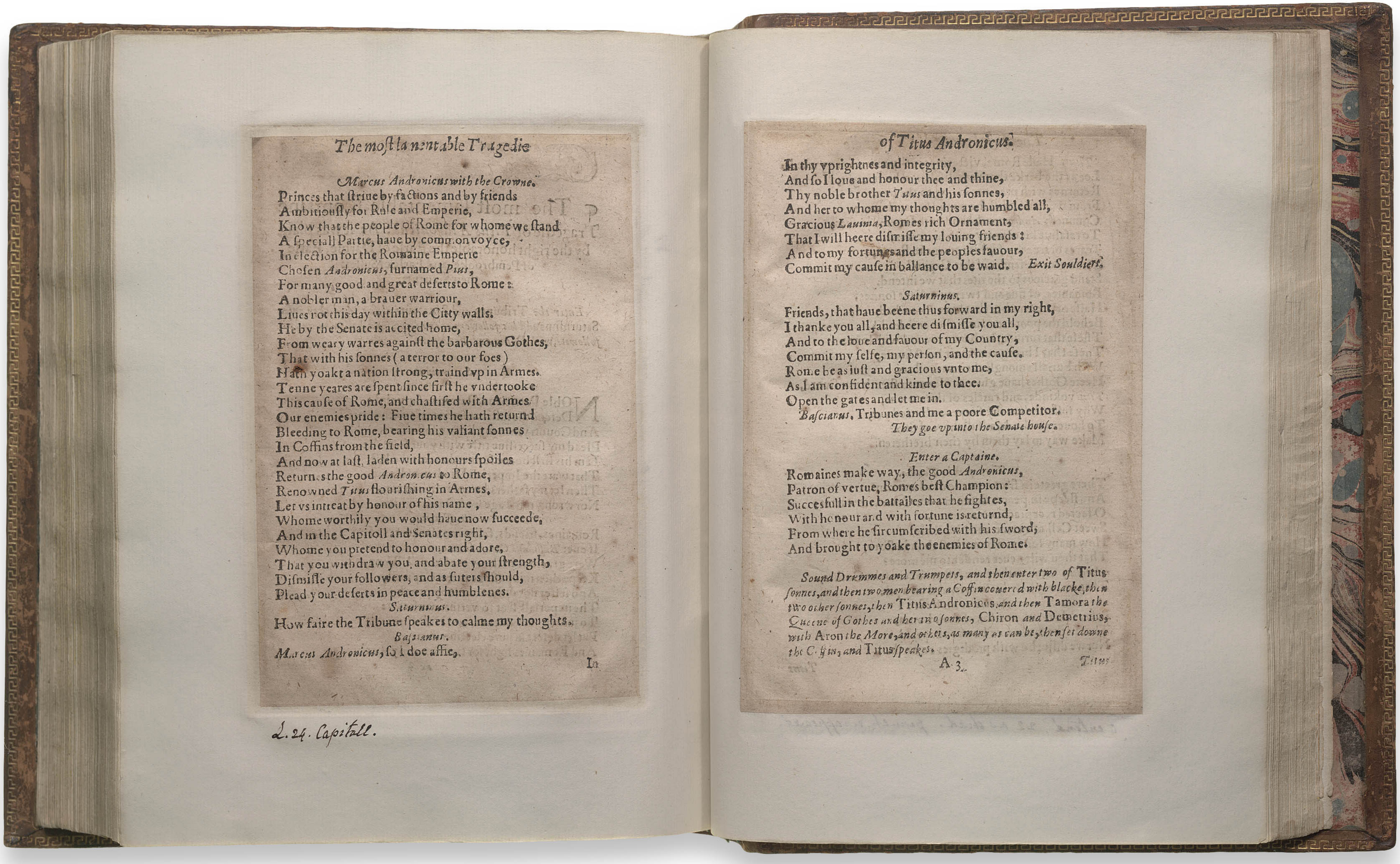
Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iuſtice of my cauſe with armes.
And Countrymen my louing followers,
Plead my ſucceſſiue title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt borne ſonne, that was the laſt
That ware the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Baſſianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Baſſianus Caeſars* ſonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approch,
The imperiall ſeat to vertue, conſecrate
To iuſtice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

A 2 *Marcus*



The moſt lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that ſtriue by factions and by friends
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whome we ſtand
A ſpeciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſurnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres againſt the barbarous Gothes,
That with his ſonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation ſtrong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are ſpent ſince firſt he vndertooke
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſonnes
In Coffins from the field,
And now at laſt, laden with honours ſpoiles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flouriſhing in Armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now ſucceede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength,
Diſmiſſe your followers, and as ſuters ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune ſpeakes to calme my thoughts.

Baſsianus.

Marcus Andronicus, ſo I doe affie,

In

L. 24. Capitall.

of Titus Andronicus.

In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And ſo I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his ſonnes,
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere diſmiſſe my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cauſe in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

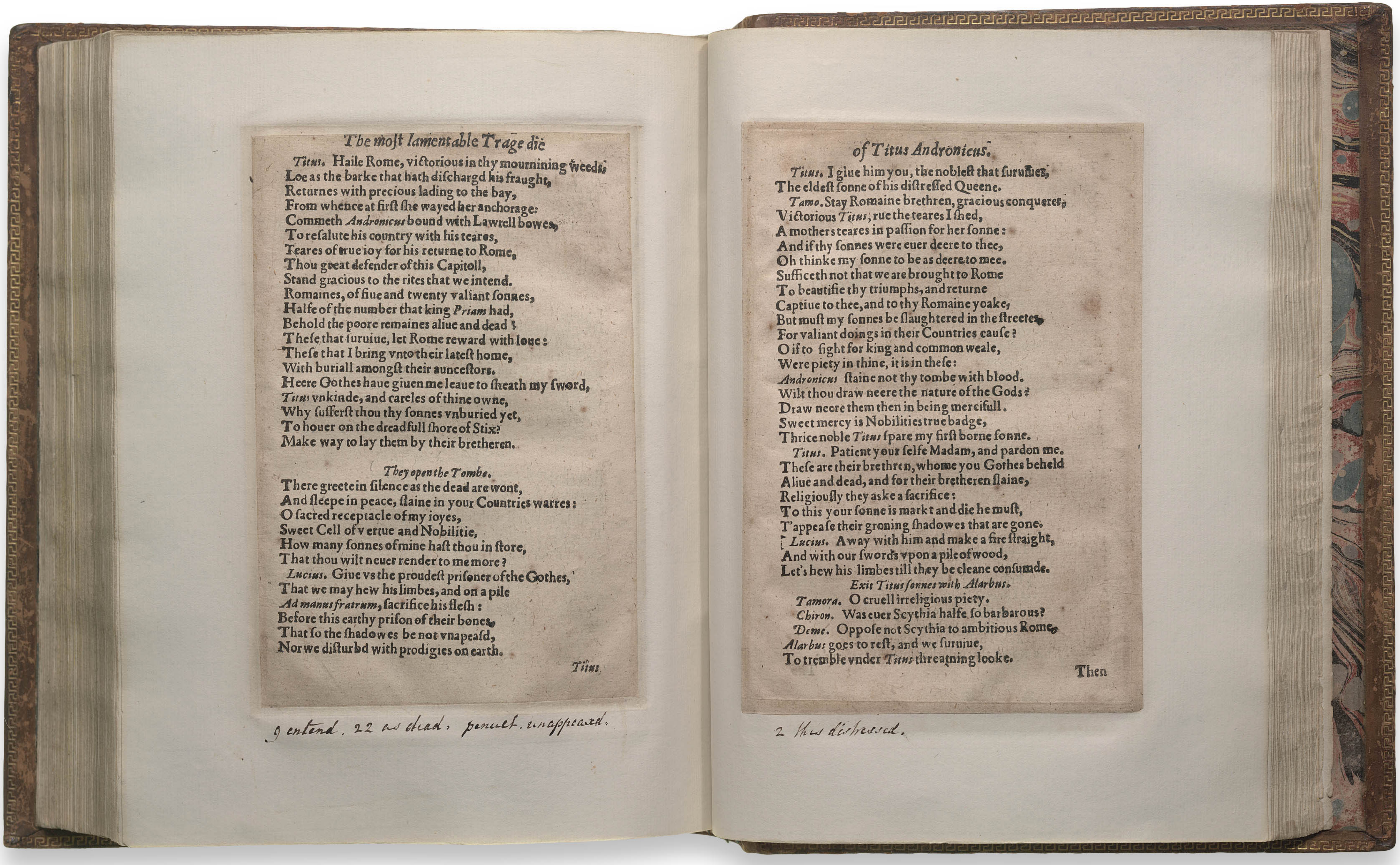
Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and heere diſmiſſe you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my ſelfe, my perſon, and the cauſe.
Rome be as iuſt and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.
Baſcianus, Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.
They goe vp into the Senate houſe.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes beſt Champion:
Succesfull in the battailes that he fightes,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he ſircumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *ſonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other ſonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two ſonnes,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others, as many as can be, then ſet downe the Coffin, and* Titus *ſpeakes.*

A 3. *Titus*



Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mournining weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath diſchargd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To reſalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant ſonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead !
Theſe that ſuruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
Theſe that I bring vnto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongſt their aunceſtors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to ſheath my ſword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why ſufferſt thou thy ſonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull ſhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleepe in peace, ſlaine in your Countries warres:
O ſacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many ſonnes of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
Lucius. Giue vs the proudeſt priſoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, ſacrifice his fleſh:
Before this earthy priſon of their bones,
That ſo the ſhadowes be not vnapeaſd,
Nor we diſturbd with prodigies on earth.

9 entend. 22 as dead, penult. unappeasd.

Titus. I giue him you, the nobleſt that ſuruiues,
The eldeſt ſonne of his diſtreſſed Queene.
Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I ſhed,
A mothers teares in paſſion for her ſonne:
And if thy ſonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my ſonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muſt my ſonnes be ſlaughtered in the ſtreetes,
For valiant doings in their Countries cauſe?
O if to fight for king and common weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus ſtaine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* ſpare my firſt borne ſonne.
Titus. Patient your ſelfe Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whome you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren ſlaine,
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrifice:
To this your ſonne is markt and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groning ſhadowes that are gone.
Lucius. Away with him and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our ſwords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane conſumde.

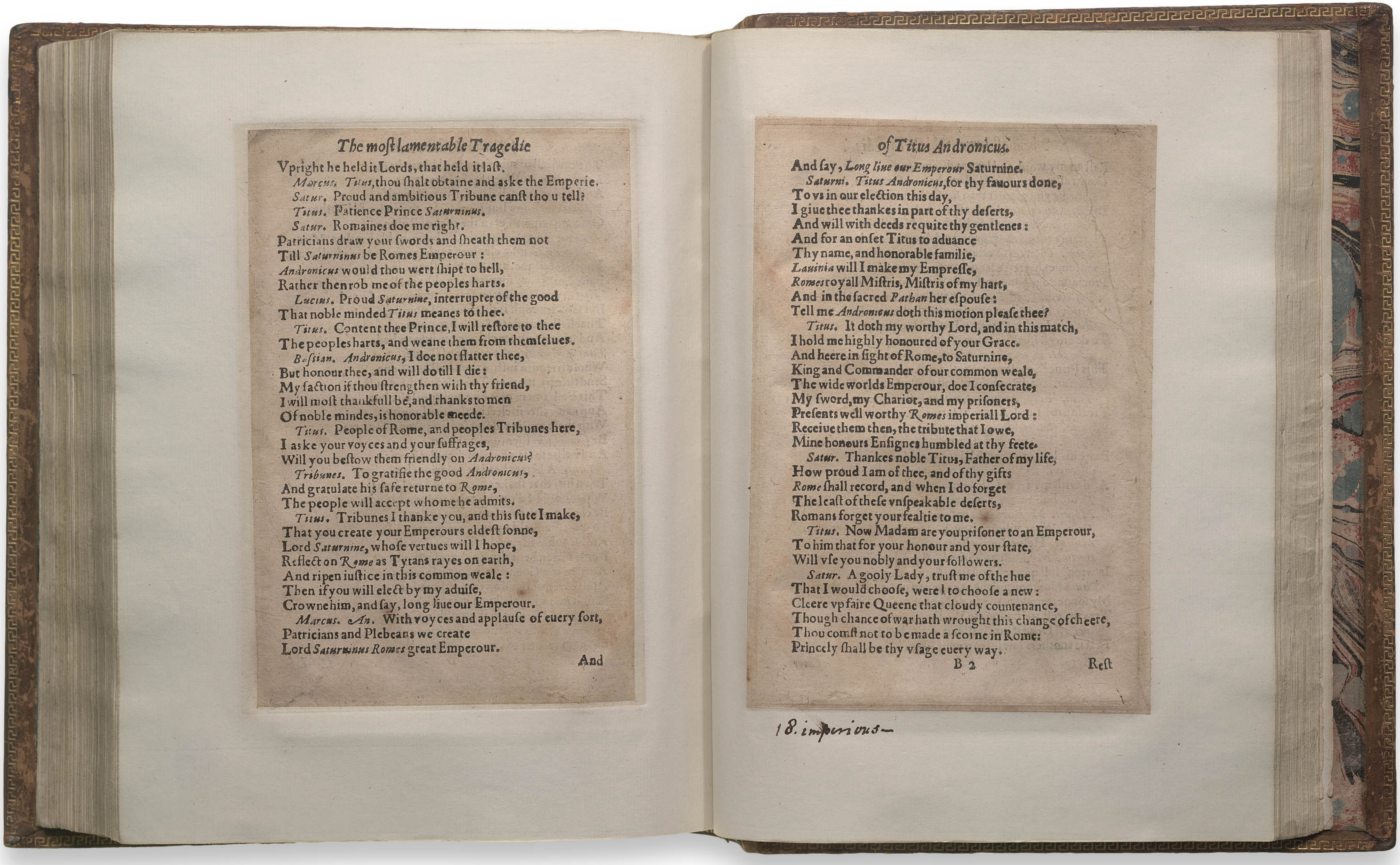
Exit Titus ſonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chiron. Was euer Scythia halfe ſo barbarous?
Deme. Oppoſe not Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſuruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke.

2 thus distressed.

Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.
Enter the ſonnes of Andronicus againe.
Lucius, See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.
Titus. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to theyr ſoules.
Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no enuie ſwels,
Here grow no damned grudgges, here are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and eternall ſleepe,
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes.
Enter Lauinia.
Laui. In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome.*
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
whoſe fortunes *Romes* beſt Cittizens applauld.
Titus. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus louingly reſerude

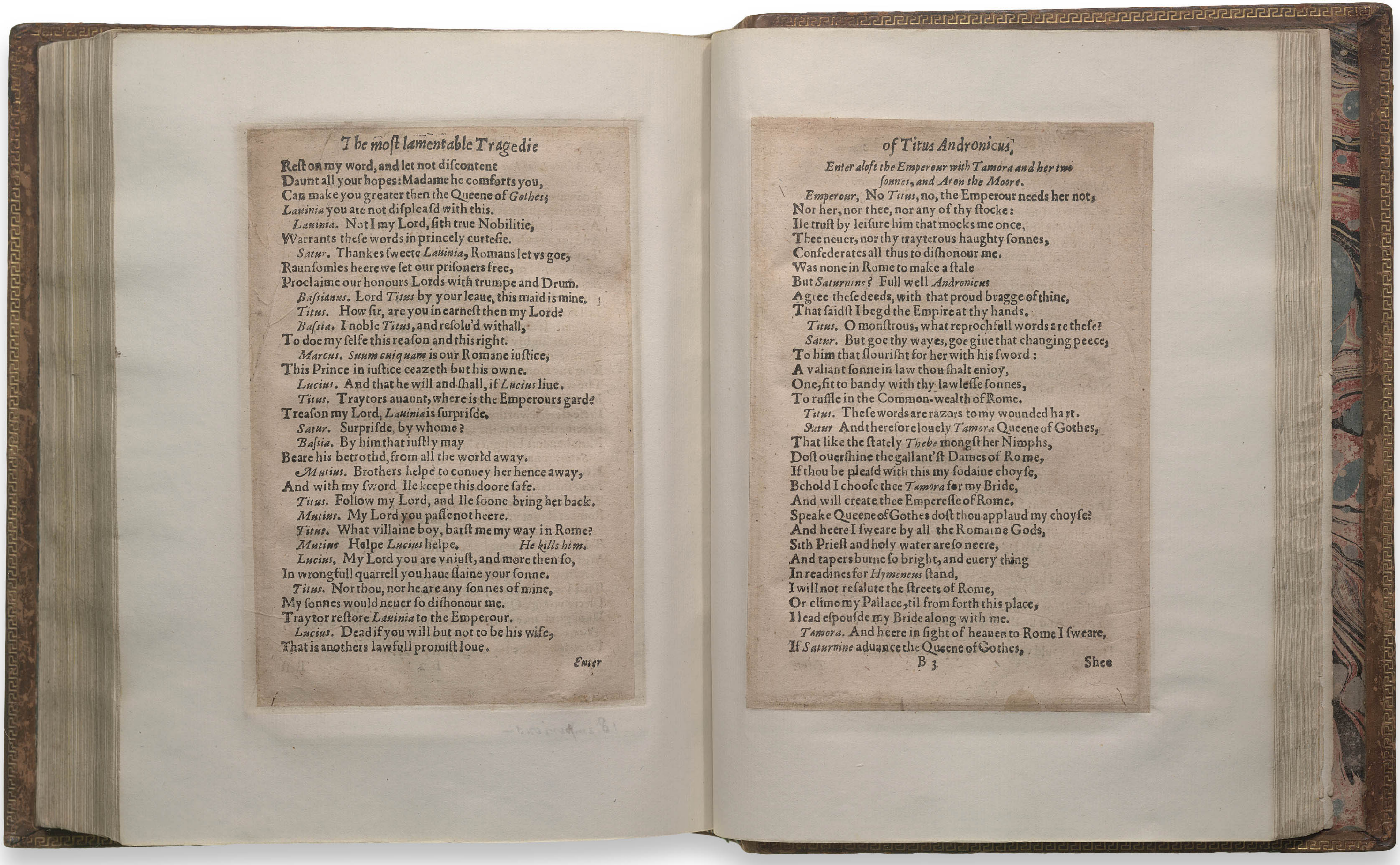
The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.
Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*
Marcus. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſfull wars,
You that ſuruiue, and you that ſleepe in fame:
Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aſpirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours ſonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headles Rome.
Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that ſhakes for age and feeblenes:
What ſhould I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſines for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſuccesfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and ſeruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controule the world,



Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.
Marcus. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canſt tho u tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*
Satur. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your ſwords and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themſelues.
Baſsian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friend,
I will moſt thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your ſuffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whome he admits.
Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans rayes on earth,
And ripen iuſtice in this common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crowne him, and ſay, long liue our Emperour.
Marcus. *An.* With voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeans we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour.

And ſay, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onſet Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empreſſe,
Romes royall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart,
And in the ſacred *Pathan* her eſpouſe:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.
And heere in ſight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I conſecrate,
My ſword, my Chariot, and my priſoners,
Preſents well worthy *Romes* imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Enſignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable deſerts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your ſtate,
Will vſe you nobly and your followers.
Satur. A gooly Lady, truſt me of the hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.

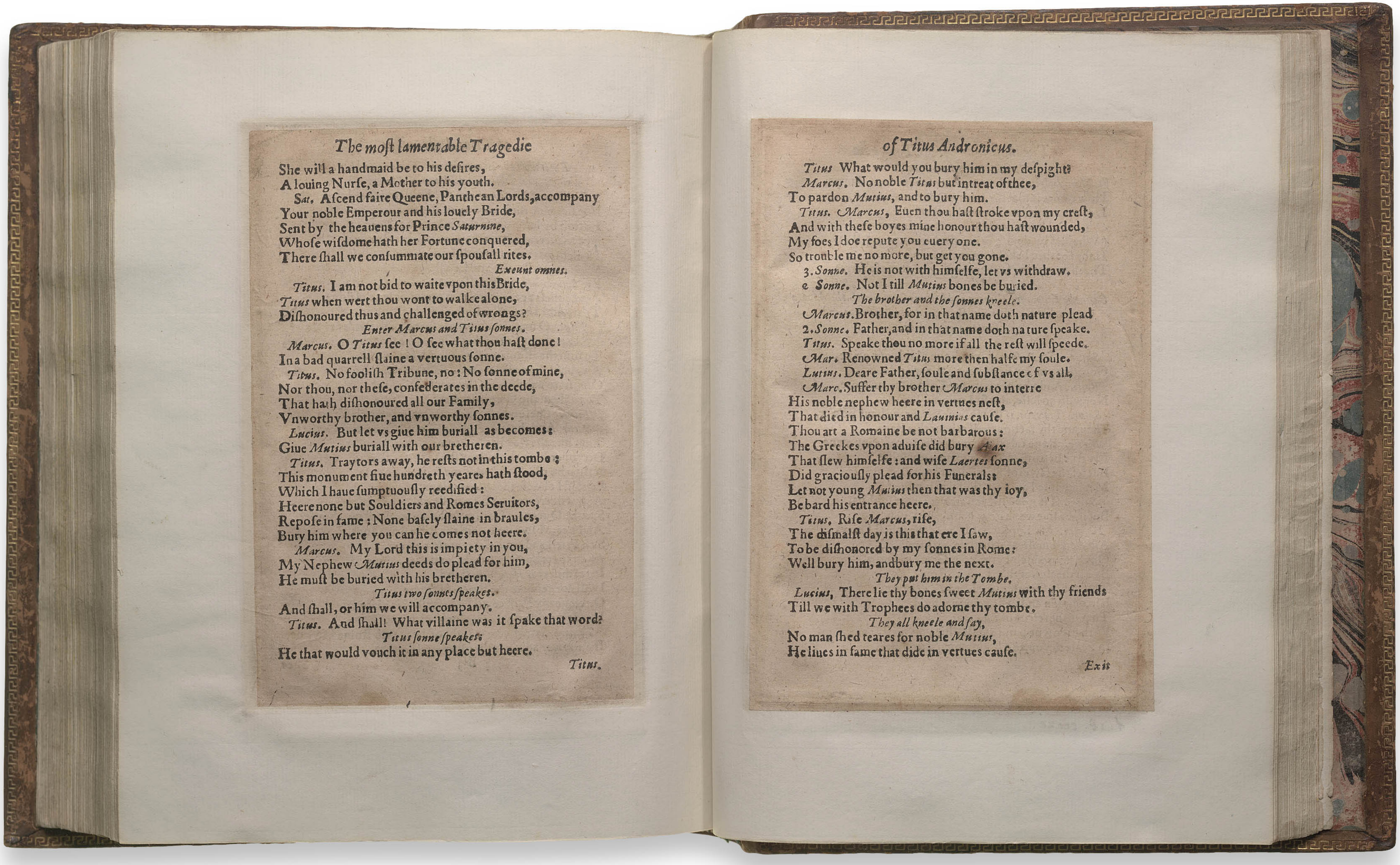
18. imperious—



Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*;
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſd with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in princely curteſie.
Satur. Thankes ſweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunſomles heere we ſet our priſoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Baſsianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How ſir, are you in earneſt then my Lord?
Baſsia. I noble *Titus*, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiquam* is our Romane iuſtice,
This Prince in iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurpriſde,
Satur. Surpriſde, by whome?
Baſsia. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my ſword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you paſſe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barſt me my way in Rome?
Mutius Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
Lucius, My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue ſlaine your ſonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aron the Moore.

Emperour, No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaidſt I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monſtrous, what reprochfull words are theſe?
Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſonne in law thou ſhalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe ſonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. Theſe words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satur And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mongſt her Nimphs,
Doſt ouerſhine the gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſd with this my ſodaine choyſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes doſt thou applaud my choyſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and holy water are ſo neere,
And tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or clime my Pailace, til from forth this place,
I lead eſpouſde my Bride along with me.
Tamora. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,



She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus ſonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* ſee ! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell ſlaine a vertuous ſonne.
Titus. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe, confederates in the deede,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy ſonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he reſts not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue ſumptuouſly reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two ſonnes ſpeakes.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?
Titus ſonne ſpeakes.
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.
Titus.

Titus What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Titus. Marcus, Euen thou haſt ſtroke vpon my creſt,
And with theſe boyes mine honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. *Sonne.* He is not with himſelfe, let vs withdraw.
e *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The brother and the ſonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead
2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.
Titus. Speake thou no more if all the reſt will ſpeede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoule.
Lutius. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of vs all.
Marc. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His noble nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduiſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: and wiſe *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmalſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my ſonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Lucius, There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy tombe.
They all kneele and ſay,
No man ſhed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame that dide in vertues cauſe.
Exit

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe dririe dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduancd in Rome?
Titus. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?

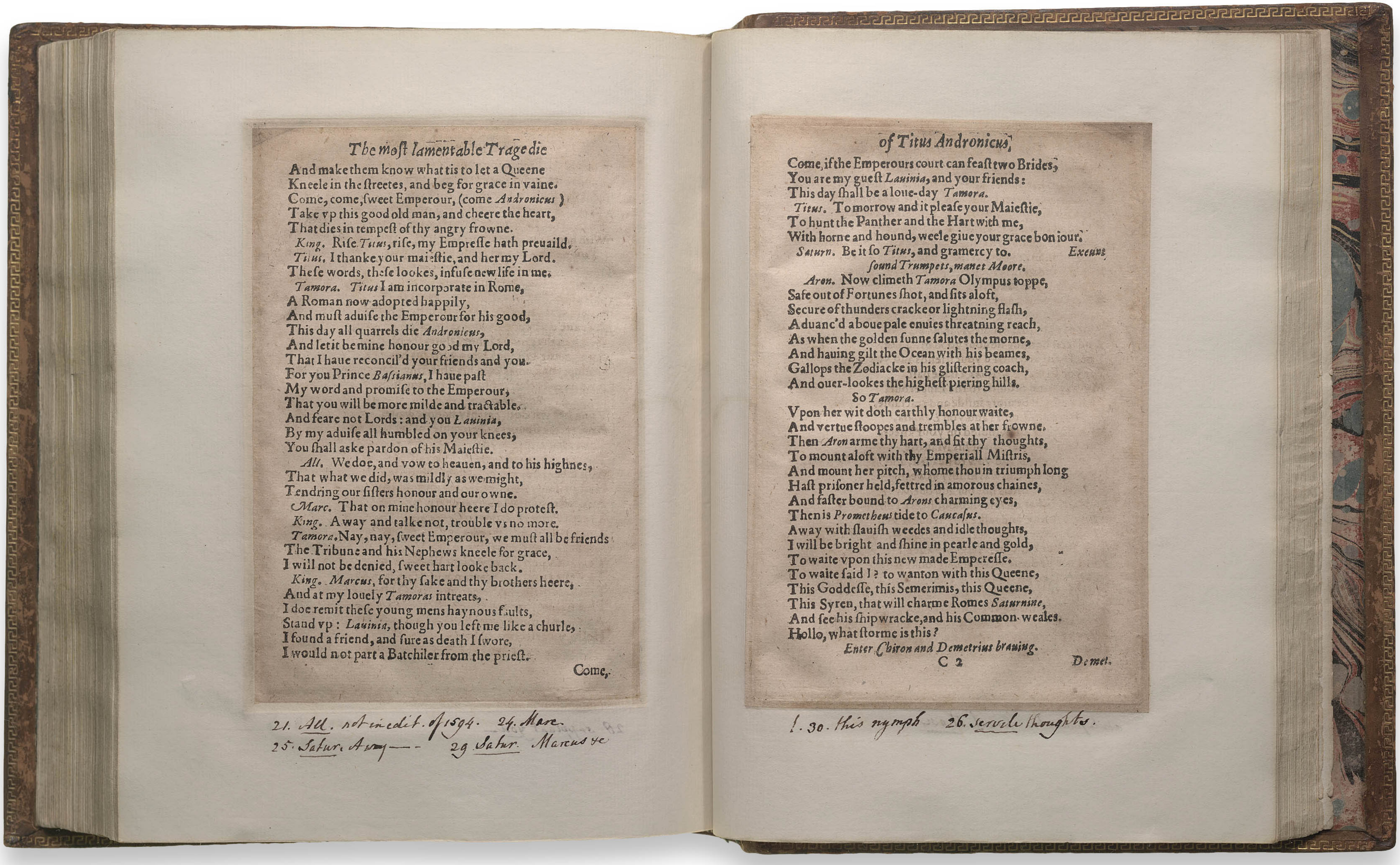
Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two ſonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſsianus and Lauinia with others.

Saturn. So *Baſsianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your gallant Bride.
Baſsi. And you of yours my Lord. I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.
Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſsia. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Satur. Tis good ſir, you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue weele be as ſharpe with you.
Baſsian. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

1. 18. ceaze.

To be contrould in that he frankely gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Titus. Prince *Baſsianus* leaue to plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.
Tamora. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweete) pardon what is paſt.
Satur. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without revenge?
Tamora. Not ſo my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be ruld by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruay take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant vs for ingratude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytrous ſonnes,
To whome I ſued for my deere ſonnes life.

28. supplant you



And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the ſtreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
King. Riſe *Titus*, riſe, my Empreſſe hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maieſtie, and her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe lookes, infuſe new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Baſsianus*, I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*, for thy ſake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the prieſt.

21. All. not in edit. of 1594. 24. Marc
25. Satur. Away—— 29 Satur. Marcus &c

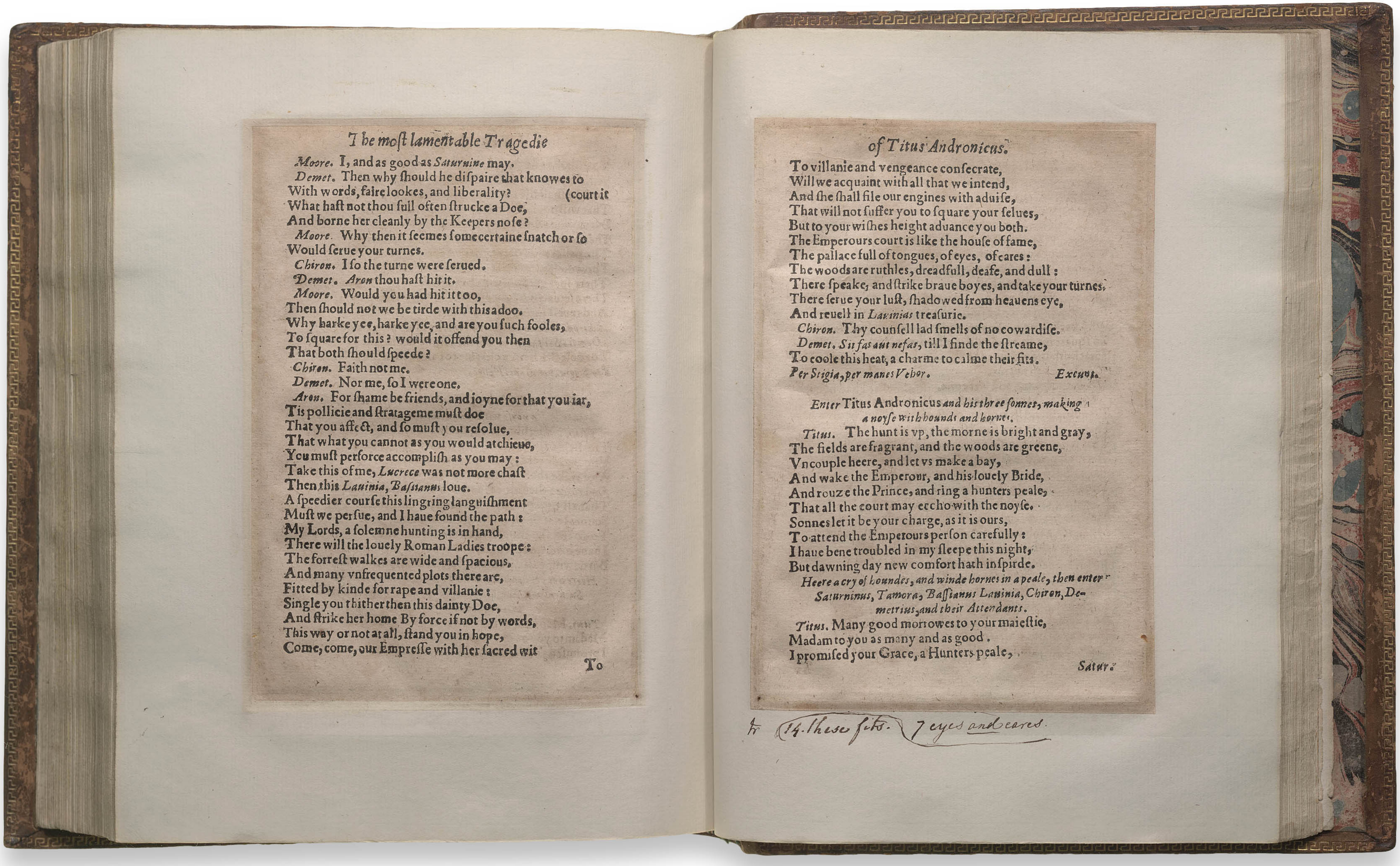
Come, if the Emperours court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturn. Be it ſo *Titus*, and gramercy to. *Exeunt*
ſound Trumpets, manet Moore.
Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden ſunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empereſſe.
To waite ſaid I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

1. 30. this nymph 26. servile thoughts.

Demet. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knoweſt affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou doeſt ouerweene in all,
And ſo in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me leſſe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerue, and to deſerue my Miſtris grace,
And that my ſword vpon thee ſhall approue,
And plead my paſſions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore Clubs, clubs, theſe louers will not keep the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunſing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while ſir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well ſhalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demet. I boy, grow ye ſo braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine ſuch a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were knowne to them it moſt concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be ſo diſhonored in the Court of Rome.
For ſhame put vp.
Demet. Not I, till I haue ſheathd
My rapier in his boſome, and withall
Thruſt theſe reprochfull ſpeeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my diſhonour heere.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full reſolude,

Antepenult – Thrust those –

Foule ſpoken Coward, that thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durſt performe.
Moore. Away I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſsianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her loue ſuch quarrels may be broght,
Without controulement, iuſtice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and ſhould the Empreſſe know,
This diſcords ground, the muſicke would not pleaſe.
Chiron. I care not I, knew ſhe and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choiſe
Demet. Youngling learne thou to make ſome meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. Why are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuiſe.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.
Aron. To atchieue her, how?
Demetri. Why, makes thou it ſo ſtrange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore muſt be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is,
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know:
Though *Baſsianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.



Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.
Demet. Then why ſhould he diſpaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality? (court it
What haſt not thou full often ſtrucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers noſe?
Moore. Why then it ſeemes ſome certaine ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerue your turnes.
Chiron. I ſo the turne were ſerued.
Demet. *Aron* thou haſt hit it.
Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you ſuch fooles,
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeede?
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demet. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aron. For ſhame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and ſtratageme muſt doe
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Then this *Lauinia, Baſſianus* loue.
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we perſue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a ſolemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forreſt walkes are wide and ſpacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And ſtrike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, ſtand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empreſſe with her ſacred wit

To

To villanie and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with aduiſe,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelues,
But to your wiſhes height aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the houſe of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There ſpeake, and ſtrike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
There ſerue your luſt, ſhadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treaſurie.
Chiron. Thy counſell lad ſmells of no cowardiſe.
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the ſtreame,
To coole this heat, a charme to calme their fits.
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three ſonnes, making*
a noyſe with hounds and hornes.

Titus. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyſe.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my ſleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpirde.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then enter
Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your maieſtie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace, a Hunters peale,

Satur.

tr 14. these fits. 7 eyes and eares.

Saturnine. And you haue rung it luſtily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,
Baſsia. Lauinia, how ſay you? (more.
Lauinia. I ſay no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
Satur. Come on then, horſe and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And clime the higheſt promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like ſwallowes ore the plaine.
Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with horſe nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron,* wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull ſunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let vs ſit,
And whilſt the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe and marke their yellowing noyſe:
And after conflict ſuch as was ſuppoſde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpriſde,
And curtaind with a counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a golden ſlumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and ſweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurſes ſong
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a ſleepe.
Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empreſſe of my ſoule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen then reſts in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Baſsianus,*
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy ſonnes make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted ſcrowle,
Now queſtion me no more we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lauinia

Tamora. Ah my ſweete *Moore,* ſweeter to me then life.

Moore. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſsianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy ſonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſoere they be.
Baſsia. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps,
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently,
With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new tranſformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſhie'd your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſsian. Beleeue me Queene your ſwarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your ſnow white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my noble Lord be rated
For ſauſines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſsia. The King my brother ſhall haue notice of this.

3 quarrels. 5 of her. 9. of my –
13 upon thy new transformed – 27 Accompanied
but with.

Lauinia. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Queene. Why I haue patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

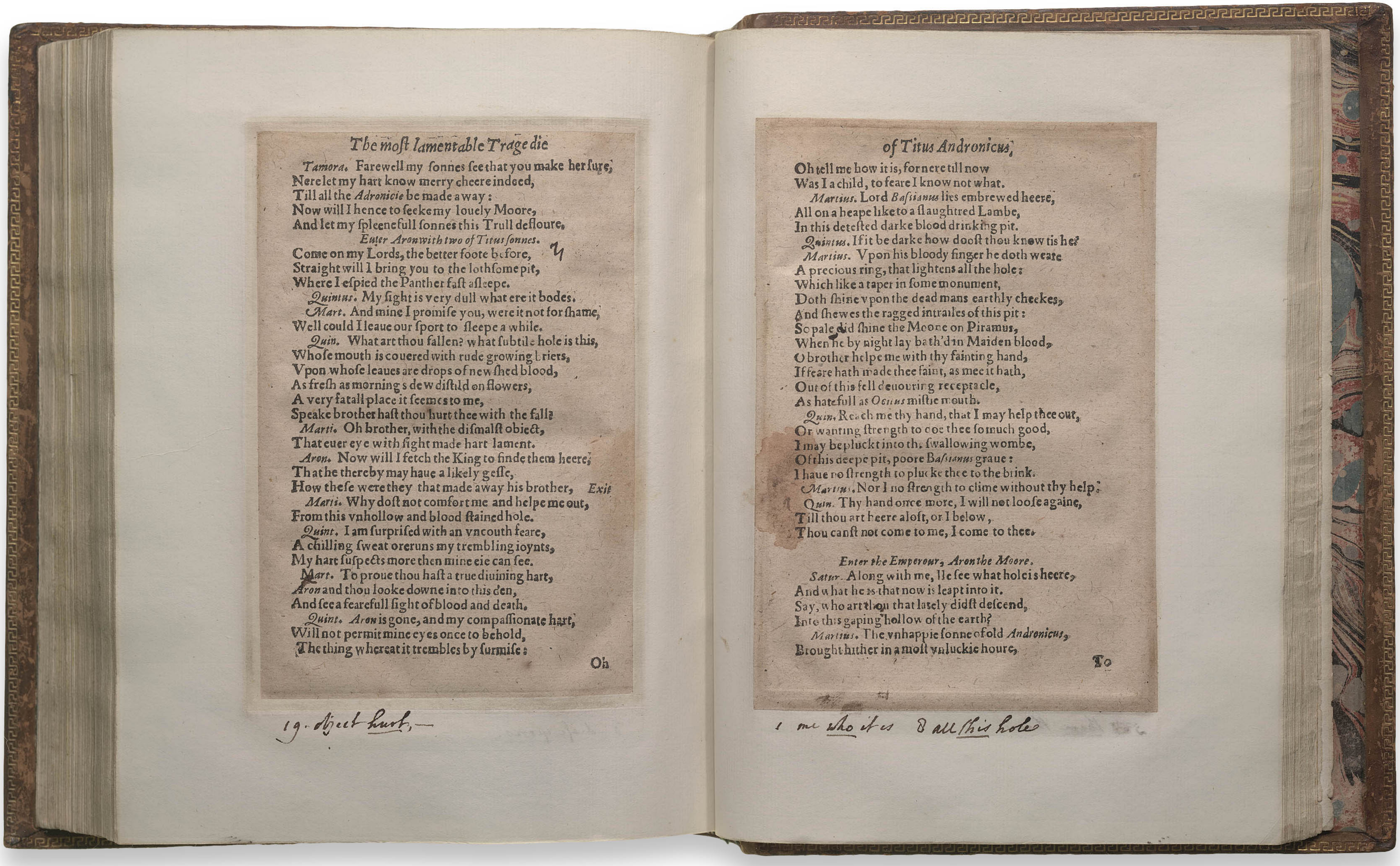
Dem. How now deere ſoueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale
Theſe two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with moſſe and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhowd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand feinds, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddainely.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall Ewe,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they calld me foule adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy ſonne. *ſtab him.*
Chiron. And this for me ſtrook home to ſhew my ſtrength
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.

26 Lavicious –

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
  Tamora. Giue me thy ponyard, you ſhal know my boyes
Your mothers hand ſhall right your mothers wrong.
  Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood vpon her chaſtity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And ſhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue?
  Chiron. And if ſhe doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our luſt.
  Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we deſire,
Let not this waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
  Chiron. I warrant you Madam we will make that ſure.
Come miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preſerued honeſtie of yours.
  Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
  Tamora: I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
  Lauina. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
  Demet. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
  Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuckſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not ſonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pitty.   (baſtard
  Chiron. What wouldſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a
  Lauinia. Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away.

Some ſay that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kinde but ſomething pittifull.
  Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
  Lauiria. Oh let me teach thee for my fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
  Tamora. Hadſt thou in perſon nere offended me,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lou'd of me.
  Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine when *Buſſianus* dide.
  Tamora. What Begſt thou then? fond woman let me goe?
  Lauinia Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worſe then killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit.
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
  Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſonnes of their fee,
No, let them ſatiſfie their luſt on thee.
  Demet. Away, for thou haſt ſtaid vs heere too long.
  Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall——   (husband
  Chiron. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

§ – deafe yeares.



Tamora. Farewell my ſonnes ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely Moore,
And let my ſpleenefull ſonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus ſonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quintus. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen? what ſubtile hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new ſhed blood,
As freſh as mornings dew diſtild on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me,
Speake brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marti. Oh brother, with the diſmalſt obiect,
That euer eye with ſight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood ſtained hole.
Quint. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Mart. To proue thou haſt a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compaſſionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:

Oh

19 · obiect hurt, —

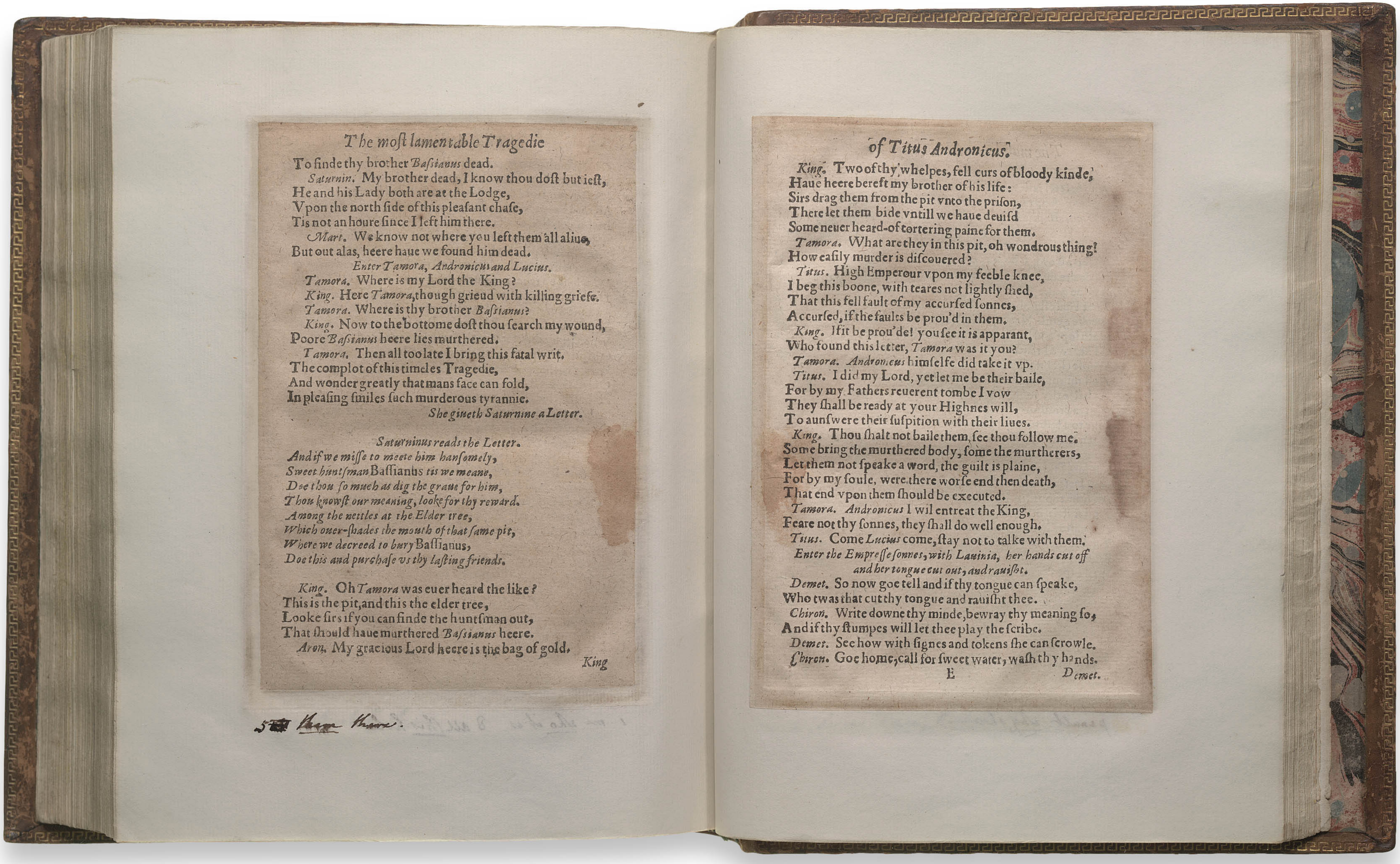
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how dooſt thou know tis he?
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocuus* miſtie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſsianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brink.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Martius. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,

To

1 me who it is   8 all this hole



To finde thy brother *Baſsianus* dead.
Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe,
Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.
Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora,* though grieud with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Baſsianus*?
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſsianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.
And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman Baſſianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowſt our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus,
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke ſirs if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſsianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

5 [illegible]

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuiſd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Titus. High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'de! you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy ſonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, ſtay not to talke with them.
Enter the Empreſſe ſonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off
and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.
Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the ſcribe.
Demet. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chiron. Goe home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh,
And ſo lets leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Demet. If thou hadſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Enter Marcus from hunting.
Who is this my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband ?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments
Whoſe circling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleepe in,
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why dooſt not ſpeake to me ?
Alas, a crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtird with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deſloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhouldſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnſt away thy face for ſhame,
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I ſpeake for thee, ſhall I ſay tis ſo ?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might raile at him to eaſe my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſowed her minde.

penult. sky, she –

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could haue better ſowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aſpen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made :
He would haue dropt his knife and fell aſleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For ſuch a ſight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres ſtorme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. *Exeunt*

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two ſonnes bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pitty of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous warres, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I haue watcht,
And for theſe bitter teares, which now you ſee,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whoſe ſoules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty ſonnes I neuer wept,
Becauſe they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges paſſe by him.

2 Tereus, Cozen, hast –

For theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My harts deepe languor, and my ſoules ſad teares:
Let my teares ſtanch the earths drie appetite,
My ſonnes ſweet blood, will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill ſhall with all his ſhowres.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the ſnow,
And keepe eternall ſpring time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drinke my deere ſonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my ſonnes, reuerſe the doome of death,
And let me ſay (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
Lucins. Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrowes to a ſtone.
Titus. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
Lucius, My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you ſpeak.
Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootleſſe vnto them.
Therefore I tell my ſorrowes bootles to the ſtones,
Who though they cannot anſwere my diſtreſſe,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and ſeeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.

24 — or if they did marke,
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I must
And bootlesse unto them.
26. — my sorrowes to the stones, —

A ſtone is ſoft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard then ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore ſtandſt thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lucius. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounſt
My euerlaſting doome of baniſhment.
Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucsus*, doſt thou not perceaue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers muſt prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From theſe deuourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Titus. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then,
Marc. This was thy daughter,
Titus. Why *Marcus* ſo ſhe is.
Lucius. Aye me, this obiect kils me.
Titus: Faint-harted boy, ariſe and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accurſed hand,
Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers ſight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camſt,
And now like *Nylus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Giue me a ſword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurſt this woe, in feeding life:
In booteleſſe prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.

16 thy aged eyes

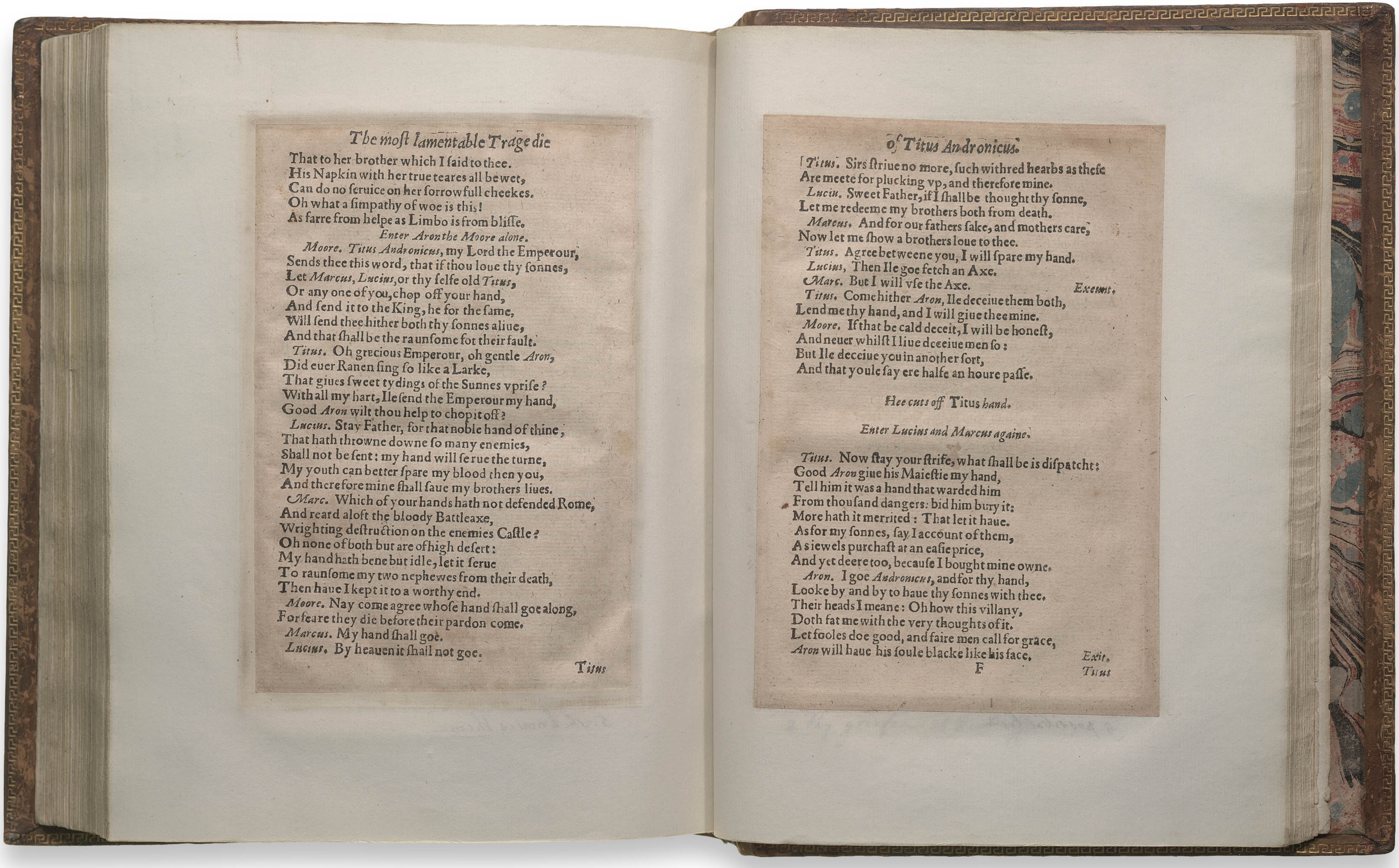
Now all the ſeruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
Tis well *Lauinia* that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſeruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle ſiſter who hath marterd thee?
Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet mellodious bird it ſung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius: Oh ſay thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marc. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude ſome vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone,
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what ſhall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath marterd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered. (husband,
Marc. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kild her
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigne how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtaind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhews
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What ſhall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mart. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drownd it with thine owne.
Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay

That

5. she knowes them



That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King, he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the raunſome fot their fault.

Titus. Oh grecious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my hart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it ſerue
To raunſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whoſe hand ſhall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand ſhall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Titus. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withred hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Luciu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhow a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.

Lucius, Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marc. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt.*

Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

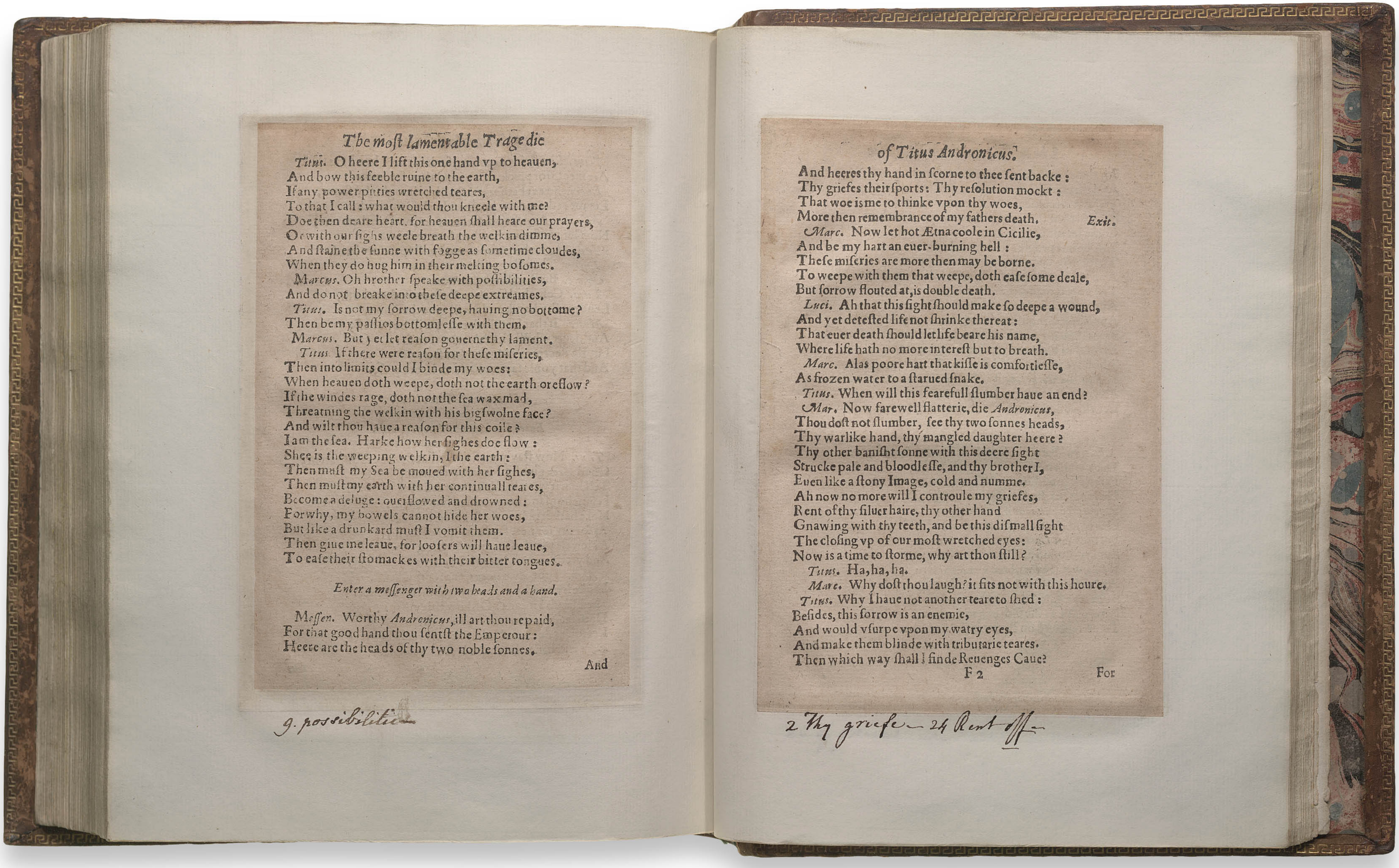
Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whilſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that youle ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now ſtay your ſtrife, what ſhall be is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merrited: That let it haue.
As for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*



Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the ſunne with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Marcus. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my paſſios bottomleſſe with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the ſea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: overflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.

And

9. possibilitie

And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deepe a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Marc. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere?
Thy other baniſht ſonne with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemie,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?

For

2 Thy griefe — 24 Rent off —

For theſe two heads doe ſeeme to ſpeake to me,
And threat me, I ſhall neuer come to bliſſe,
Till all theſe miſchiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me ſee what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And ſweare vnto my ſoule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou ſhalt be imployd in theſe Armes,
Beare thou my hand ſweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raiſe an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiſſe and part, for we haue much to doe.
Exeunt.

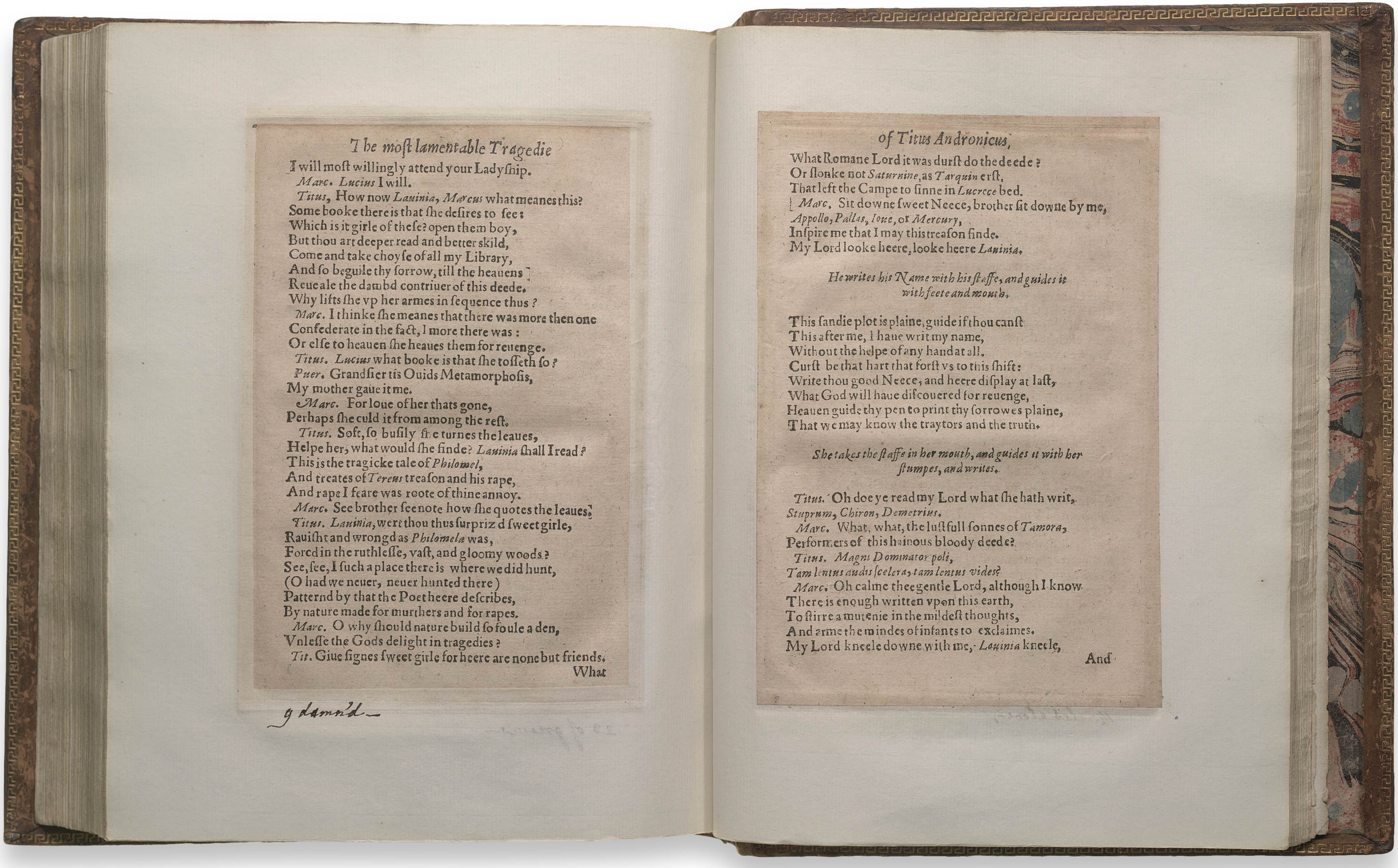
Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulſt man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreſſe
Beg at the gates like *Turquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raiſe a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.
Exit Lucius.

*Enter Lucius ſonne and Lauinia running after him, and
the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder
his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandſier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Marcu. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.
Marcus What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by theſe ſignes?
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* ſomewhat doth ſhe meane.
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whether would ſhe haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her ſonnes then ſhe hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſſe her:
For I haue heard my Grandſier ſay full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Cauſles perhaps, but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

23 of greeves



I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Marc. *Lucius* I will.
Titus, How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:
Which is it girle of theſe? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the dambd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequence thus?
Marc. I thinke ſhe meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heauen ſhe heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Puer. Grandſier tis Ouids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gaue it me.
Marc. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps ſhe culd it from among the reſt.
Titus. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Marc. See brother ſee note how ſhe quotes the leaues.
Titus. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus ſurpriz d ſweet girle,
Rauiſht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthleſſe, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Marc. O why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Giue ſignes ſweet girle for heere are none but friends.
What

y damn'd—

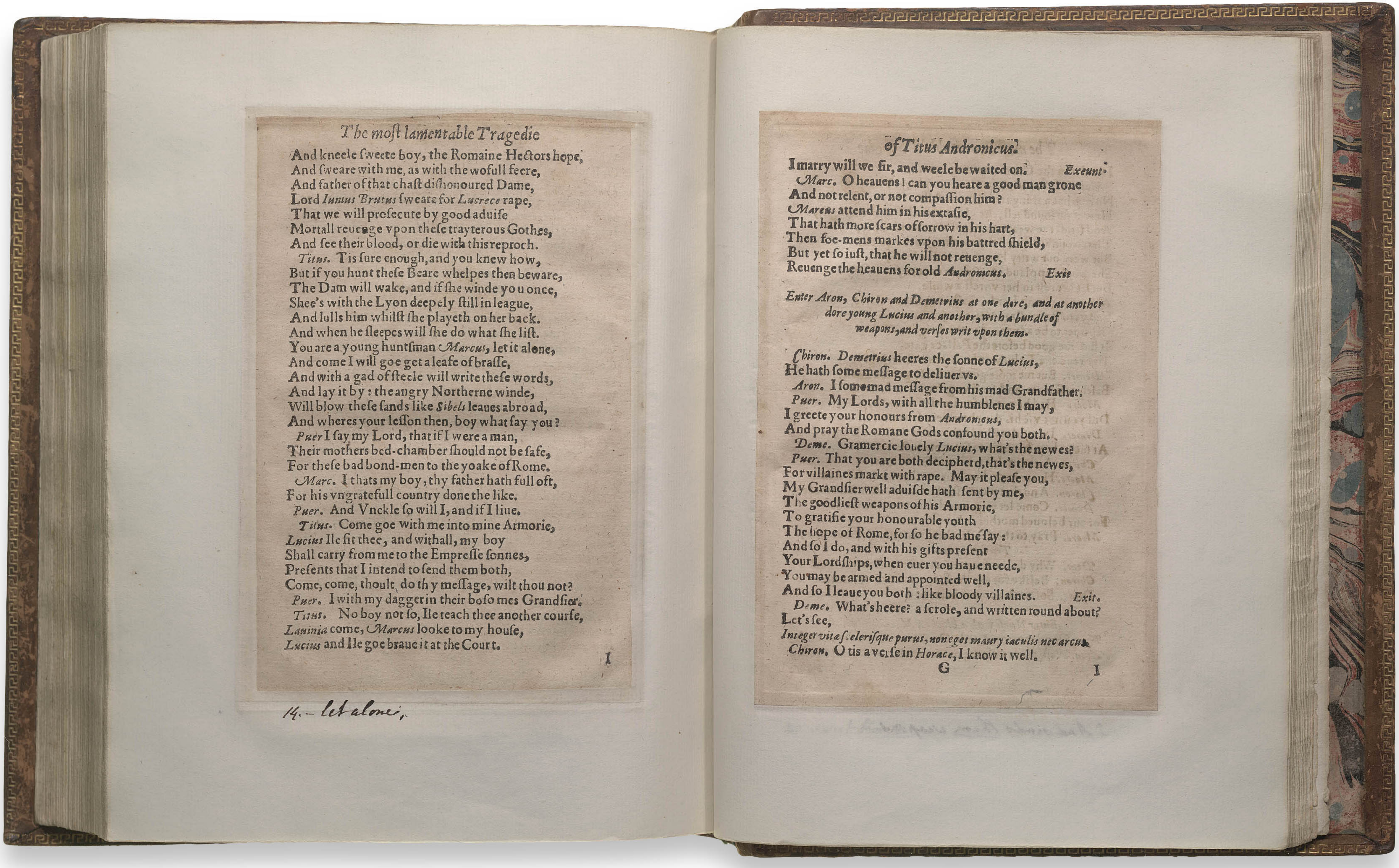
What Romane Lord it was durſt do the deede?
Or ſlonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Marc. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forſt vs to this ſhift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere diſplay at laſt,
What God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

She takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
ſtumpes, and writes.

Titus. Oh doe ye read my Lord what ſhe hath writ,
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Marc. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deede?
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides?
Marc. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To ſtirre a mutenie in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And



And kneele ſweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And ſweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute by good aduiſe
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe trayterous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt theſe Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back.
And when he ſleepes will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus,* let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your leſſon then, boy what ſay you?
Puer I ſay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle ſo will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their boſomes Grandſier.
Titus. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

I

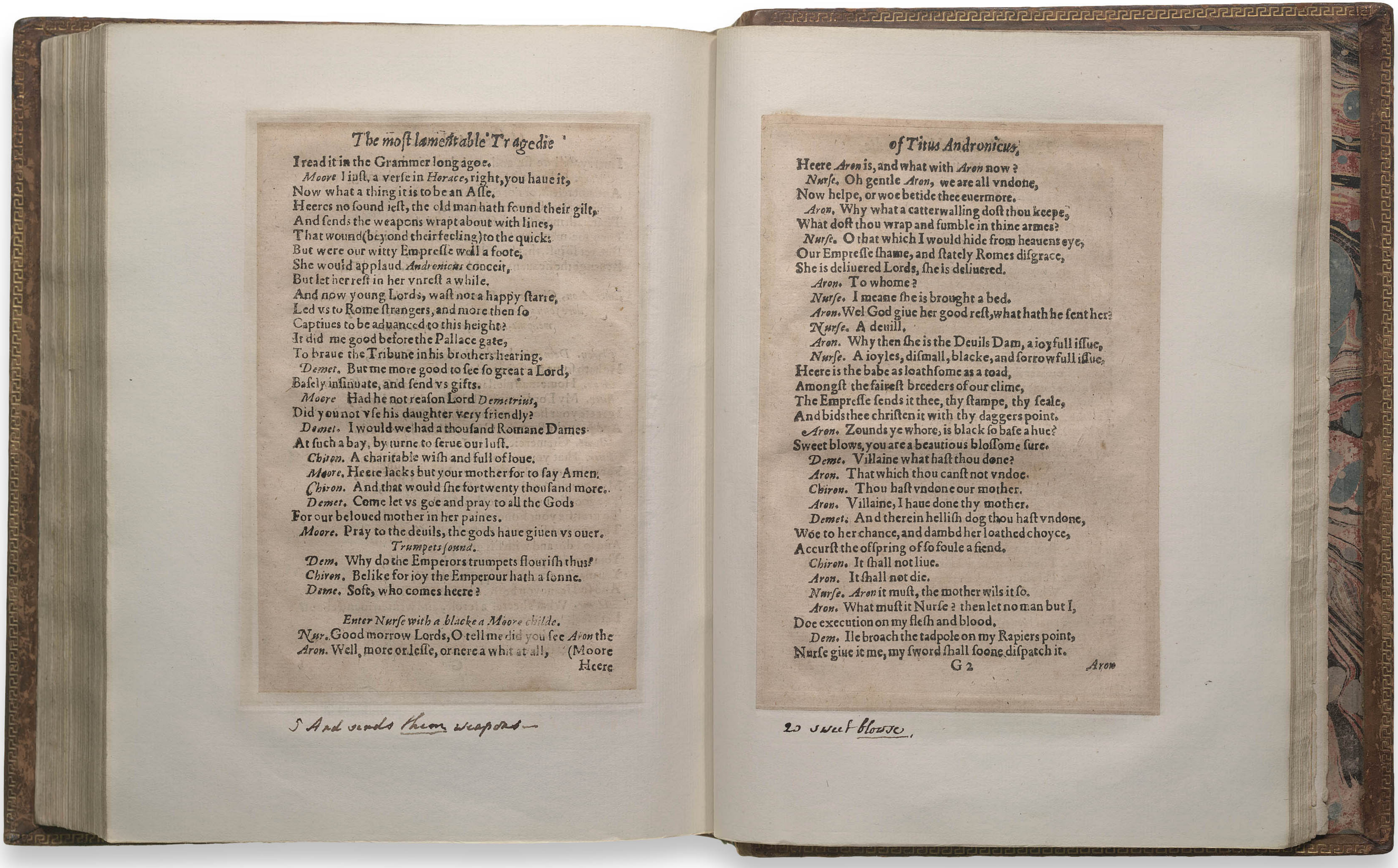
14. – let alone,

I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.

Chiron. Demetrius heeres the ſonne of *Lucius,*
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus,*
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius,* what's the newes?
Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſier well aduiſde hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's heere? a ſcrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee,
Integer vitæ ſcelerisque purus, non eget maury iaculis nec arcu.
Chiron. O tis a verſe in *Horace,* I know it well.

I



I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore I iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe.
Heeres no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found their gilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her reſt in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, waſt not a happy ſtarre,
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to ſee ſo great a Lord,
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Moore Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chiron. A charitable wiſh and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to ſay Amen.
Chiron. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
Trumpets ſound.
Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore childe.
Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you ſee *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or nere a whit at all, (Moore

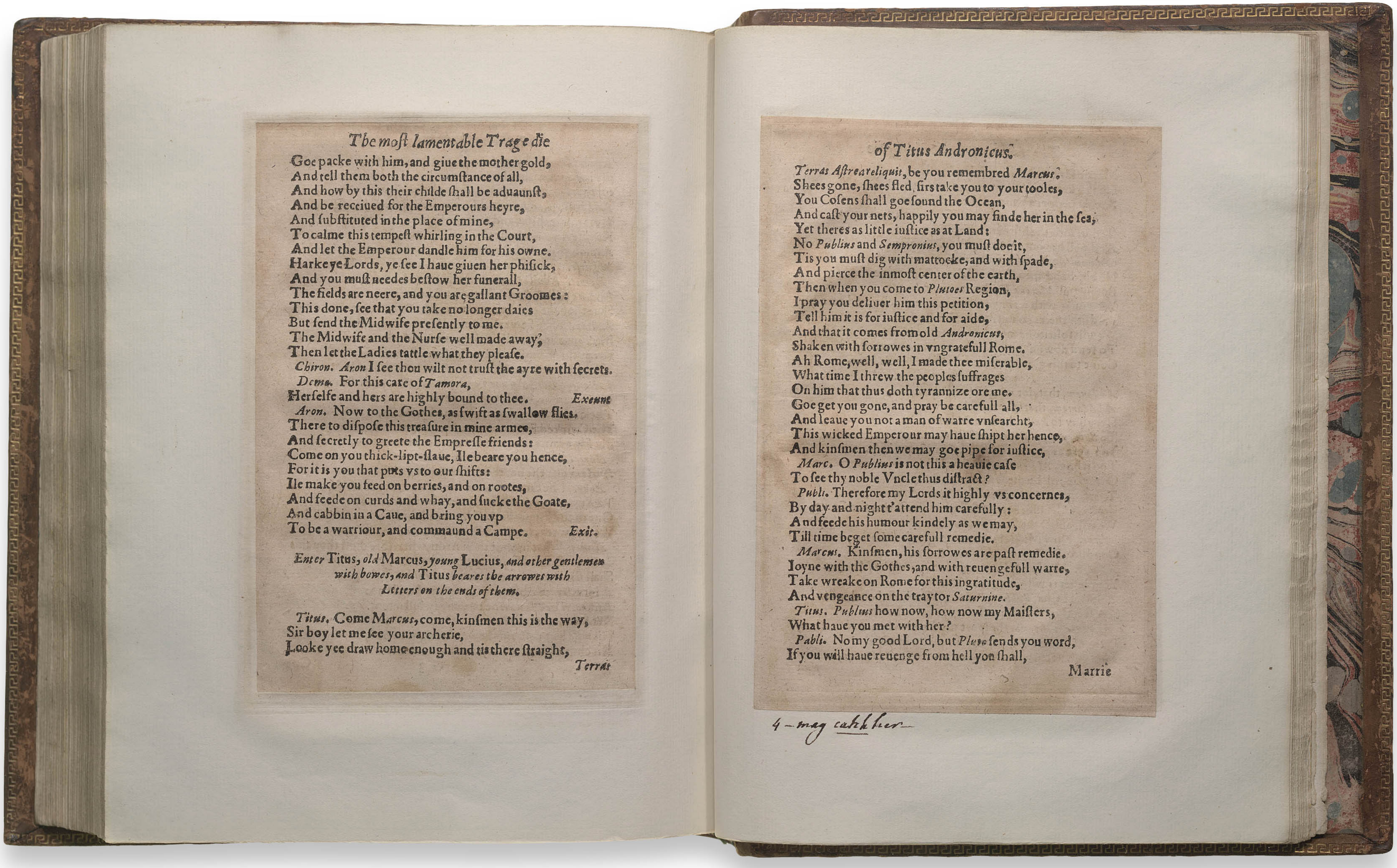
5 And sends them weapons—

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe,
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtately Romes diſgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, ſhe is deliuered.
Aron. To whome?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed.
Aron. Wel God giue her good reſt, what hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the Deuils Dam, a ioyfull iſſue,
Nurſe. A ioyles, diſmall, blacke, and ſorrowfull iſſue,
Heere is the babe as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blows, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aron. That which thou canſt not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou haſt vndone our mother.
Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
Demet. And therein helliſh dog thou haſt vndone,
Woe to her chance, and dambd her loathed choyce,
Accurſt the offſpring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chiron. It ſhall not liue.
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aron* it muſt, the mother wils it ſo.
Aron. What muſt it Nurſe? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.

20 sweet blowse,

Aron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although ſhe laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus?
Aron. My miſtris is my miſtris, this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for euer ſhamde.
Chiron. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nurſe. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father,

As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aron* what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Demet. Aduiſe thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the childe ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult.
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Demet. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. Why ſo braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneſſe,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aron* ſtormes:
But ſay againe, how many ſaw the childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife and my ſelfe,
And no one elſe but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell when the thirds away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid, *He kills her.*
Weeke, week, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to the ſpit.
Demet. What meanſt thou Aron, wherefore didſt thou this.
Aron. O Lord ſir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall ſhe liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:



Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their childe ſhall be aduaunſt,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye ſee I haue giuen her phiſick,
And you muſt needes beſtow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer daies
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chiron. *Aron* I ſee thou wilt not truſt the ayre with ſecrets.
Dema. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herſelfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen*
with bowes, and Titus *beares the arrowes with*
Letters on the ends of them.

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me ſee your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there ſtraight,

Terras

Terras Aſtrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shees gone, ſhees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happily you may finde her in the ſea,
Yet theres as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice,
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy noble Vncle thus diſtract?
Publi. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.
Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maiſters,
What haue you met with her?
Pabli. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,

Marrie

4 — may catch her —

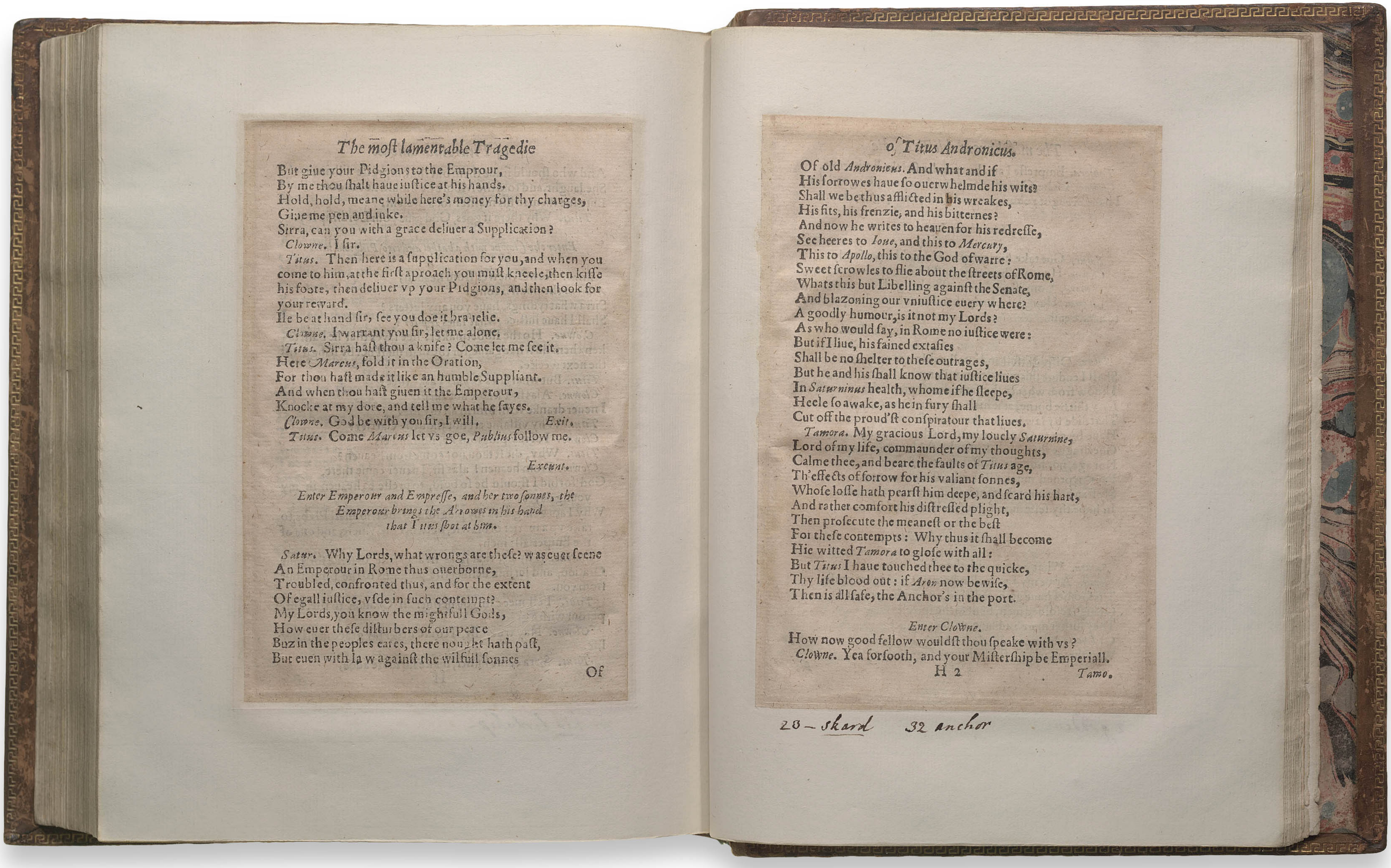
Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettal *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And ſith theres no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs;
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus.*
He giues them the Arrowes.
Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Theres not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas.*
Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his maiſter for a preſent.
Titus. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters?
Shall I haue iuſtice, what ſaies *Iupiter*?
Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, hee ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hangd till the next weeke.
Titus. But what ſaies *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*;
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
Titus. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my pidgions ſir, nothing els.
Titus. Why, didſt thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen! alas ſir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes.
Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.
Marcus. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the Emperour from you.
Titus. Tell mee can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace?
Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.
Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

4- his lordship-



But giue your Pidgions to the Emprour,
By me thou ſhalt haue iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?
Clowne. I ſir.
Titus. Then here is a ſupplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt aproach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then look for your reward.
Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you doe it brauelie.
Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.
Titus. Sirra haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.
Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*
Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords, what wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſde in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the wilfull ſonnes

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no iuſtice were:
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he ſleepe,
Heele ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſcard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldſt thou ſpeake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.

28 – skard 32 anchor

Tamora. Empreſſe I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you good den,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him preſently.
Clowne. How much money muſt I haue?
Tamora. Come ſirra, you muſt be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Exit.

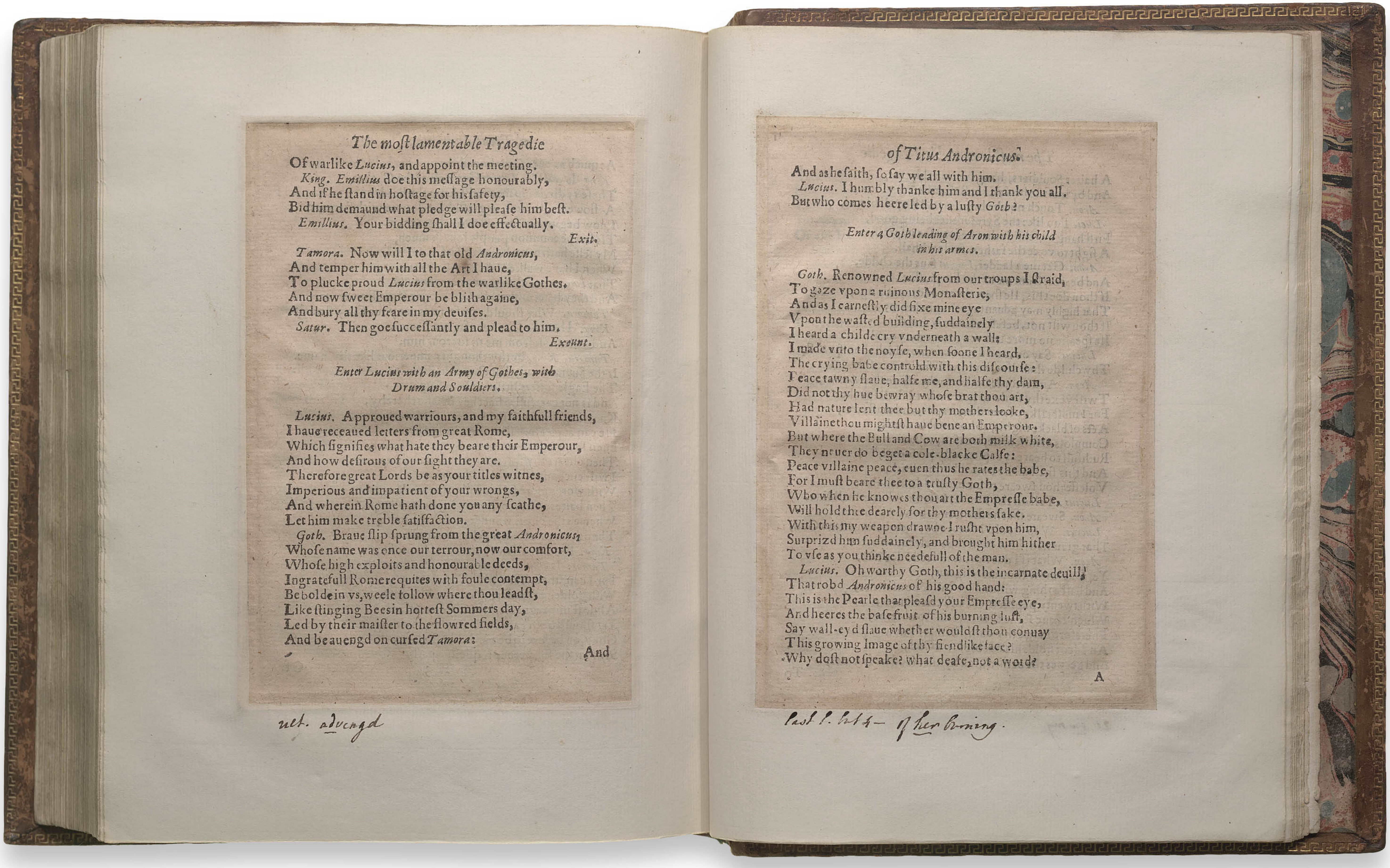
Satur. Diſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deuiſe proceedes:
May this be borne, as if his trayterous ſonnes,
That dide by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape priuiledge,
For this proud mocke Ile be thy ſlaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Saturn. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cauſe,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high reſolued men, bent to the ſpoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threats in courſe of this reuenge to doe

2 godden.

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes:
I, now begins our ſorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they haue wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why ſhould you feare, is not your Citty ſtrong?
King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to ſuccour him.
Tamora. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melodie.
Euen ſo mayeſt thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh, or honny ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.
King. But he will not entreat his ſonne for vs.
Tamor. If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embaſſadour,
Say that the Emperour requeſts a parly



Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emillius doe this meſſage honourably,
And if he ſtand in hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Emillius. Your bidding ſhall I doe effectually.
Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiſes.
Satur. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead to him.
Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with
Drum and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.
Goth. Braue ſlip ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weele follow where thou leadſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their maiſter to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on curſed *Tamora*:

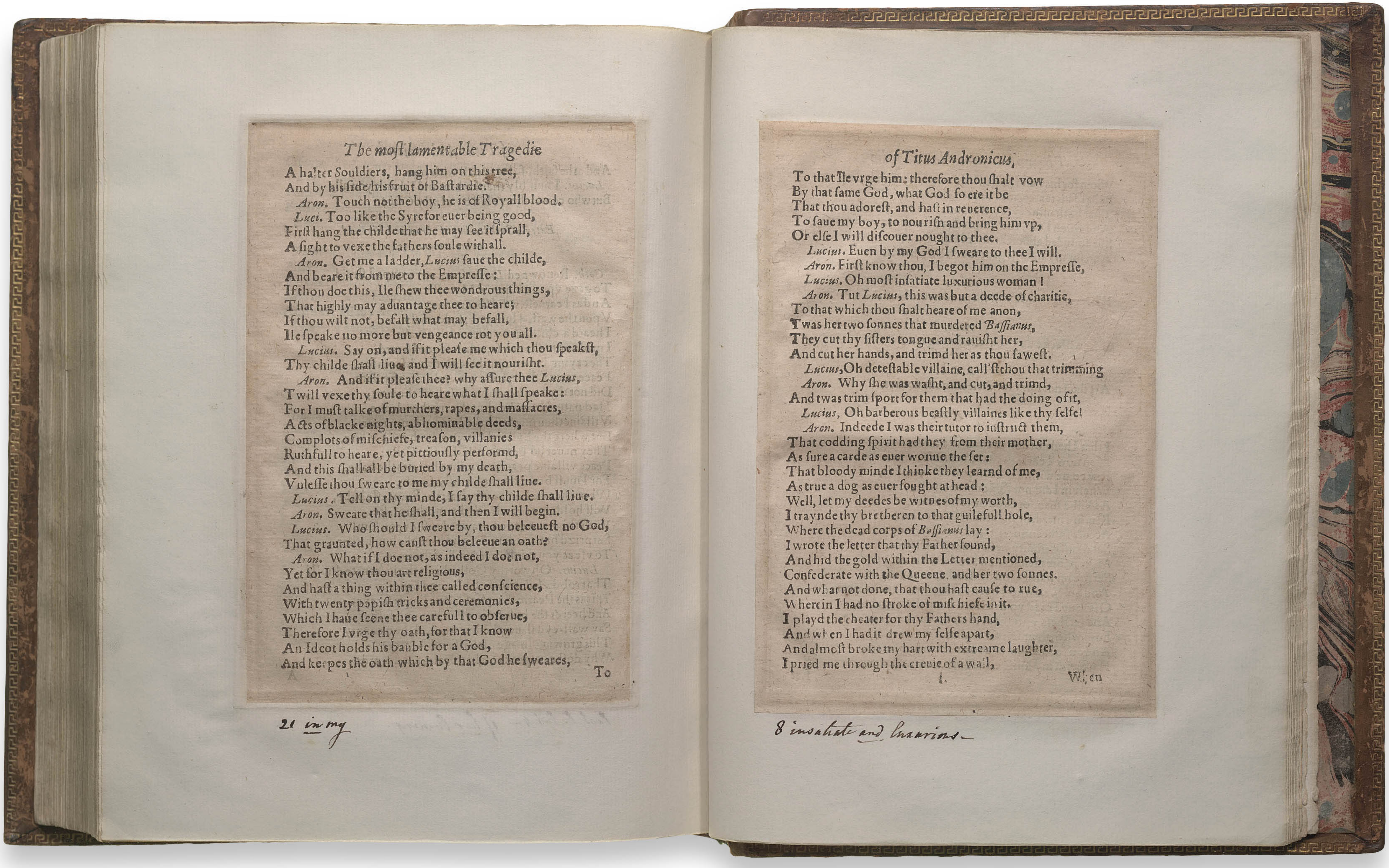
ult. advengd

And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a luſty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child
in his armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,
And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this diſcourſe:
Peace tawny ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightſt haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers ſake.
With this my weapon drawne I ruſht vpon him,
Surprizd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleaſd your Empreſſe eye,
And heeres the baſe fruit of his burning luſt,
Say wall-eyd ſlaue whether wouldſt thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face?
Why doſt not ſpeake? what deafe, not a word?

Last l. but 4 — of her burning.



A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of Baſtardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
Firſt hang the childe that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the fathers ſoule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* ſaue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou doe this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeakſt,
Thy childe ſhall liue, and I will ſee it nouriſht.
Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of miſchiefe, treaſon, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly performd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my childe ſhall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I ſay thy childe ſhall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Lucius. Who ſhould I ſweare by, thou beleeueſt no God,
That graunted, how canſt thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,

21 in my

To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Or elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.
Lucius. Euen by my God I ſweare to thee I will.
Aron. Firſt know thou, I begot him on the Empreſſe,
Lucius. Oh moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two ſonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy ſiſters tongue and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou ſaweſt.
Lucius, Oh deteſtable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming
Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it,
Lucius, Oh barberous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!
Aron. Indeede I was their tutor to inſtruct them,
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a carde as euer wonne the ſet:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head;
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy bretheren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two ſonnes.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchiefe in it.
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

8 insatiate and luxurious —

When for his hand he had his two ſonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of this ſport,
She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kiſſes.

Goth.
What canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh?

Aron.
I like a blacke dogge as the ſaying is.

Lucius.
Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes?

Aron.

I that I had not done a thouſand more,
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and hayſtackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And ſet them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

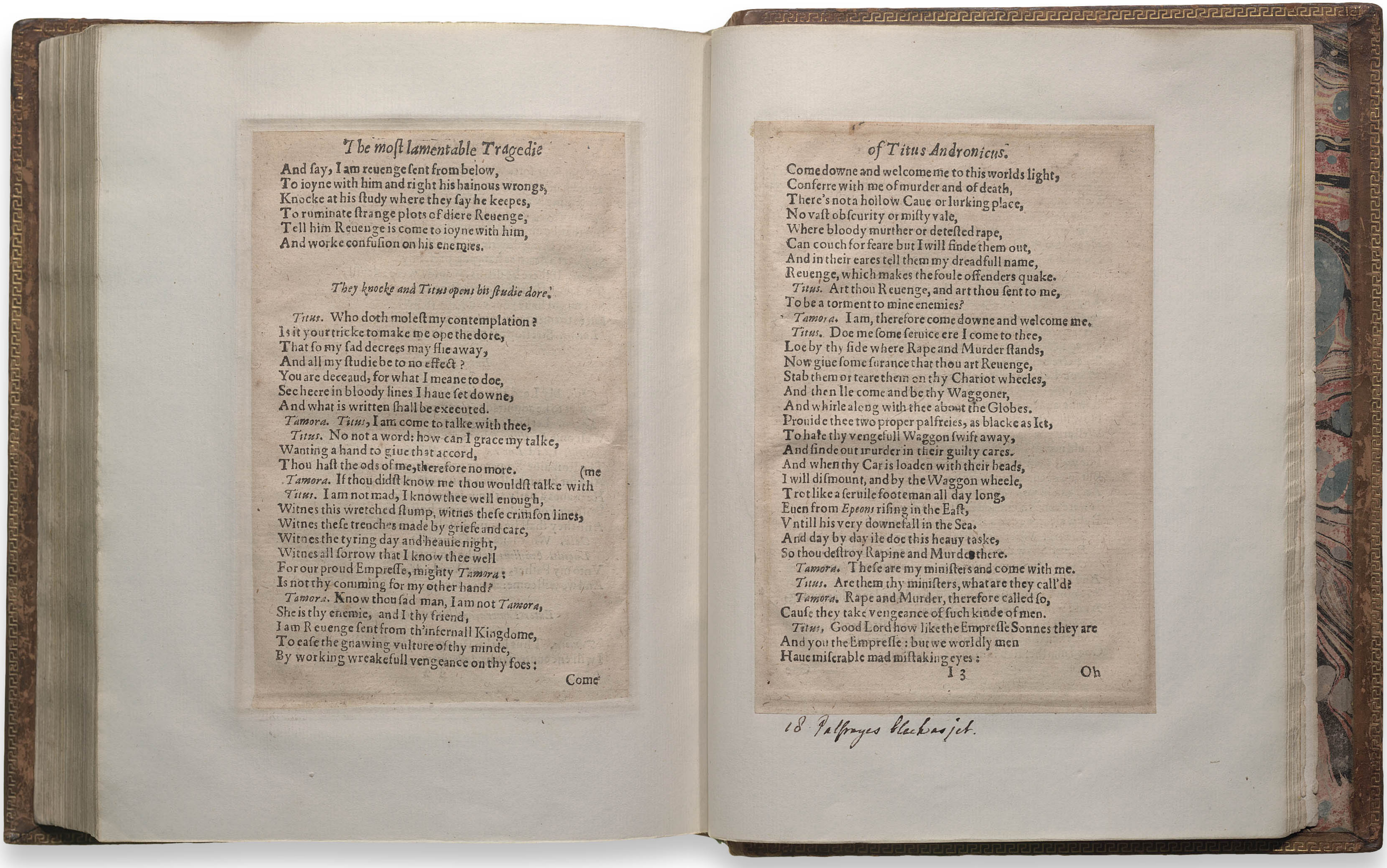
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thouſand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Lucius. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a Meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Lucius. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emill. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your fathers houſe
Willing you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What ſaies our Generall?
Lucius. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,



And ſay, I am reuenge ſent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his ſtudy where they ſay he keepes,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confuſion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ſtudie dore.

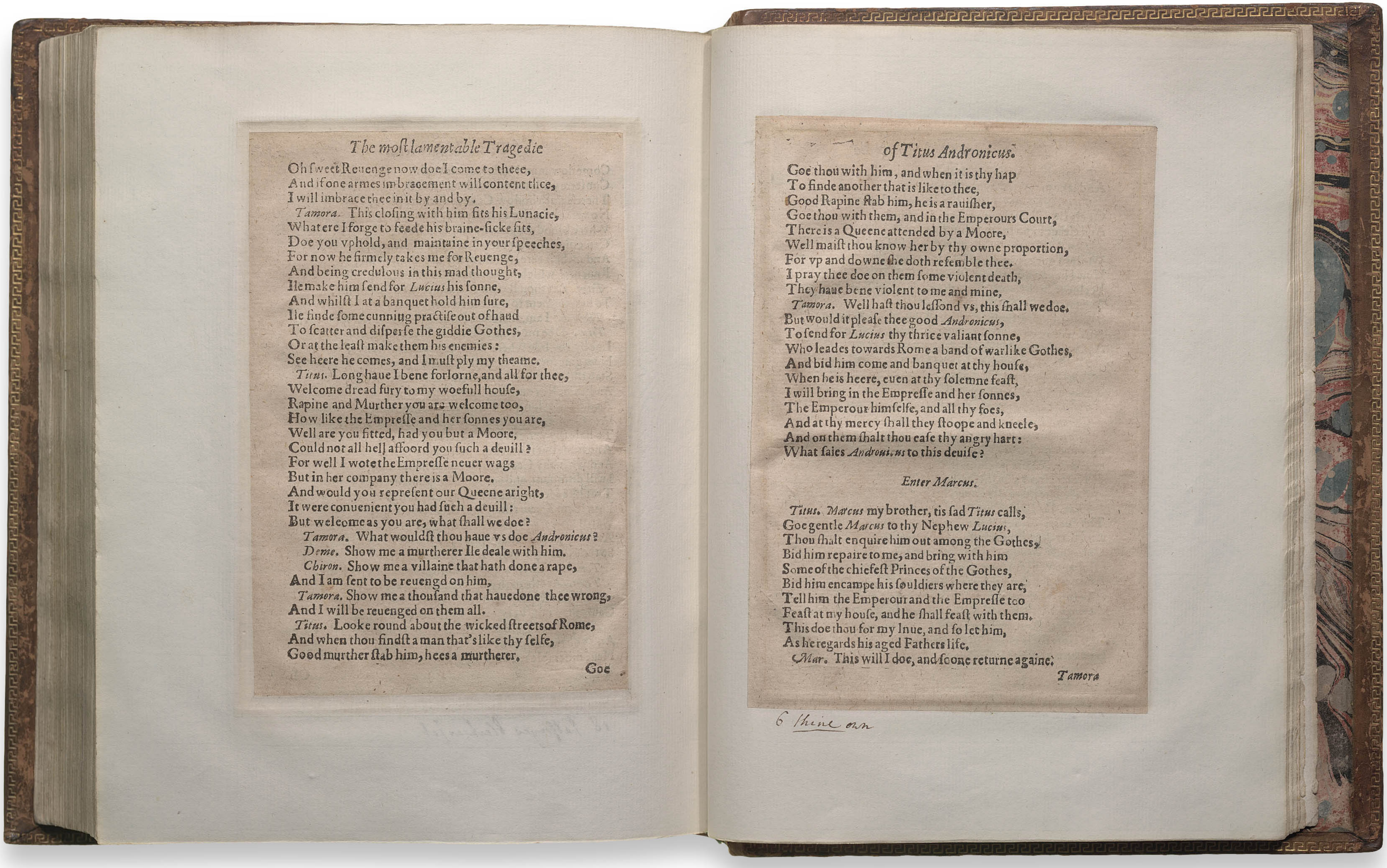
Titus. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue ſet downe,
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Titus. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou haſt the ods of me, therefore no more. (me
Tamora. If thou didſt know me thou wouldſt talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched ſtump, witnes theſe crimſon lines,
Witnes theſe trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauie night,
Witnes all ſorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſe, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamora. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge ſent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty vale,
Where bloody murther or deteſted rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge, and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Titus. Doe me ſome ſeruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now giue ſome ſurance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as Iet,
To haſte thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a ſeruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murde[illegible] there.
Tamora. Theſe are my miniſters and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kinde of men.
Titus, Good Lord how like the Empreſſe Sonnes they are
And you the Empreſſe: but we worldly men
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:

Oh

18 Palfrayes black as jet.



Oh ſweet Reuenge now doe I come to theee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This cloſing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſonne,
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
Ile finde ſome cunniug practiſe out of haud
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſſe and her ſonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you ſuch a deuill?
For well I wote the Empreſſe neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
And would you repreſent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had ſuch a deuill:
But weleome as you are, what ſhall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Deme. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reuengd on him,
Tamora. Show me a thouſand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou findſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good murther ſtab him, hees a murtherer.

Goe

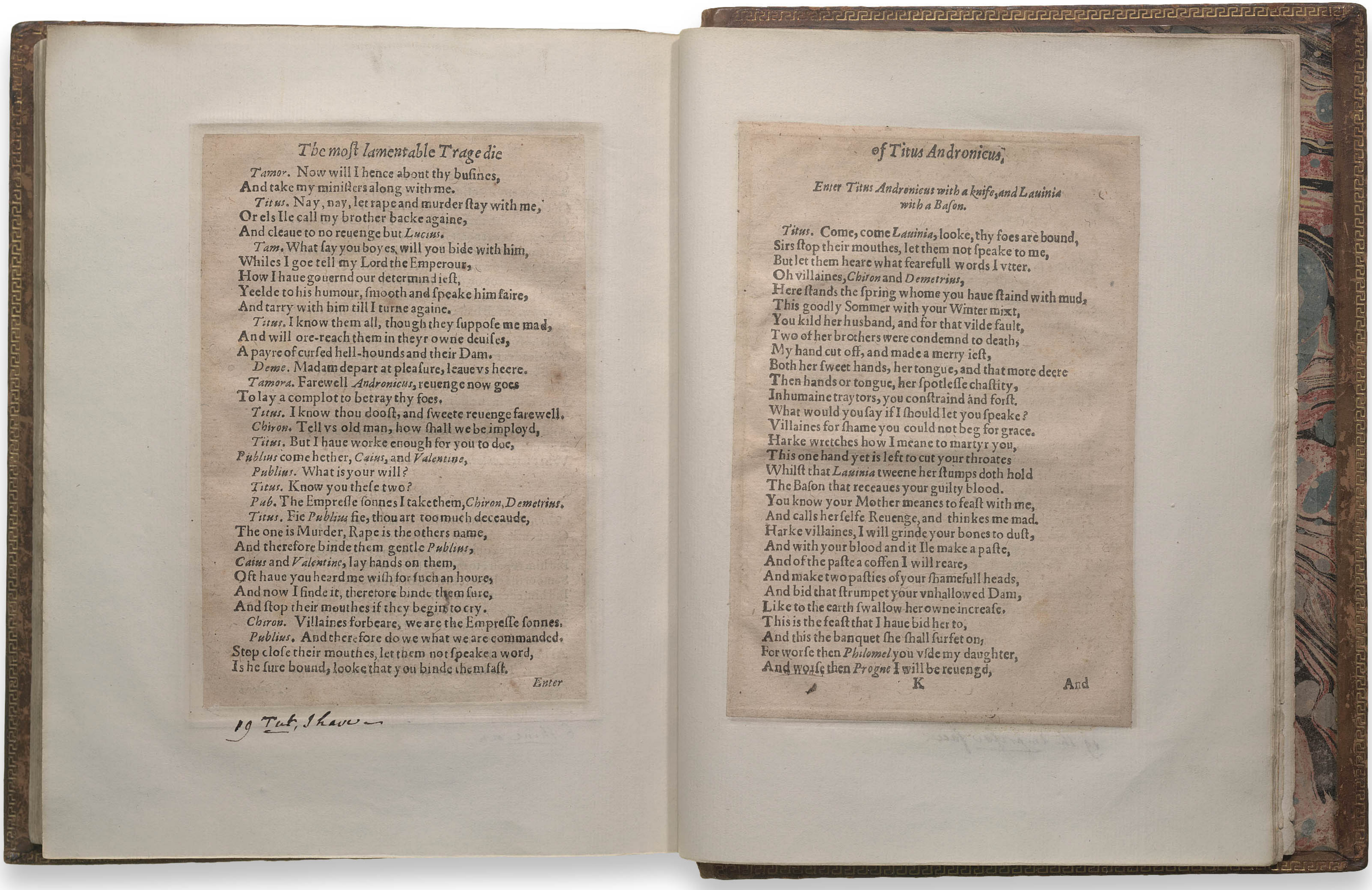
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a rauiſher,
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maiſt thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine,
Tamora. Well haſt thou leſſond vs, this ſhall we doe.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant ſonne,
Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe,
When he is heere, euen at thy ſolemne feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her ſonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoope and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry hart:
What ſaies *Androuicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his ſouldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empreſſe too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This doe thou for my lnue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I doe, and ſoone returne againe.

Tamora

6 thine own



The moſt lamentable Tragedie

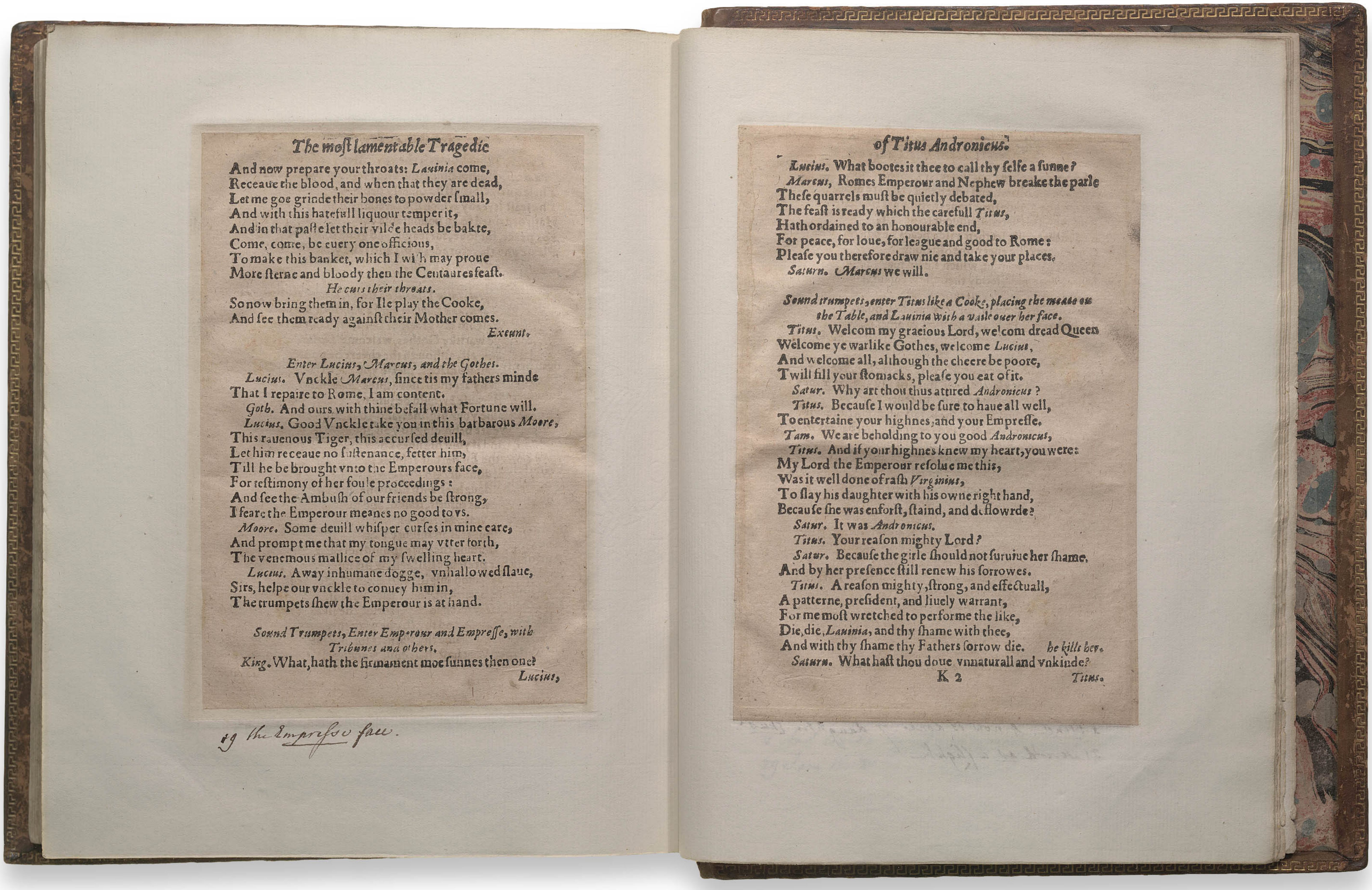
Tamor. Now will I hence about thy buſines,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius.*
Tam. What ſay you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind ieſt,
Yeelde to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Deme. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus,* reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dooſt, and ſweete reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius,* and *Valentine,*
Publius. What is your will?
Titus. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe ſonnes I take them, *Chiron, Demetrius.*
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius,*
Caius and *Valentine,* lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them ſure,
And ſtop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe ſonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt.
Enter

19 Tut, I have —

of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia
with a Baſon.

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia,* looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius,*
Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtity,
Inhumaine traytors, you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold
The Baſon that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe then *Progne* I will be reuengd,
K
And



And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paſte let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wiſh may proue
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures feaſt.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready againſt their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.
Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receaue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings:
And ſee the Ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Moore. Some deuill whiſper curſes in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed ſlaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

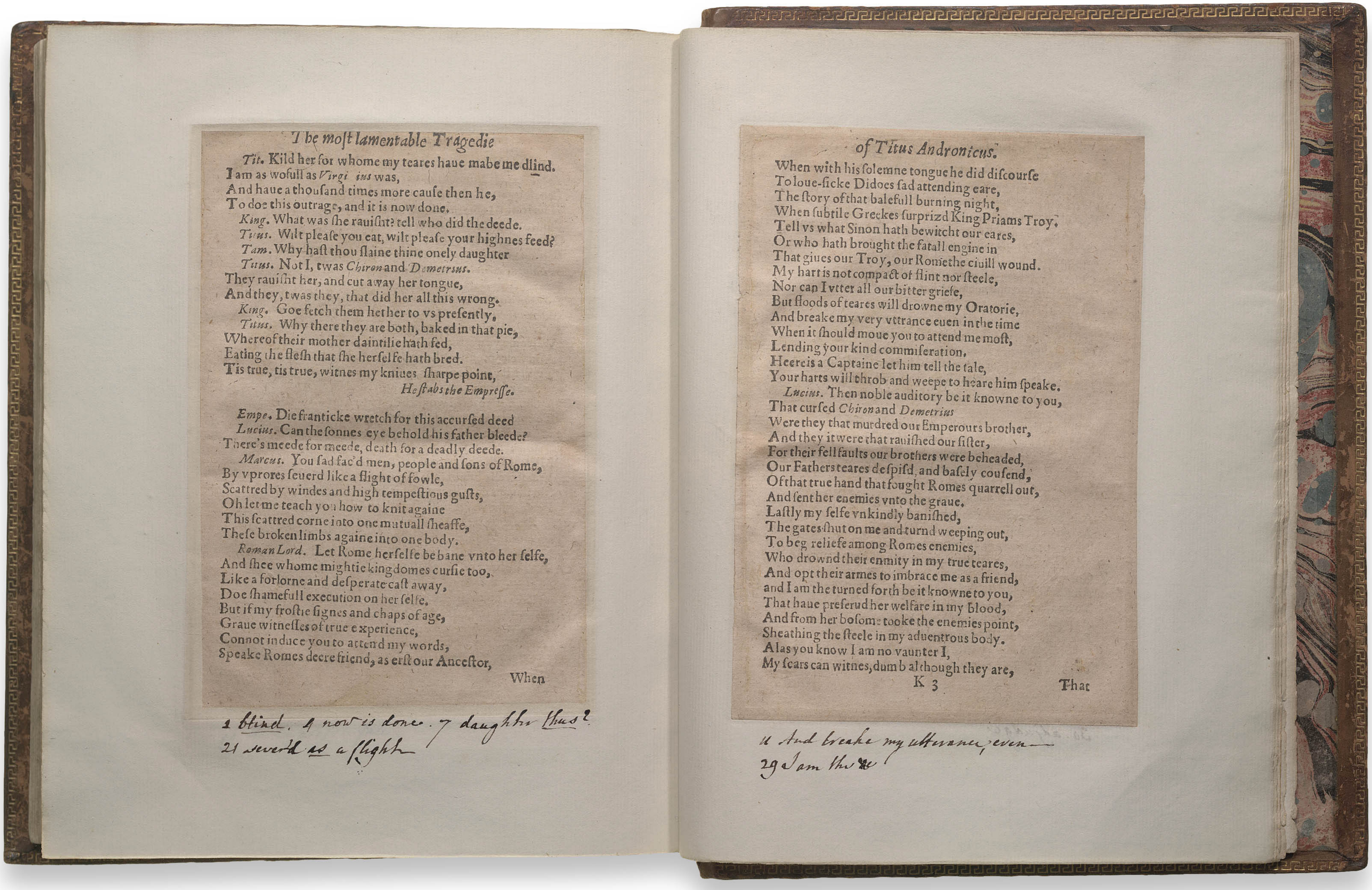
King. What, hath the firmament moe ſunnes then one?

19 the Empreſse face.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a ſunne?
Marcus, Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nie and take your places.
Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.
Satur. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empreſſe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforſt, ſtaind, and deflowrde?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reaſon mighty Lord?
Satur. Becauſe the girle ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrowes.
Titus. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne, preſident, and liuely warrant,
For me moſt wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy Fathers ſorrow die. *he kills her.*
Saturn. What haſt thou doue vnnaturall and vnkinde?



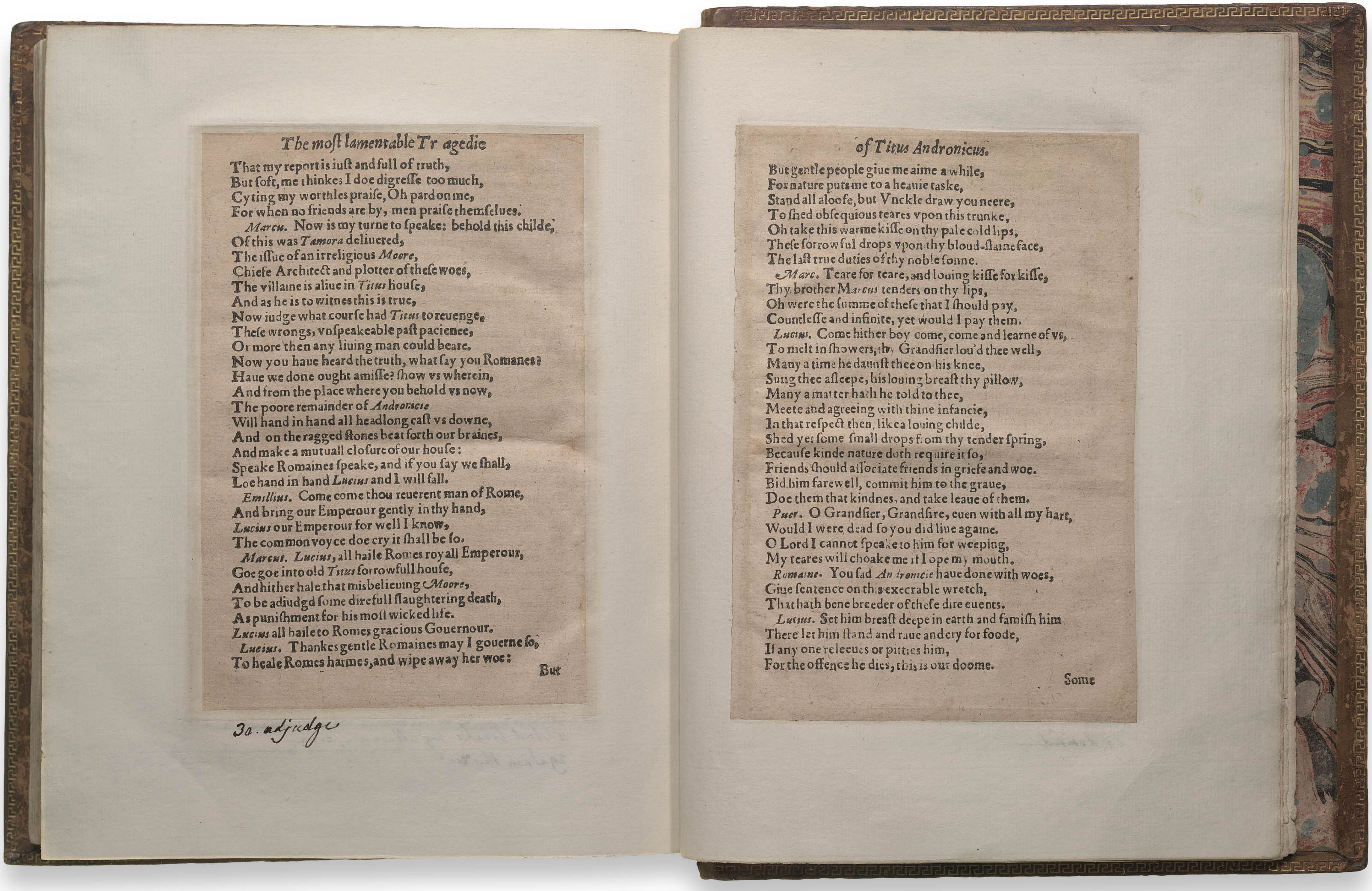
Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue mabe me dlind.
I am as wofull as *Virgi ius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.
King. What was ſhe rauiſht? tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt pleaſe you eat, wilt pleaſe your highnes feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely daughter
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrsus.*
They rauiſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs preſently,
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues ſharpe point,
He ſtabs the Empreſſe.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accurſed deed
Lucius. Can the ſonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You ſad fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By vprores ſeuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempeſtious guſts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This ſcattred corne into one mutuall ſheaffe,
Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herſelfe be bane vnto her ſelfe,
And ſhee whome mightie kingdomes curſie too,
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſt away,
Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.
But if my froſtie ſignes and chaps of age,
Graue witneſſes of true experience,
Connot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erſt our Anceſtor,

1 blind. 4 now is done. 7 daughter thus?
21 severd as a flight

When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcourſe
To loue-ſicke Didoes ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtile Greekes ſurprizd King Priams Troy.
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance euen in the time
When it ſhould moue you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Heere is a Captaine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.
Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our ſiſter,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares deſpiſd, and baſely couſend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly my ſelfe vnkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
and I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preſerud her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My ſcars can witnes, dumb although they are,

11 And breake my utterance, even
29 I am the



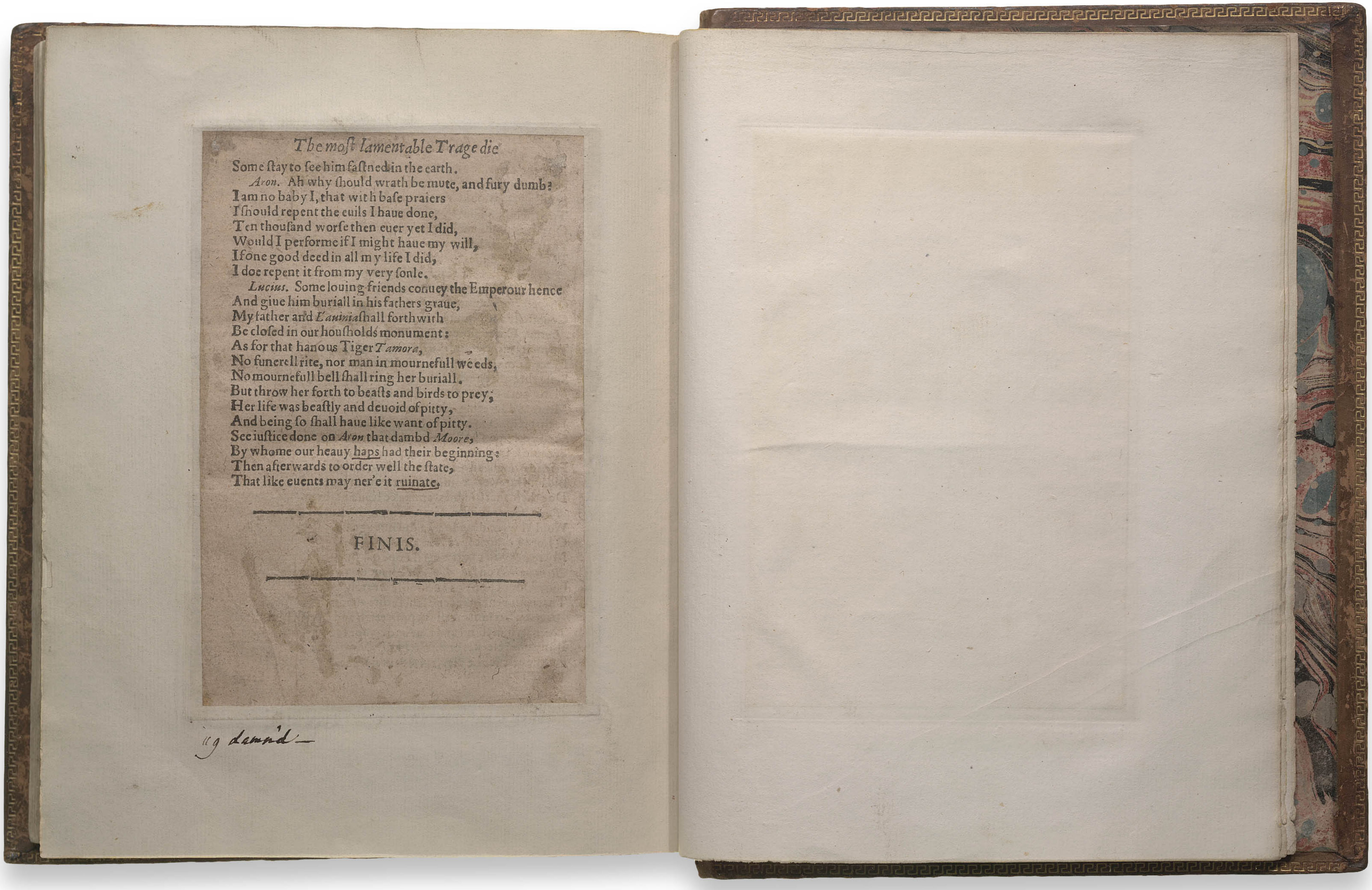
That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinkes I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthles praiſe, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.
Marcu. Now is my turne to ſpeake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge,
Theſe wrongs, vnſpeakeable paſt pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amiſſe? ſhow vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emillius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it ſhall be ſo.
Marcus. Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

30. adjudge

But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-ſlaine face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſonne.
Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſſe and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in ſhowers, thy Grandſier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunſt thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleepe, his louing breaſt thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that reſpect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kinde nature doth require it ſo,
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. O Grandſier, Grandſire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead ſo you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You ſad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breaſt deepe in earth and famiſh him
There let him ſtand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some



The moſt lamentable Tragedie

Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby I, that with baſe praiers
I ſhould repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thouſand worſe then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very ſoule.
Lucius. Some louing friends conuey the Emperour hence
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My father and *Lauinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſholds monument:
As for that hanous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerell rite, nor man in mournefull weeds,
No mournefull bell ſhall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds to prey;
Her life was beaſtly and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See iuſtice done on *Aron* that dambd *Moore*,
By whome our heauy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards to order well the ſtate,
That like euents may ner'e it ruinate.

FINIS.

“9 damn'd—

L.F.24.48.